



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

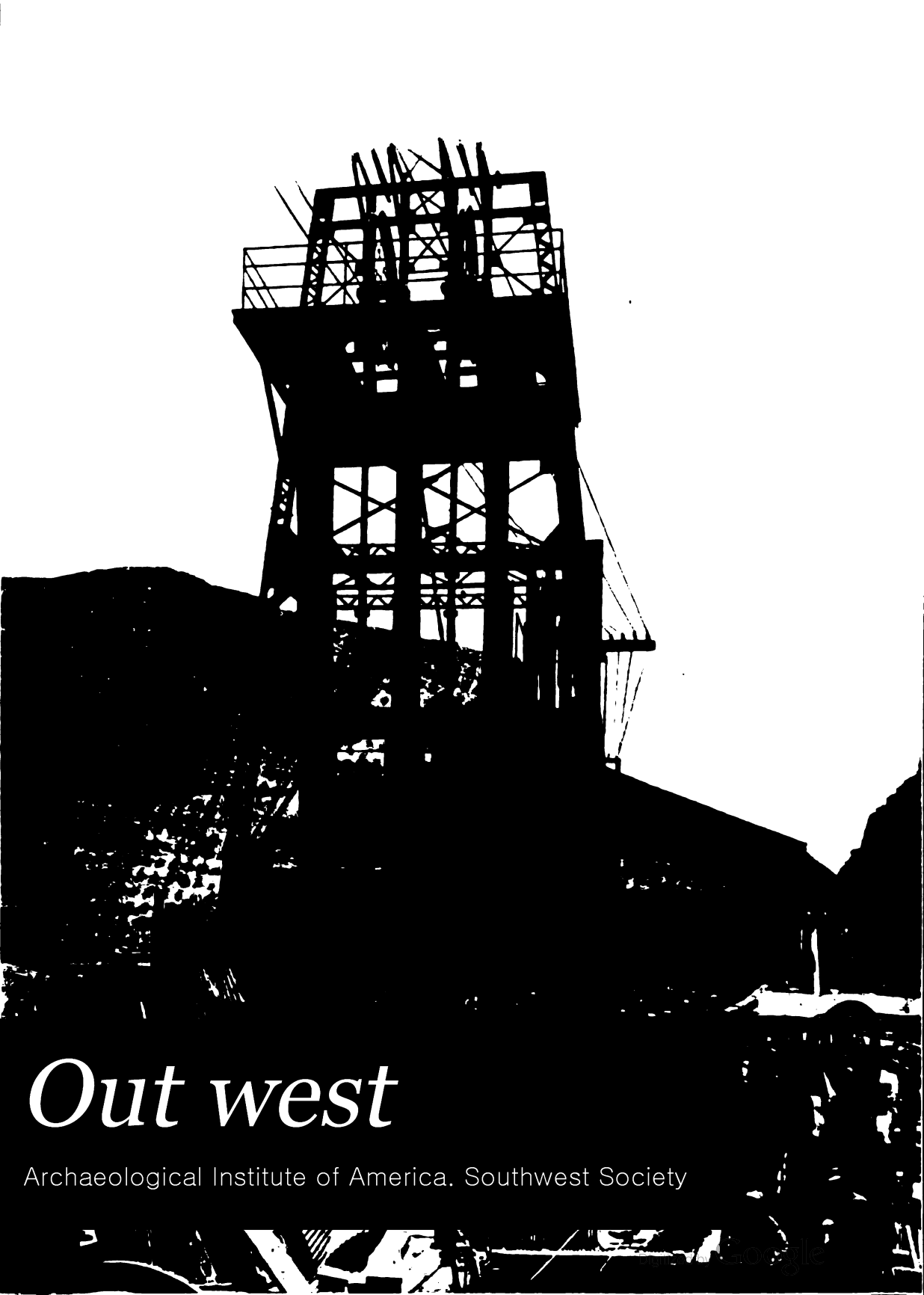
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

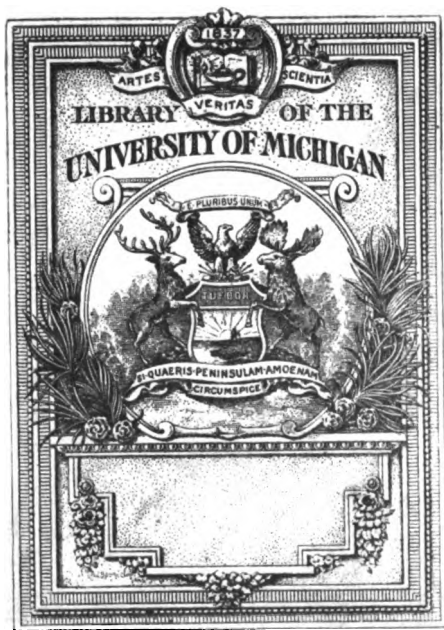
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



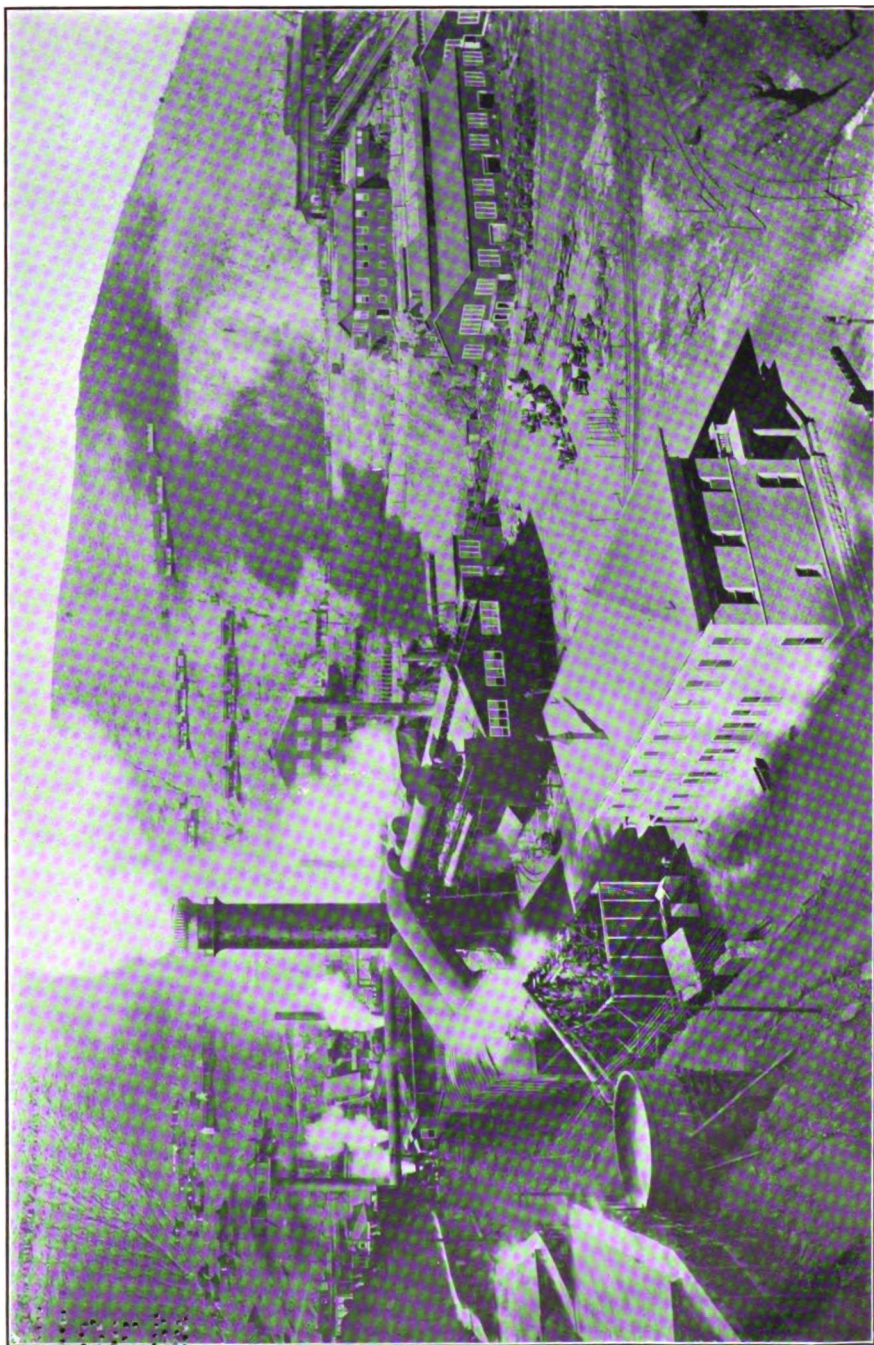
Out west

Archaeological Institute of America. Southwest Society

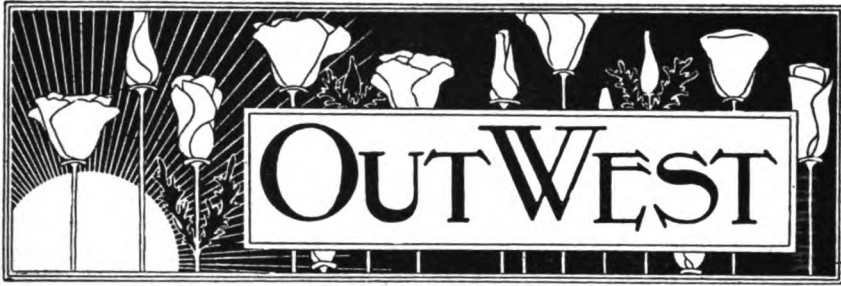


F
851
.094

महो



THE SMELTER AND PLANT OF THE UNITED VERDE COMPANY



Vol. XXV, No. 1

JULY, 1906

THE MAKING OF A GREAT MINE

By SHARLOT M. HALL



THIRTY years is no long space to lie between a cliff-rimmed peak shadowing a deep, cleft cañon, ribbed back and forth with huge, ragged dykes of "country rock," and one of the great mines of the world; yet a little less than this lies between the busy works of the United Verde Copper Company at Jerome, Arizona, and the silent cañon where the Indian women came to dye their basket-reeds and to snare wild pigeons.

Over-towered by the smelter and the foundry, a big, black spur of rock still stands half-buried in slag; from its base a little thread of copper-stained water used to run down the cañon, coloring the sticks and pebbles along its way a dull yellow. The basket-weavers soak their materials—threads of bear grass, slender withes of split mesquite and "cat-claw," or even small cottonwood twigs cut in narrow strips—in water, to make them tough and pliant. Those soaked in the little stream came out a dull, permanent yellow that made a beautiful background for the shining black strands of the "Devil's claw" with which the patterns were worked. Scraps of the coarse, unbleached muslin issued by the traders, came out of the water the same deep, dull yellow—copperas dyed. So the little spring became a regular summer camping ground for the Tonto-Apaches, and the brown dykes saw many a band wind up the cañon, turn the ponies loose to graze on the brush-covered slopes, and go into camp for the basket-making. There was much bear-grass along the foothills, and slender, supple mesquite branches, tied in bundles, were brought up from the river-bottom to be soaked, split, and re-soaked for the dyeing.

Once, when the Tontos came as usual to the "Place of the Bitter Water," a white man came with them—Al Sieber, later Chief of Scouts under General Crook. Far below the present mine, the little stream passed over a ledge of lime rock, and had built up

Illustrations are from photographs by M. F. Brennan. Jerome, Arizona.

through uncounted years a rich deposit of copper. To this Sieber came again with George B. Kell and made a location, calling it the Copper Queen; and here, long after, a quantity of rich ore was taken out.

Sieber and Kell and George W. Hull were probably the first prospectors to follow the little thread of colored water up to the cliff-rimmed peak; though as early as 1858, renegade Mexicans, returning from more or less willing captivity with the Indians of the mountains, brought word to Charles D. Poston, in his little kingdom at Tubac, of rich gold and silver and copper in the hills along the headwaters of the Verde river.

After Sieber and Kell and Hull came others along the same trail; for it was the water nearest to the sprawling dykes flung like weather-worn vertebrae across the cañons where the Black Hills break down sharply to the narrow valley of the Verde River. Although the bitter, copper-stained water was their guide, it was not copper those early prospectors looked for. The day of the red metal was yet to come; the silver bonanzas were still yielding their easy millions, and the gold and silver in the out-croppings led to the first locations.

Among those early comers were Captain Boyd, whose white hair and erect figure may still be seen on the streets of Jerome; Angus McKinnon, a persistent, raw-boned Scotchman; and M. A. Ruffner. McKinnon seems to have been the first to suspect the possibility of rich copper values—a suspicion based, perhaps, on the richness of the newly-opened Clifton district in Southeastern Arizona. He extended his locations and tried to enlist outside capital in developing the section, but not until 1882, when Frederick A. Tritle became sixth governor of Arizona, was he successful.

Governor Tritle had taken his mining degree in Nevada with the famous silver kings, and his faith in the mineral wealth of his new territory was prophetic. Almost at once he employed an experienced mining man, F. F. Thomas, to look up desirable properties for him. In Prescott Mr. Thomas met Angus McKinnon and heard of the big dykes and copper-stained water of Bitter Creek Cañon.

The property lay in one of the most rugged and inaccessible corners of the Black Hills range, about twenty-five miles from Prescott. The only wagon road, the road to the old government lime-pits in Yaeger Cañon, stopped at the foot of the mountain, and the trail on over the peaks was little more than a foothold for deer and big-horn sheep. Thomas and McKinnon had to dismount and lead their ponies more than once before they reached the summit and looked down into the green cañon where today the smoke hangs in an ever-renewing cloud, and the roar of machinery comes up dulled by the distance.

Even with the crude development possible where every pound of food and powder and drill steel and every tool came in on pack-horses, the claim looked promising. Mr. Thomas was interested to prospect it further. He took a bond on the McKinnon property and gradually acquired control of all the claims in the vicinity, eleven in all, including the rich Eureka property which had passed into the hands of Charles Lennig, of Philadelphia. The idea of consolidation was borrowed from Nevada, and the name of United Verde chosen for the entire property.

Capital did not pour readily into a land of but two railroads, and those the mere crossing of transcontinental lines, whose last rails were scarcely spiked. Hitherto Arizona had looked to two sources, New York and London, for help in unlocking the strong boxes of her hills; now again New York was to contribute—but only after some months of persistent effort on the part of Mr. Thomas. Ultimately a company was formed which included Edward S. Searles, W. B. Murray, Eugene Jerome, James A. McDonald, and others. Mr. McDonald was made president, and Jerome secretary and treasurer of the company.

Before leaving the East Mr. Thomas ordered two water-jackets and such other machinery as was needed for reducing the ores. Coming back to the new camp, he built a wagon road over the mountain, connecting with the road to Prescott—a road for years famous for its long, high grades and beautiful scenery—and surveyed a town-site below the mines and named it Jerome in honor of the secretary-treasurer.

The small jackets were sufficient to prove the value of the ore and a fifty-ton furnace was built and made a remarkable run on the rich oxidized ores near the surface. But the course of mine-making runs as a rule anything but smooth. Dissensions arose in the company, copper took a phenomenal drop in value, and the smelter and mine were shut down, with still no realization on the part of the owners of the richness and extent of the ore bodies.

In 1888 the property was leased to W. A. Clark of Montana, whose previous experience in copper mining fitted him to appreciate the possibilities of the United Verde claims. The following year he became chief owner; and from this time dates the fuller development of the great mine.

Progress was handicapped by the broken and precipitous character of the mountain-side on which the claims were located, and the difficulty of transportation. For a time supplies were freighted in with mule-teams over the rough mountain-road from Ash Fork, on the lately completed Atlantic and Pacific railroad, sixty or seventy miles to the north.

When the grade over the mountains connecting the camp with

Prescott, was opened for wagons, the problem was lessened, but not solved. The steep ascents and downward plunges became the freighter's anathema; summer rains and winter snows swept out sections entirely; and from the point where the road turned down the mountain more than one burro, loaded from hoofs to ears with cordwood, lost his balance in giving right of way to the freight wagons and rolled comfortably into the smelter grounds some hundreds of yards below.

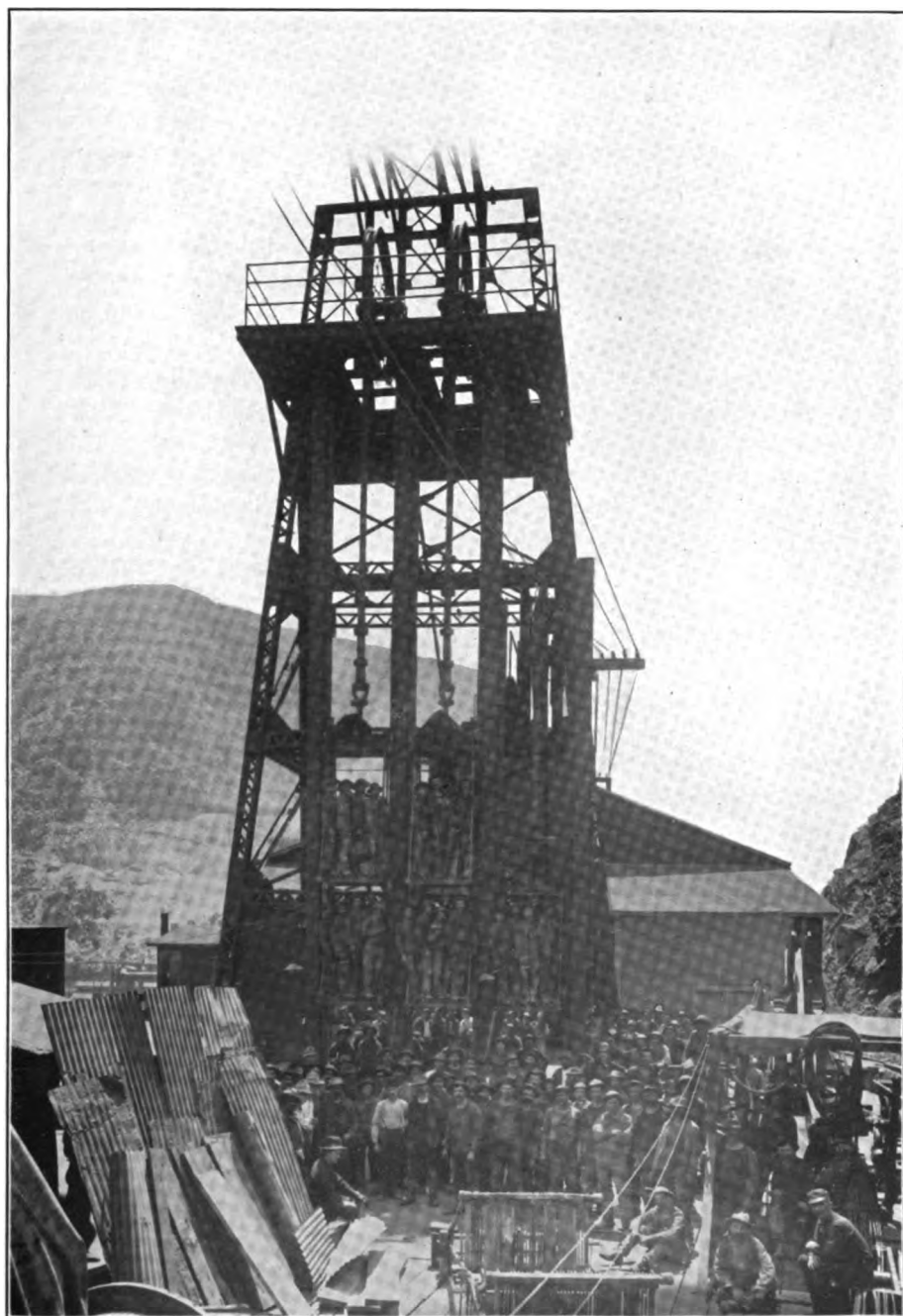
In 1894, the United Verde railroad was completed—a narrow-gauge line connecting the mine with the outside world at Jerome Junction, fourteen miles distant. This road, built at an approximate cost of \$25,000 per mile, has in its short length 186 curves, two of forty-five degrees, and several of forty. Its maximum grades are four per cent, and all the freight that passes over it must be re-loaded; but through it the smelter and mine have grown to present proportions.

The rugged, rock-bound mountain-side, with its saw-toothed ledges criss-crossing everywhere, is bare of the shrubs and grass that clothed it in the day of the Indian and the prospector. Along the summit, dry skeletons of trees stand out; their bare limbs wrapped in the shimmering arsenic smoke which discharges constantly from the big, black pipe that crawls snake-like up the ledges from the smelter.

The huge central smoke-stack belches its unvarying volume of thick, black smoke, and the lesser stacks send long scarfs of blue vapor wavering across the narrow cañon space where the smelter stands, like some Vulcan's workshop, on a black slag-dump of its own building. As the dark mass, suggestive of the off-scourings of a volcano, grows, the works have so much more elbow-room; but just now some of the pile is being fed back into the mine through a tunnel-like uplift and used to fill in old workings—like a beggar returning empty-handed to the home out of which he went with a full purse.

There are shallow excavations and small, dark openings along the mountain-side, and here and there a thread of greenish quartz or an ooze of copper-stained water; but little, even in the hoist-house, to suggest the nearness of a great mine. The hoist-engine, one of the largest in the Southwest, throbs and purrs steadily; the bells clang their incessant orders to the engineer; the hand on the big dial, which registers the whereabouts of the moving cage, sways back and forth; and the cages go up and down loaded with ore cars, full or empty, or with men; yet there is little hint that all this activity is rooted deep in the heart of the earth.

Stepping on the cage, with the "man aboard" signal to the engineer, the sunlight falls away; dim, rough-timbered walls, gleaming



CHANGING SHIFT AT THE MAIN SHAFT OF THE UNITED VERDE

with drops of yellow moisture, press close on all sides; the darkness is broken now and again by the flash of electric lights and some swift glimpse of long levels, with ore cars waiting.

When the cage stops at last at the main station of the nine-hundred-foot level, it might be the gathering hall of some medieval castle—a large, square room, beamed with great tree-trunks, roughly squared; dim-lighted, cool, silent with the silence of the underworld that no roar of machinery can break; lines of cars piled high with ore waiting to see the sunlight and be tried with fire; low doorways leading off into narrow openings beamed and braced with thick timbers; and men with dark, begrimed faces going in and out—gnomes, guardians of the Rhine-gold.

Car-tracks lead into each drift or stope, and in places the candles show the iron rails corroded with the drip of the copper-charged water and covered with a reddish slime precipitated from it and rich in pure copper. At points where the percentage of copper in solution is highest, the rails have to be renewed frequently and other iron fittings are given what protection is possible.

The shoes of the miners are rapidly rotted to pieces, and clothing is rotted and discolored. Sometimes a rippling stream of deep green water flows along the side-wall of the tunnel, and again moss-like incrustations, like rich-colored jewels, show along the timbers.

In places, great masses of blue-and-green crystals hang down, dripping with drops of bright-colored water and sparkling in the light with wonderful, rich-tinted icicles or frost work—blue and green vitriol formed in a few weeks' time from the heavily charged water.

Everywhere the walls are timbered to within a short distance of the work in progress; held up by great beams and column-like stulls; a forest under-ground—millions of feet of yellow pine from the mountains of Northern Arizona, buried forever. As if for everything that she yielded from her under-world treasure-vaults, Nature compelled an equal tribute from the surface—forest for shining ore, human life for the pliant metal.

The method of mine-timbering might furnish needed lessons to above-ground builders. Nothing inadequate here, nothing bungled or ill-done or unnecessary; every inch of wood serving a purpose, and yet a dignity of line and a massive harmony seldom seen in public or private buildings.

The whole mine is mapped and platted as carefully as the blocks of a great city. Every level has its own page in the big book in the office above, added to as the work progresses; a perfect record of old and new—exhausted, waste-filled, lean, rich, drift, stope, tunnel—every foot accounted for.

The superintendent, with quiet efficiency in every glance, knows

the intricate system of workings as a man knows his own street; weighs the probabilities beyond every drill-hole, and plans months ahead his orderly exploitation of the hidden wealth of the mountain.

At the end of the drifts and in the stopes, the naked walls shine in the candle-light; here barren slate, there ore, sparkling, deep-streaked with threaded yellow veins that gleam like gold—copper sulphurets; again, black, massy, iron pyrites, and nearer the surface oxide ores dull-hued but rich.

The machine-drills spitting a stream of sparks like fire-works cut into the walls; a dozen holes and more that loaded with "giant" will throw out carloads of ore.

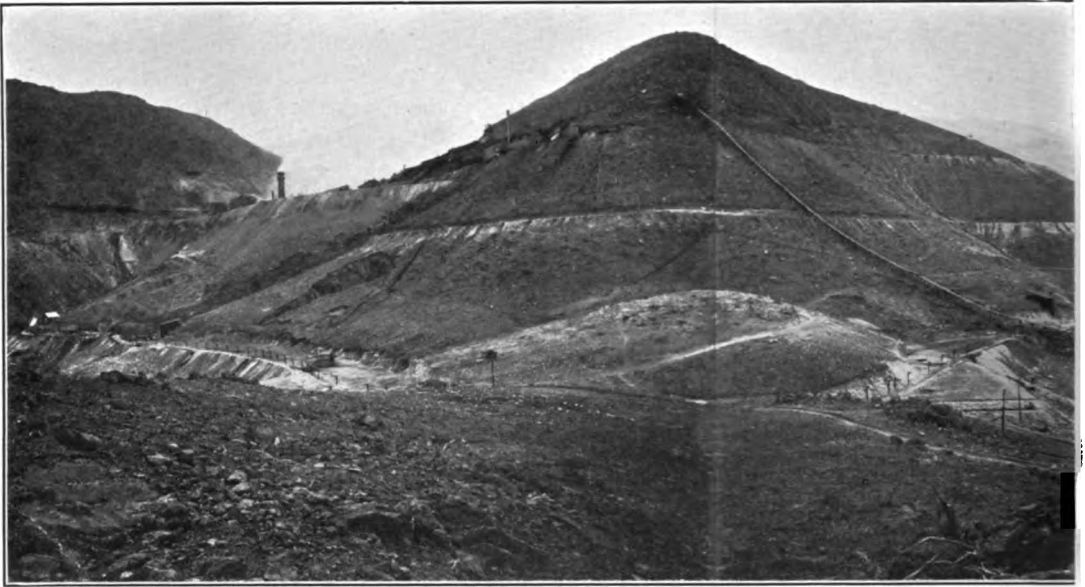
In one dim, quiet drift the diamond drill purrs softly as its black teeth eat into the virgin rock, throwing back its smooth, round "core" impatiently, greedy for the richness that may be ahead. It is the pathfinder, seeking out new tracks for the drifts to follow, mapping barren sections as an explorer maps the desert. Whatever ore is in its track is shown in the slim, round core which it brings out, and which is assayed daily; so that what lies beyond a thousand feet of solid rock may be known and recorded, avoided or sought as its value demands. The ore lies in deposits large and small, not in regular veins, and it is "like drilling through a fruit-cake to strike the raisins," as the man at the drill expressed it.

Much of the ore in the mine is rich in sulphur, and this sulphur is exceedingly sensitive to heat. The friction of ore-masses against each other, as in slides and caves, may cause, has caused more than once, spontaneous combustion. Sections of the mine have burned for years and are yet on fire, bulkheaded strongly from the open workings, that the fire may die out for lack of air. There are places where the rocks are hot to the hand, and the atmosphere suggestive of a Turkish bath; where the air is pungent with warm wood- and earth-smells; but for the most part it is cleaner and pleasanter to breathe than at the surface. Big fans, operated by compressed air, sweep fresh air into every part and air-shafts draw out the powder-smoke that would linger.

From the 500-foot level a tunnel goes out to daylight in a deep, rocky cañon below the mine, and through it motor-engines whirl carloads of ore to the roasting pits along the hillsides beyond the tunnel-mouth.

Too much sulphur makes hard work for the smelter, and it is a matter of economy that some of the ore give up its evil-smelling component in the big, open pits rather than in the furnaces.

The pit beds are graded out along the hill sides, for there is not level land enough anywhere near the mine "to whip a dog on." Here the ore is burned to a clinker-looking mass suggestive of volcanic refuse. Each bed is about fifty feet by twenty-five, spread



SLAG DUMP

MAIN HOIST

STEEL WOOD CHUTE

over on the bottom with an evenly disposed layer of cedar-wood.

One-fourth the pit width is laid at a time, the wood brought down from the end of the long steel wood-chute, which drops down the mountain from the railroad track like a huge, uninviting toboggan slide, by the familiar burro train. The motor cars whirl the ore alongside, and it is piled in orderly layers, rounded into a high-topped mound at last and covered smoothly with a blanket of finely crushed ore.

The pits have an under-draft and are fired from below. When the sulphur once catches, the burning goes on till the last trace of it is expelled—four months on an average. The steamy white smoke, green and yellow tinged, rises in a dull, inert cloud—pungent, choking, but beautiful when seen from a distance. The wind drifts it down into the river valley and across the cañon, where it lies like shimmering, stagnant water.

Rich yellow and greenish incrustations of sulphur grow like mosses along the roasting pit, and at last the whole heap changes from the greenish gray of the raw ore to a deep, mottled lava-brown. The cold pits show slag-like masses of rock or glittering blocks of ore jewelled with crystals in peacock hues. The pale gleam of iron pyrites has deepened to rich films of purplish rainbow color, and, as crowbar and powder break down the pile, rare flashes of light play through and through.

This roasted ore goes back on the motor-cars to the main station



ROASTING PITS

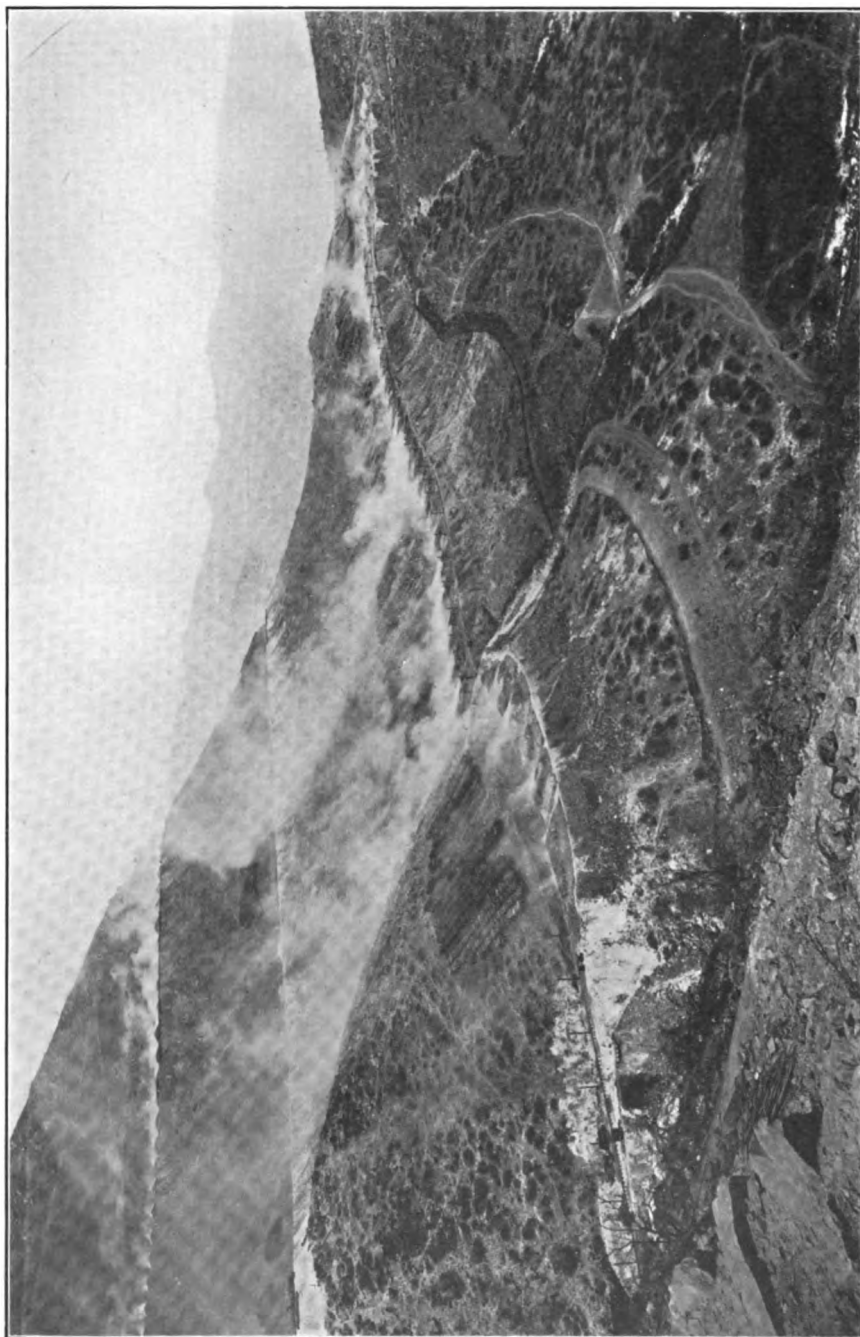
PRECIPITATION FLUMES

of the 500-foot level and up by hoist to the big iron storage-bins at the mine-mouth. Here at the ore bins the smelting really begins; for on the proper blending of the "charge" depends the success of the matte and the activity of the furnace.

Four grades of ore come out of the mine, and the trick is to use them so that each shall check the refractory tendencies of its fellows and find its own lack supplied. The silicious must hold the iron- and sulphur-charged ores in check; the sulphides must blend with oxides and silicious to form the matte, and all must have their quota of lime rock.

There is a touch of alchemy, of mystery in it. Thirty, forty years ago, most of this ore would have been held worthless because "stub-born"—overcharged with sulphur, or iron, or silica. It would have taken two months or more to bring the most docile of it to copper bars. Now a car of ore may leave the deepest level of the mine and in two or three hours discharge its metal into the moulds, while the waste glows and cools on the slag-dump. The great smelter is itself not unlike some wizard's workshop, and the keen-eyed, watchful manager, who for eleven years has studied the output of this one mine, till he knows its closest secrets, is the master alchemist.

At the big iron ore-bins, huge doors, in sets of five, wait till the motor-engine whirls the empty cars into place below. Then they open at a touch, and just so much ore falls—silicious; on to the next



THE ROASTING PITS AT THE UNITED VERDE

five, and oxide ore joins the blend; on now for raw iron pyrites; for "roast," shining from its trial in the pits below; for the massy "black ore," which is iron, too, but darker and richer than the first; then for the white topping of egg-sized lime rock, and back to the feeding-floor, where the hungry furnaces wait.

The condition of the furnace governs the blend; if the matte is low and the molten silicious ore is given to sticking to the sides or throat of the furnace—"freezing," in smelter parlance—an over-plus of raw iron goes in, she responds to the "doping" or "washing-out" (a furnace, like a ship, is always *she*), and things are right again. (And if "she" doesn't respond, which has happened elsewhere, that sullen, glowing mass settles into the throat, shutting off the blast, and has to cool and harden and be broken with hammers and pried out with crowbars before things are right.)

But now the motor slides the train of ore in to the feeding-floor, two cars line up ready, and the big, stolid iron doors on one side of the furnace open. Down in the deep red throat a mass of gold and red is smoldering and glowing, poked and prodded with long iron bars if it shows any inclination to "freeze." Exquisite, pale, clean flames play over it, and tiny sparks like a sprinkle of star dust.

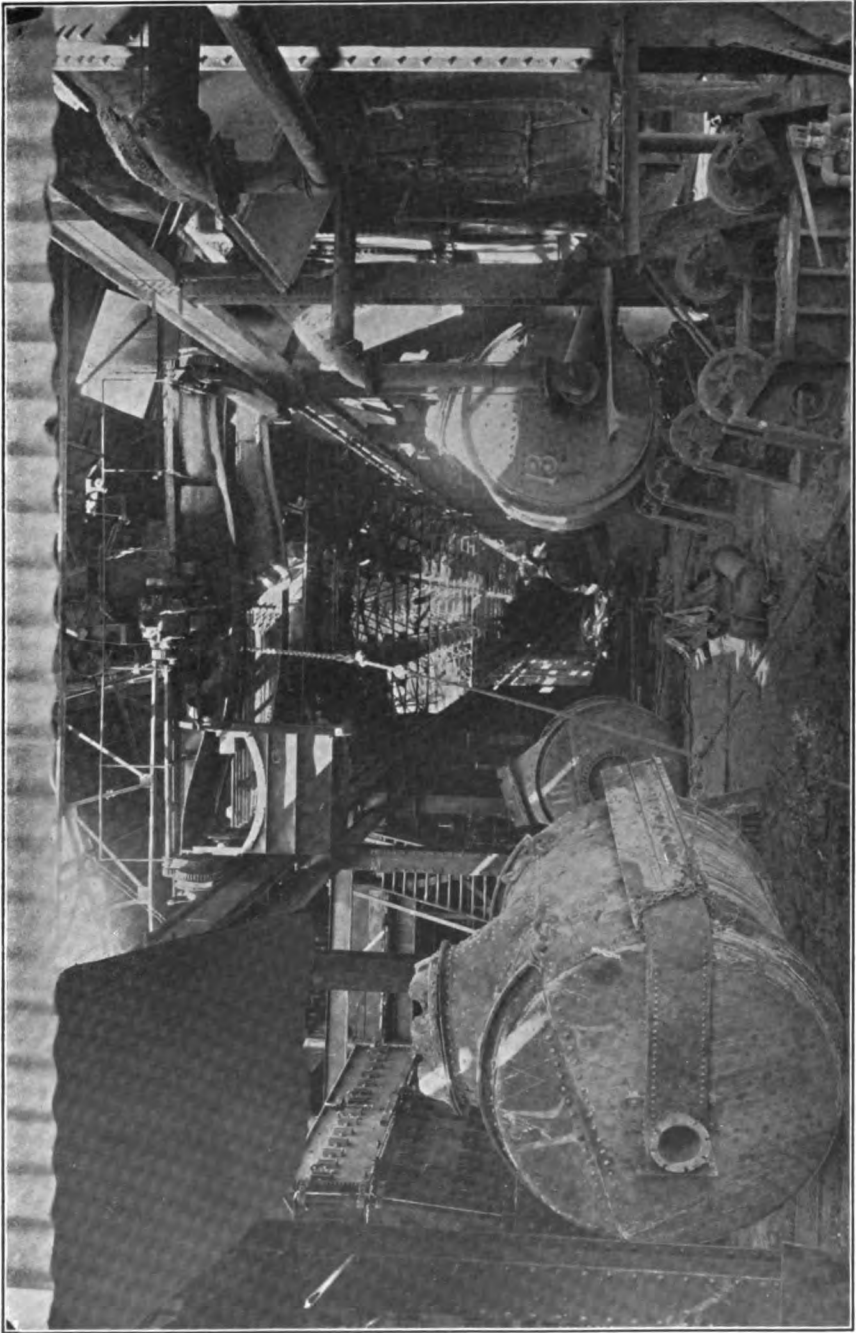
As the new "charge" slides in, bright vapors and rich-colored fumes leap up, stifling but beautiful. The doors shut, the charge is repeated on the opposite side, coke is spread over the top and four cars, fourteen tons, of ore are left to smoulder and burn into matte.

A furnace may be fed with judicious blendings of ore for from forty to sixty days; then it is allowed to cool, the clinkers and waste are removed from the bottom, it is washed out, repaired if need be, and set to work again. Three of the four furnaces here are always in blast, with alternate seasons when the fourth is being cleaned.

As the ore mattes and settles in the furnace, a molten stream, rich and glowing, flows into the settler below, where the copper, being heavier, sinks to the bottom and the waste runs over in its own channel into the big iron slag-pots, like giant cauldrons on wheels, and is whirled away by the tireless motors and poured in a long, fiery stream over the cold black edge of the ever-growing dump.

When the molten copper is ready to be taken from the settler, "tapped" as is said, a long iron bar is driven into a small opening just above a narrow little channel or sluiceway leading off to a pit in which a ten-ton dipper is waiting to hold this fiery wine. As the bar breaks through the breast or "tap-jacket," golden drops spurt out, and following the withdrawn bar a swift, gleaming red stream flowing in haste to the big black dipper.

When the cup is full, the smelter Hercules, the ponderous travel-



INTERIOR OF UNITED VERDE SMELTER

ing crane, rolls noiselessly along, drops two huge chain-arms with hooks of strongest Norway iron at the end, and the gold-brimmed cup is swung lightly into position before the converter-mouth and drained at one draught down the clay-lined throat.

This golden, shimmering liquid is now from thirty to forty per cent copper, but the ore-waste must still be blown away by the powerful air-blast sent tirelessly from the great engines in the power-house. The mass bubbles and boils, the clay throat glows deeper and deeper, wavering, rich-hued flame-vapors play over it, and golden drops flung up by the blast fly above the converter-mouth like falling stars.

A man on guard dips a long, trident-toothed iron bar into the converter-mouth, and from the adhering threads of metal knows just when the slag must be poured off, leaving the copper again behind in the bottom. At the right moment the converter tips gently on its side and the great ladle is brimmed with liquid rock, sputtering and steaming, as if reluctant to leave its richer comrade; the crane lifts again, and the ladle is emptied down a channel leading to the slag-pots.

The copper left is now about seventy-five per cent pure, but again the blast is turned on, and the bubbling mass passes from blue copper to white and on to something more than 99 per cent pure. The flame that shimmers over it is pale and clean, and the surface smooth like oiled water.

When this purity is reached the long, narrow car carrying the thick iron molds is pushed under the converter; again the big vessel tips and a pure, white-lighted stream flows into the pan-like receptacles. It leaps and boils as it strikes the cool iron; drops fly up like burning rain, and for an instant the full mold heaves and writhes as if some living thing struggled in it. Then the rich gold surface deepens to glowing red and dulls to wine, wrinkling over with an oddly roughened crust like faded garnets.

It is like watching world-making in miniature. So this cold, stable earth must once have glowed and shimmered, and not unlike this, perhaps, the first crust settled over its surface.

When the copper cools the molds are turned bottom-side-up, and the cakes of metal pried out—pure “blister-copper,” showing an interior blister, or hollow toward which the gold and silver values tend to gather, and a surface wrinkled and dulled in color but beautiful in its soft-blended metal hues.

Other cars wait and the cold bars, weighing approximately 400 pounds each, are hurried away to the testing-room, where every tenth bar is drilled through the center and the filings assayed that the purity may not vary. Then up an incline to the railroad track—and the metal that was so lately ore is ready to start across the conti-

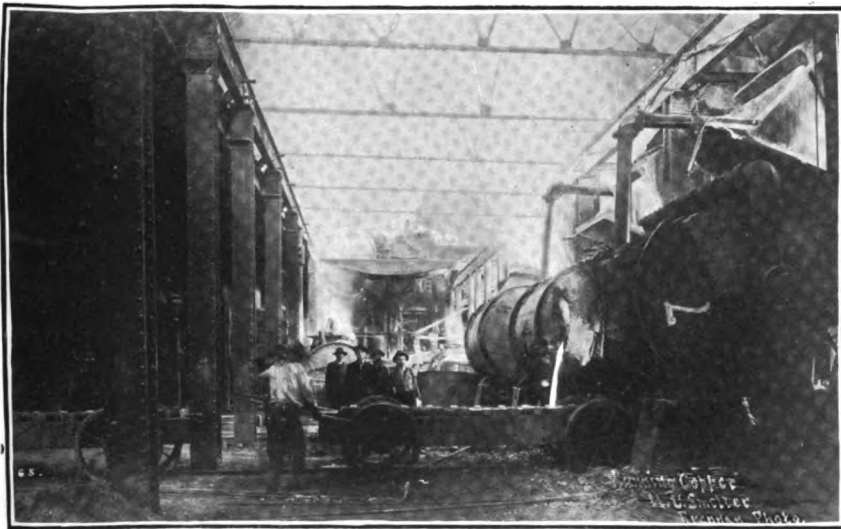


"WHERE LATELY THE WILD HAWKS NESTED"

nent to the refineries of the Atlantic coast. Refined copper was formerly made here; but it can be done at less expense elsewhere, and the entire output is now shipped in the crude bars.

Back in the smoke-wrapped smelter, where the big blasts beat like some eternal pulse, much is going on. At the upper end, the converters are being lined and dried ready for service. It is these big Bessemer converters that have revolutionized the production of copper and made possible the reduction of low-grade ores. By their use the process of making metallic copper is shortened from two or three months to as many hours, and ores once almost valueless yield profitable returns.

The converters are a little like some giant dinner-pot with thick

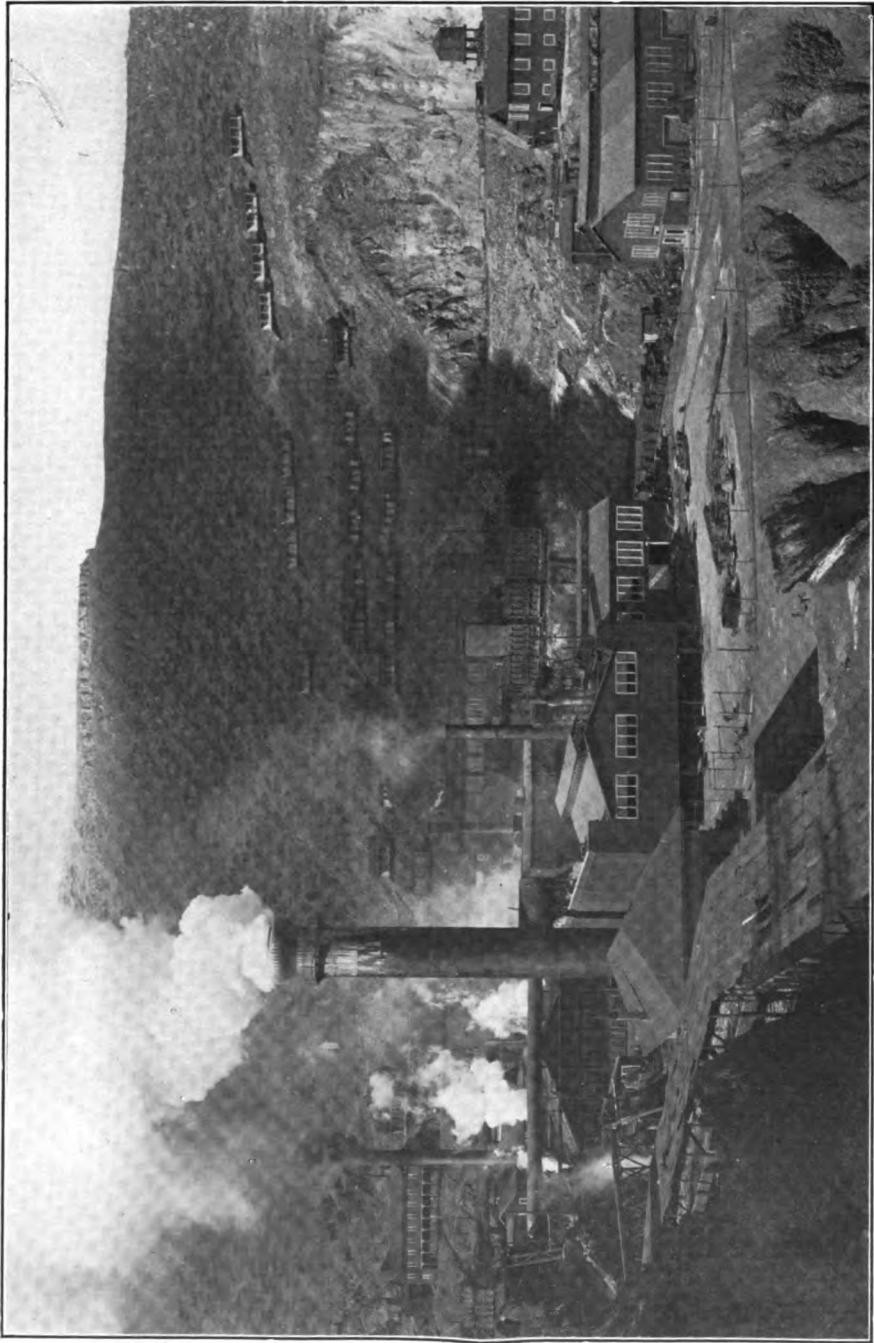


RUNNING COPPER

iron sides and lid. The lid is lifted off, an oblong iron mold set into the converter, and the space between mold and sides packed full of specially prepared ground silica and fire-clay, and fire-resistant, dull red magnesite bricks from Austria.

The lining must be put in carefully, well-mixed, well-tamped, no weak spots, the air holes at the back properly opened; then the lid is lifted on, clamped in place, and a man going inside lines it even more carefully. If this work is badly done, trouble and danger will result; and if the lined converter is not well dried out, the hot matte striking it will cause a terrible explosion.

When the lining is done, the crane lifts the converter in place for drying, a fire of wood and coal is made down in the clay-padded maw, and an air current turned on from the blast engines. In all



"THE BLACK BULK OF THE WORKS—THE MOUNTAIN-WALL BEHIND "

the big plant there is but one thing more beautiful than the drying converters, and that is the pure copper as it leaps and boils in the molds the first moment before it dulls from gold to wine and garnet.

The converters are set in rows and the flames shoot up the narrow iron throats in splendor, leaping, waving lines like flags caught in a rising wind. They swing and sway and climb higher with wonderful, ever-changing colors and shapes, till it is as if each were alive and struggling to be free of some chain. At night, against the black bulk of the works with the dark mountain-wall behind and the dim figures of the men moving about, the effect is weird and beautiful indeed.

The flames purr softly as they climb and swing above the edge, the big, clay-packed throats glow redder and redder, and below the color deepens to a gorgeous gold, with a haze of gold-powdered light over it all.

When the lining is dried perfectly, the fire dies down and goes out, and the converter is ready for its charge of molten matte, one ladleful to begin with, more as the iron of the ore eats away the silica of the lining and enlarges the interior chamber.

Down below the converters and across the smelter from the other furnaces, is a furnace of a different type and set to a peculiarly interesting use. It is a reverberatory furnace fired with crude oil, and in it the flue-dust from the other furnaces is reduced to copper. This dust is caught in a specially designed dust-chamber, through which the furnace smoke circulates before it is allowed to escape through the central smoke-stack.

Before this system was installed, the flue-cinders fell all about the smelter and town and carried away a good bit of copper and much silver, besides being a source of unwelcome dirt. In the first year this interesting plant had paid its cost and the smelter grounds are now free of smoke-dust.

With this coarse black dust is used another product of the mine, even more interesting. From two levels, the 300- and 500-foot, tunnels extend out to the surface and through these flow streams of greenish, copper-charged water. The water is led through more than a mile of sluiceways, narrow wooden boxes, filled with scrap-iron, tin cans, and all sorts of iron waste. A clean knife-blade thrust into the water and held a moment becomes coated with copper. More slowly a deposit settles on the rusty iron, turning it a bright, gleaming copper in spots and covering it with a red slime, till at last the iron decomposes and disappears entirely.

Each day's deposit is brushed and scraped off the iron and sinks to the bottom of the sluiceway, where it is swept up (the water being temporarily diverted) and spread on a platform to dry.

This coarse-grained reddish sand, as it looks to the eye, is 80 per cent copper, and mixed with the flue-dust, produces a matte of high value. Many hundred tons of scrap-iron are eaten up in a year by the green water; small pieces are lost in a day or two, some of the big ones may last for months. In the sluiceway lie scraps of worn-out engine fittings, rust-eaten rails from the bottom of the mine, and worn street-car wheels from Los Angeles, all serving alike as food for the hungry water.

Beyond the smelter is the power-house, full of the orderly rhythm of many machines; the air vibrates with a great harmony as of deep-toned music; there is a rhythmic pulsation to the floor, the walls—the body unconsciously yields to it. Here, if anywhere, a man might sing the "Song o' Steam," for which McAndrews waited.

Thirteen 250-horse-power boilers, ranged in a double row mouth to mouth with only feeding room between, chuckle and whisper together, knowing that without them the big plant is helpless. Out of them comes the life of the fourteen engines, great and small, that furnish compressed air, electricity, and air for the furnace- and converter-blasts. Here is the largest blower in the Southwest, and a second of like size is soon to be installed. As the capacity of the smelter is increased, the power-plant grows.

So much machinery in constant use to its fullest capacity requires that ample means of immediate repair be at hand. The foundry supplies something of this; here molds are made and many articles, particularly for use about the smelter, cast out of iron; but the cast-steel fittings are shipped from the East.

In the big warehouse are stored in quantity the things most likely to be needed in the ordinary routine—iron bars in many grades and sizes, from all sorts of native to the finest Norway, used where extreme strength is necessary; parts of machines, valves, belts, bolts, nuts; rolls of copper wire, steel cable, fibre ropes; sheets of thick glass and piles of glass engine-tubes; electrical repair stock of all sorts; all the means of meeting an emergency or tiding over a temporary isolation from the outer world.

In one room are sacks of cement, more and more in use in mine and smelter work, as in all modern construction where strength and convenience join hands with economy. Here too are sacks of dull-red flour-fine magnesite from Austria, and magnesite bricks for furnace- and converter-lining, more fire-resistant than iron and costing twenty-seven cents each laid down. Near them are sacks of fire-clay, and cream-white fire-brick from Swansea in Wales—mother of modern smelting and training-school for some of the ablest smeltermen, among them the superintendent of the United Verde plant.

In the blacksmith shop everything goes on, from tool-sharpening for the miners to the making of the big converters; compressed air,

like a captive Samson, cuts the huge sheets of iron, marks and punches the holes, and drives the white-hot rivets home with a hammer that seems a plaything but strikes the blows of a giant. The whole plant could almost rise phoenix-like, not from its own ashes, but from its own ware-house, foundry, and workshops.

When mining in the Southwest was new, the first question was, "How far to water?" A mine near to water was regarded with suspicion, as too good to be true. The little copper-tinged spring where the Indian children had played was a good guide, but a poor water supply. It still crawls out from under the huge slag-dump and finds its way into its old bed in the cañon, but not to play with



HULL'S CAÑON, ENTRANCE TO HULL MINE
Part of the United Verde water supply is obtained here

the pebbles and dye the knotted bundles of basket reeds; now it is caught like a truant and led to the sluiceway, where it gives up its stolen copper among the rusty scrap-iron.

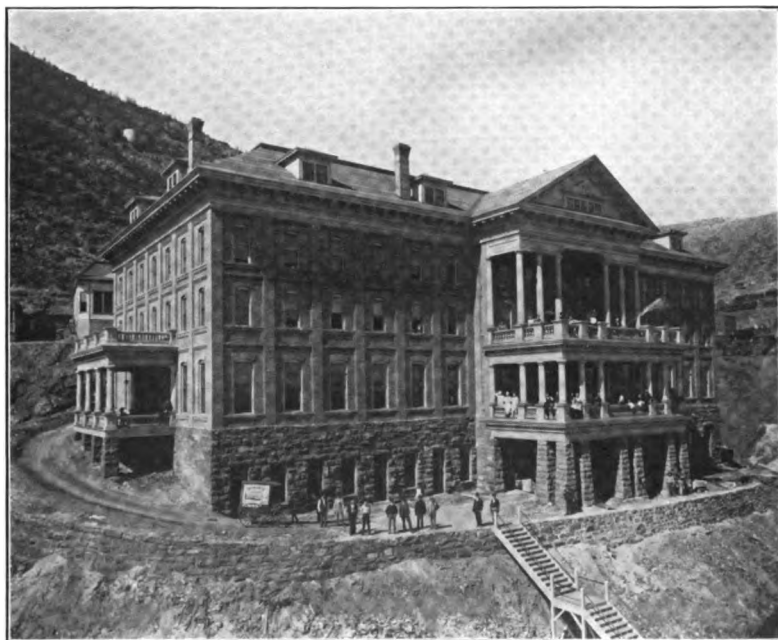
The water for the United Verde comes from other springs, the most distant eleven miles away. It winds along the mountain-side in big pipes into the line of storage-tanks set high above the plant on a ledge scooped out and built up from the sheer wall of the nearest peak. From the tanks it is distributed as necessity indicates, and with economy; for only in seasons of unusual rainfall is there an overplus. Much ingenuity has been displayed in husbanding the supply, and in the big cooler and condenser, just completed, 3000 gallons of hot water is changed every minute to fairly cool; falling



A TYPICAL GROUP OF MINERS

like a sheet of rain from a height of 63 feet through a series of cunningly slanted shallow troughs into a tank below.

A great mine is like a principality with many dependencies that exist because it does. There is no smiting the rock and idly watching a stream of marketable metal flow out. A dozen other industries must be created and brought to success, before the stability of the central one is assured. Cities are created in the desert; springs taught to rise above their source and discharge their waters into strange and alien channels; and railroads built where pack-trails shirked to go—all that the rough, red bars may go out to the markets of the world.



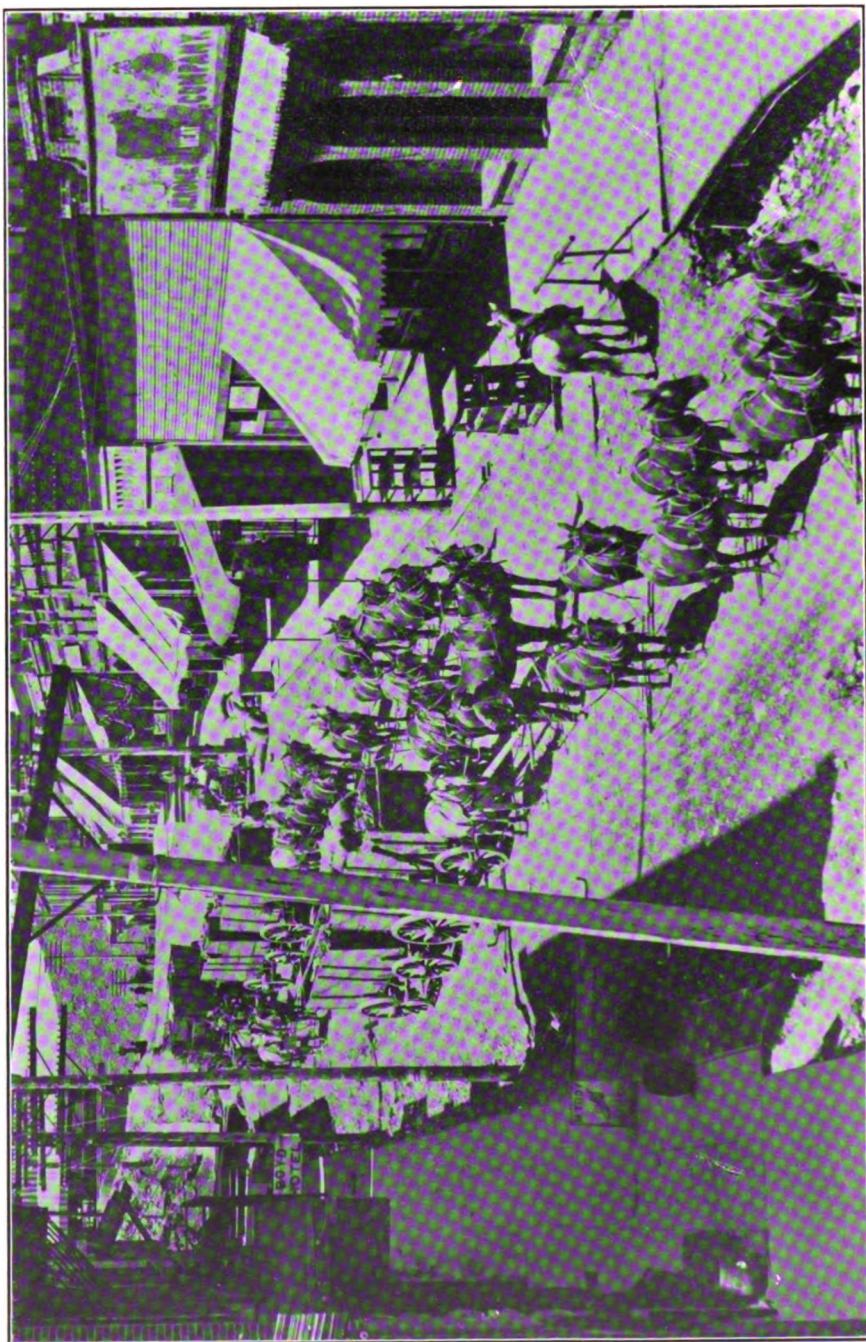
THE MONTANA

Hotel built for the miners by the United Verde Co.

The busy plant teeming with men and machinery, set in some cañon where lately the wild hawks nested, or on some mountain-side where the stone circles still mark the site of Indian wickiups, mine timbers, steel, iron, food, housing, and human labor skilled and is the center of a far-drawn activity. Coal, coke, wood, lumber, unskilled, are drawn into this net of necessity.

Because the ore under some gaunt, barren mountain yields a certain per cent of copper, men thousands of miles distant shape raw iron into machinery, turn forests into cut lumber, and count tomorrow's gains before today is ended. No less than other forms of business, mining is dependent upon the entire country, as well as upon one spot, and returns its benefits generally as well as locally.

The first and last impression at Jerome is of the tremendous energy



MAIN STREET, JEROME, ARIZONA

that has created this hive of human activity on a barren mountain-side—of the bringing together of so much from such widely-separated sources. The *mine* was there, it is true; but it takes men, many men, and much money, and more than men or money or both, to create a great and well-ordered business.

Something more than 1100 men are employed by the United Verde Company in the mine, smelter, workshops, and offices. A good percentage of the mine workers are Mexicans, Spaniards, Austrians, and other foreigners, as in most large mines of the Southwest, and Mexican helpers are used to some extent in the smelter, but the camp is essentially "white."

The productive life of the mine has not covered much more than twenty years, and in that time it has added many millions of pounds of copper to the world's store. The average recent production has been near 4,000,000 pounds a month; enough to give the mine place with the seven or eight great mines of the world.

Jerome, the town which has grown up below the mine and smelter, claims a population of 2000, and is a typical mining town, upturned at a dizzy angle against the rocky mountain-side. Its main street dips up and down across the gullies and in it two wagons could pass for perhaps a hundred yards; beyond that, it is as are all the other streets, a narrow wagon-road graded out of the rocky hillside.

Burros loaded with firewood deliver their freight in backyards to which they climb by stair-like trails; delivery ponies, a boy in the saddle and a big square basket on either side, bring the morning's marketing up precipitous trails to sky-touching kitchen doors; and the postman, riding along, drops a paper into the porch of the house below and shoves another on the porch of the one above.

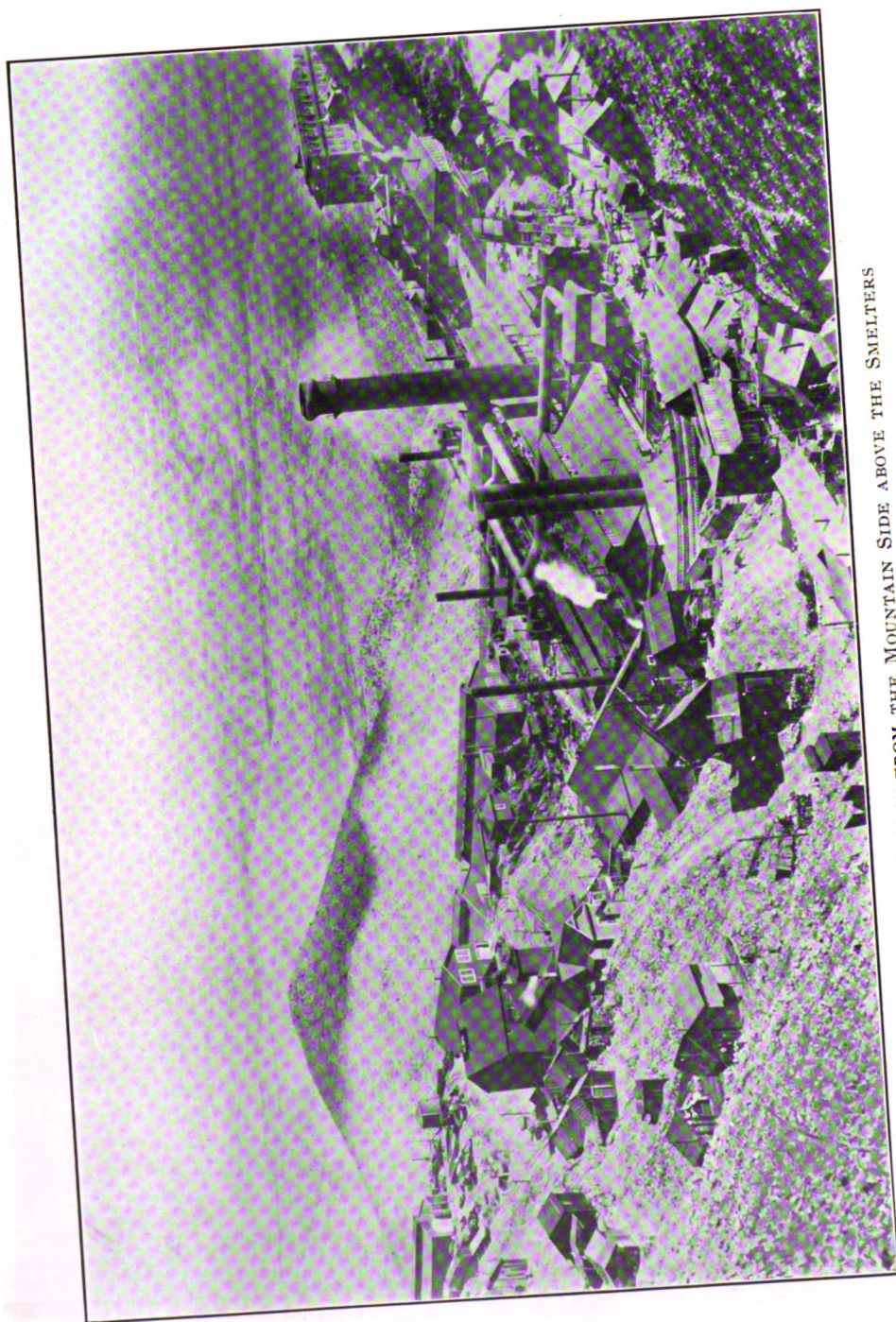
The pretty cottages built by the company line up along their narrow terraces like rows of pigeons on a roof; but the big hotel above, built by the company for its employees, loses none of its dignity by nearness to the great mountain, and every house in the town overlooks a view to be reckoned little lower than the Grand Cañon of the Colorado.

First, the swift dip of the foothills, then the flat green valley with the Verde river, a hand-breadth of silver winding among its cotton-woods; and beyond, the great walls wind- and sand-carved into a thousand fantastic shapes, rich-dyed with shaded reds, the huge buttressed cliffs and deep-jawed cañons of the Red Rocks. Back of these the dark fringe of forest on the Mogollon plateau and the noble, snow-crowned bulk of the San Francisco peaks.

It is good at sunrise, when the smoke blown down from the roasting-pits lies in the valley like opal-tinted water; better at sunset, when deep blue and purple shadows gather in the cañons, blurred strangely into the red of the cliff-walls; best of all, on a moonless night, when the slag-pots send swift, short-lived rivers of flame sweeping over the black dump, and balls of fire go leaping into the dark, smoke-filled cañon below.

Then the muffled roar of the machinery, the dull glow of the burning converters, the steady pulse of the furnace-blasts speak a human speech—not of the copper that has come out or the gold that has gone in, but of the lives that have made the great plant—and have been made or unmade by it.

Dewey, Arizona.



THE VERDE VALLEY FROM THE MOUNTAIN SIDE ABOVE THE SMELTERS

AN ARCHÆOLOGICAL WEDDING JOURNEY

By *THERESA RUSSELL*

CHAPTER VII.

A LOCAL HABITATION

"The bed was made, the room was fit,
By punctual eve the stars were lit."



THE reason for the dismemberment was that we had found the thing we long had sought—a ruin that looked suspicious of harboring graveyards.

Out came the shovel and the pick, the measuring rod and the camera. Up went the tents, and, presto, there on the unblossoming desert had sprung forth a full-grown Home. It was immediately as much at home as though its advent had been awaited from the beginning. As though the cedars had been growing all these years but to shade the little tents, whose new whiteness now shone so entrancingly against their encircling browns and greens. As though tawny sands and sombre sage and rocks of ecru and cream had been blending their harmony for its approving delight. As though over these neutral shades had bent the brilliant blue to brighten its monotony. As though the sunsets, practising



"THAT LOOKED SUSPICIOUS OF HARBORING GRAVEYARDS"

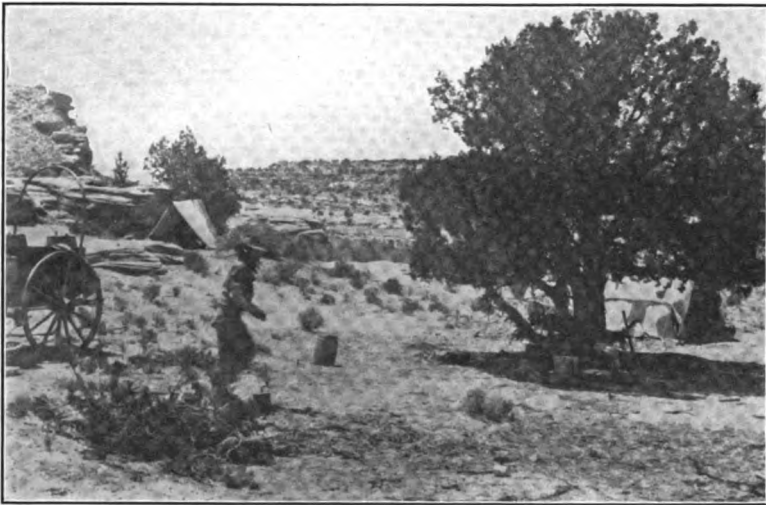


"ANCIENT TROPHIES WERE EXHUMED"

for centuries, had perfected their splendor to bring to a triumphant close its every day.

As for the day, one might not say which part of it were best—whether the morning with its tonic air, the essence of wine inhaled; whether the glittering noon, when this same air at once quivers with heat and trembles with the errant breeze, unfailing, cool and sweet, as if it came from grottos and dripping, dim retreats; or yet the twilight time, with its deep hush on earth and mystery on high; or even yet the night, with stars shining so close you reach out for them, for no smoke nor dust nor grime floats like a veil between you and their light. Each yielded up its charm to us, and each in its own speech said, "Welcome home!"

There was the thought, too, that it had been home in unknown



"A FULL-GROWN HOME"

years gone by to this long-buried people. But though the Archæologist may wear the flower of sentiment, its fragrance dissipates into the atmosphere of sense, and Science holds full sway.

When we had first set up our tiny habitation and furnished it with its bed of cedar boughs and Navajo blankets, its boxes of provisions, trunks, tables and chairs (*i. e.*, things to sit on), we thought its little space was pretty well utilized. But we discovered its capacity to be an elastic property. For, as the excavations progressed and the ancient trophies were exhumed, it had to officiate as museum also, until our valued specimens were like to turn us out of house and home.

No longer could we use empty boxes as chairs, but were obliged disrespectfully to sit above the bones of the departed. Skulls



"CONSIDERATION OF THEIR CUISINE"

grinned at us from every corner, and the floor was paved with pottery. True, as a Nature-lover says, "A family which lives in a tent never can have a skeleton in the closet," but this family had one in the table. It did not disturb the family any, but caused gaping consternation in Sliver, who stumbled upon it while hunting for the bean bag, and occasioned his precipitate, retrogressive retirement from the unholy scene. For, you must know, to his yet unenlightened mind, anything dead is very bad medicine.



"MUTTON ON THE HOOF"

This cast to his religious views of course prevented Sliver from delving with a scientific spade, although his broad tolerance and sophisticated commercialism permitted him to associate amiably with those who did. The avenging gods would doubtless visit wrath upon them, but anticipation of their Nemesis was the least of his troubles. It was the consideration of their cuisine that chiefly engaged his attention at this time. He had no objection to digging a little pit in the ground for an oven to bake frijoles in. He enjoyed negotiating with the passing shepherd for mutton on the hoof, that the household might dine on the fat of the lamb. He boiled rice and



"CONVENTIONAL REPRESENTATIONS OF BIRDS AND ANIMALS"

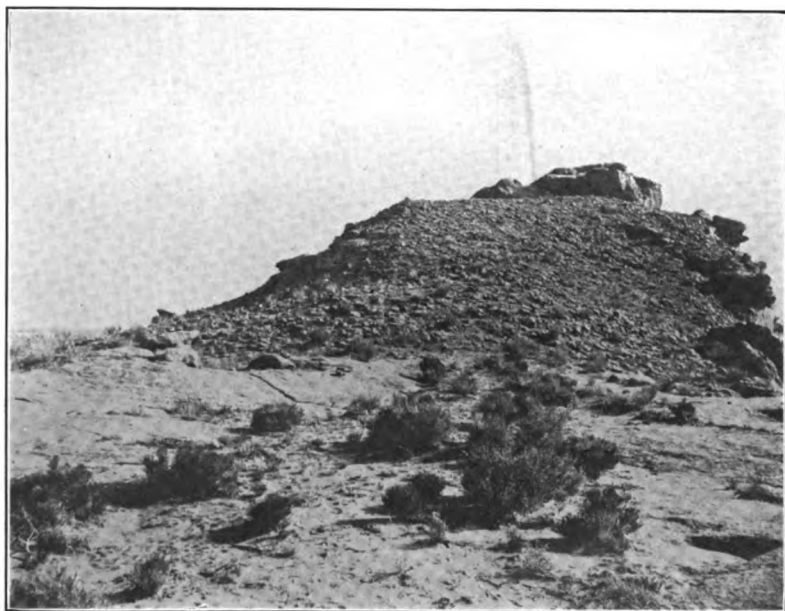
made many biscuits. He hauled water from an arroyo six miles away.

For, with all its preparation, our Promising Land had overlooked the trifling matter of a centrally located, well-filled reservoir. But even the most thoughtful foresight cannot be expected to include every little detail; and for herself, the Desert doesn't think much of water, anyway. The fluid we secured with such effort was of a rich tan shade, and had, as to taste, a soft, warm effect—very pleasing, regarded as a bit of pastel.

But my religion was not like Sliver's, and I was glad to be given a share in the archæological gold mine; to be allowed to sift sepulchral dirt for turquoise, arrow-heads, and various relics; to

clean up the vertebrae; to glue together the fragments of pottery; to pack and catalogue the collection as it grew apace, and was boxed up for the journey to its University home. The bowls and ollas, particularly, were a joy forever, with their quaint shapes and geometrical designs, or, perhaps, conventional representations of birds and animals. Two color-schemes seemed to prevail, black and white, and all shades of red, from terra cotta and maroon up to a dull pink. Occasionally one would find a combination of red and black; still more rarely, red and white.

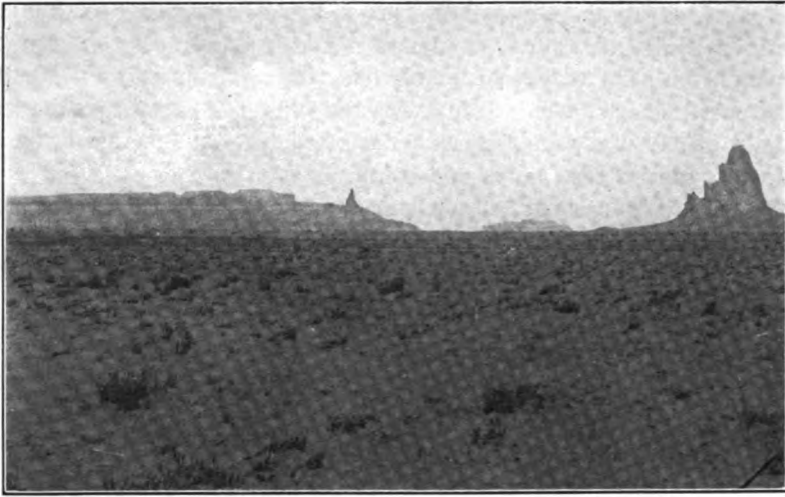
And these, my small vocations, are just urgent enough to give zest to dreaming while they wait. For in this remote, self-sufficient



"THE ROUND KNOB OF A HILL."

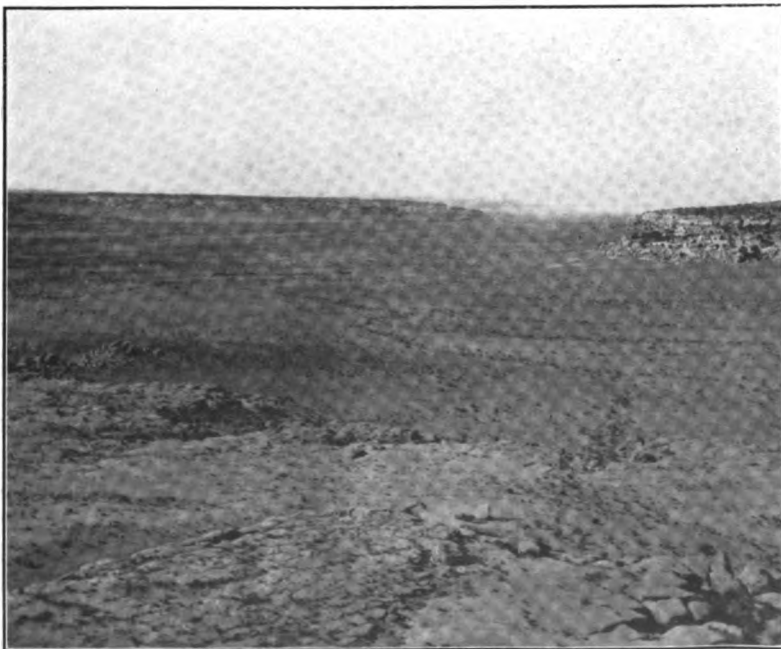
world you come to grasp at that *dolce far niente* which must ever be fruitage forbidden to the intimate, interdependent world you have hitherto known. You may even postpone the making up of your rolling bed by reason of your absorption in the morning tablecloth, dwelling avidly on news you scorned to give time for perusal when it really was news, months before—and nobody whispers that you are a delinquent housekeeper.

Then, if you do have any troubles you want to forget, you can become oblivious to them also by climbing the round knob of a hill that forms a part of your front lawn, clambering on up to the top of Nature's feudal, surrounding fortress, and looking around you. You see illimitable plains, all chaotic with chasms and cañadas, all



"MOUNT ZILTAGINI"

wrinkled up into ridges and ravines, strewn with disorderly boulders, and patched here and there by a vivid bit of Navajo corn. Splashed, too, with shadows of clouds, wavering, shifting, vanishing here, appearing there, as restless and as constant as the shadow on the heart.

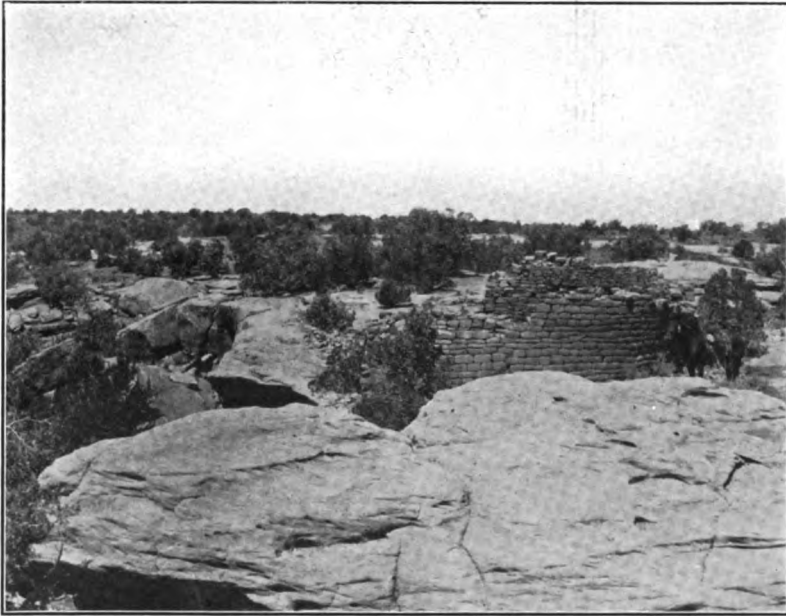


"ILLIMITABLE PLAINS"

This, far and away. Then the delicate, evanescent outline of Mount Ziltagini, tinted peaks and domes and terraces that can be naught else but castles of Fairyland. It was from this little butte of ours that we loved best to watch the sunsets. Sometimes the last light of day was simply clear; more often, a boasting fantasy, flashing its glories east, north and south.

"Isn't it gorgeous?" I exclaimed, on one of these pyrotechnic evenings.

"Sure," agreed the Anthropologist, "and the gorge goes all the way round."



"APPROVED BY EVERYTHING EXCEPT THE FACTS"

Twice during our three weeks at home did we go visiting. Once on a morning the Instigators enjoyed a twelve-mile tramp to call on a neighboring ruin. And once the Bokodokleesh Cañon party took another horseback trip. What we went forth to see was an ancient pueblo of good archæological report. It was thirty-five miles away, and that seemed plenty long enough for a summer-day's journey.

When the spring—which always means the goal of endeavor—was reached at five o'clock, never did water taste so good. Though, in fact, it was alkaline and not good at all. And never did the ground—just plain old ground—feel so good. To lie stretched full length on a bed of sand, with your head hanging over the root of a piñon, and watch Sliver get supper—that was luxury in the concrete.

We had intended to see the sights and be gone early in the morning. Intentions are superfluous and might as well be mostly discarded in the first place. To see the sights was easy, as they consisted chiefly of landscape. It would have been an ideal site for an archæological camp—approved by everything except the facts. But to be gone was not so easy, owing to the discovery that the White Rat had taken it into his mulish pate to begone himself and do a little nocturnal exploring all his own. Although his hobbled progress had been conservative and slow, he had nevertheless covered ten bountiful miles before Sliver and Bill—always poor, vicariously-



"NECESSARY TO TAKE THEIR SKIMPY SHADE IN ROTATION"

punished Bill—could overtake him and persuade him of the error of his way.

Meantime the Instigators, having nothing to do but wait, sat in the shade of the trees and speculated about Determination and Free Will. "Trees" in the plural advisedly, for, although you could get under one only at a time, owing to their unsocial distribution, it was necessary to take their skimpy shade in rotation, if you would avoid solar impertinence. Owing to her capers with Bill the day before, the Tenderfoot was not able to accomplish these peregrinations with that sweet, attractive grace supposedly bequeathed by Mother Eve. Instead, she illustrated the evolutionary rather than the theological theory, by reaching the erect posture through a slow unfolding of humps. But let us be an example, if not exemplary.

Starting late, therefore, we camped on the trail that night and reached home next day in time for a bath before dinner. No, indeed,

this was no oh-don't-mention-it occurrence. It was an Event. During our "pleasure exertion" (with thanks to Samantha), our ablutions had been perforce mainly of the Christian Science description—there wasn't any such thing.

Soon after this, two more events occurred. Secondly, we pulled up stakes, folded our tents, and migrated to the next scientific station. And firstly, our household suffered a subtraction. Nosifor and the mules went home.

By reason of his self-saving disposition, this lad had not proven an ardent archæologist. Erminio, the awkward, hadn't a lazy bone in his body; Nosifor, the debonair, hadn't any other kind. It was entertaining, though, that pathetic way of wiping hypothetical sweat from his brow. We missed a few little tricks like that, but were consoled by the fact that his companion, left alone, did as much work in a day as the two of them had ever done together.

But be thou not offended, thou useless little Nosifor. There are yet other factors of the human problem which may be eliminated and still leave the sum total the same, or even greater than before. For some there be who can be attached only by the minus sign, and inevitably lessen the value of any proposition of which they form a part. While some have the property of a plus prefix, and their addition means increase, wherever they are placed.

And if both kinds were not necessary to make the equation work out right, we may fairly take it that both would not be found in the Great Arithmetic.

Stanford University.

A CASTLE IN SPAIN

By DAVID STARR JORDAN.

I KNOW a castle, in the Heart of Spain,
 Builded of stone, as if to stand for aye,
 With tile roof, red against the azure sky—
 For skies are bluest in the Heart of Spain.
 So fair a castle men build not again;
 'Neath its broad arches, in its courtyard fair,
 And through its cloisters—open everywhere—
 I wander as I will, in sun or rain.
 Its inmost secrets unto me are known,
 For mine the castle is. Nor mine alone;
 'Tis thine, dear heart, to have and hold alway.
 'Tis all the world's, likewise, as mine and thine;
 For whoso passes through its gates shall say,
 "I dwelt within this castle—it is mine!"

ORLEANS INDIAN LEGENDS

By MELCENA BURNS DENNY

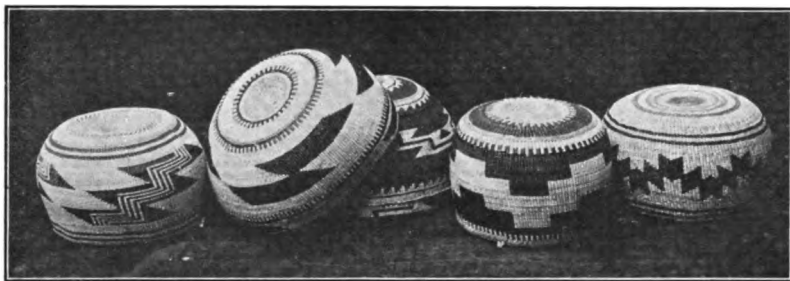


GATHERING Indian legends is much the same matter as gathering Indian baskets. In some unguarded moment one acquires a modest squaw-cap, and behold, the seed of the collector's mania is planted. One then buys baskets till he is ashamed to look his Other One in the face. So, if any person with a predisposition to care for such things hears a legend from Indian lips, he is compelled by the charm of it to beg for more, to coax, manipulate and scheme till he has piled legend on legend. The heart of every Indian who loafs the street becomes a possible treasure-trove of folk lore—and the way to an Indian's heart is hard and long, not always to be won by money, flattery, or the flask.

Our mountains have many times opened their narrow trails to men from distant colleges, who came, with their learning for a reason, to listen to the simple stories of an inferior race. Too often they have met hostile silence and suspicion, and in the end the full measure of disappointment—for it is not always to the worthy the stories fall. Here begins a series of legends that fell to the unworthy, who liked them because they were stories fresh from the lives of a people who for centuries have lived as brothers with the shy wood-creatures the traditions are framed about.



ORLEANS WOMAN MAKING BASKETS



SOME ORLEANS BASKETS

As in all western legends, the coyote is a favorite, a hero rascally and boasting, but seldom cowardly. In the Scott Valley legends he is Quatuk. Over the mountains at Orleans Bar he is Pee-naaf-fich.

Sacramento, Cal.

I.

THE LEGEND OF PAIN



PEE-NAAF-FICH, the Coyote, heard of a country where no one lived except bad people who loved to hurt folks. So he said to the Eagle, "Let us go and kill all the bad people in this distant valley we hear about."

So he and the Eagle started out. They traveled and traveled till they came to a valley thick with houses and full of people. It was night-time when they got there.

They went into a house, and there were many people sitting about. They talked in a friendly way to the Coyote and Eagle, and invited them to sleep. But they knew better than to go to sleep in such a place.

So the Coyote said: "We don't feel sleepy. We feel so good we would like to make a big dance. Let us go outside and build a big fire and dance."

Now it is a great thing to watch at a dance, and so while the visitors made a big fire and painted for the dance, all the people of the place began to gather together to watch. They sent word everywhere, and by the time the fun began all the houses were empty all over the valley, and the people were hurrying to where the flames were shooting up in the midst of the village.

First the Coyote began to dance. Then the Eagle began to dance. The Coyote leaped and the Eagle flew; and both sang and danced, and sang and danced. It was hard to tell which danced the higher. It grew late in the night, and they kept on singing and dancing, and singing and dancing, and all the people sat



THE DANCE OF THE COVOTE AND EAGLE

still and watched. No one had ever looked on at a dance half so fine.

After a while it grew cloudy up in the sky. Towards midnight snow began to fall. All the people just watched and watched.

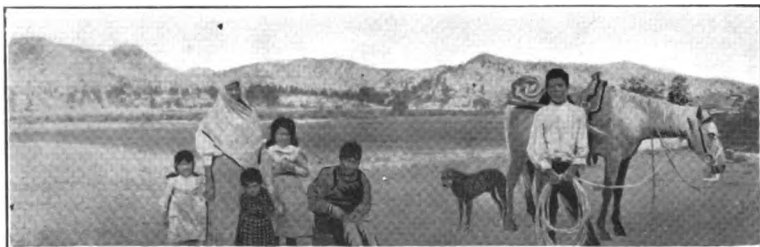
It snowed, and snowed, and snowed—dark snow, thick in the air. The Eagle and the Coyote danced higher still. All the people watched.

Soon the snow was up to the people's knees. Then it was up to their hips. No one could quit watching the dance. Then towards morning a big frost came.

The Eagle and Coyote just danced, and danced, and danced. The frost grew so thick it was like a crust of ice. When it was morning, and light enough to see, the two dancers saw they could stop and rest. They rested beside the burnt-out fire. And all around them the people clustered, watching and watching. They sat straight and never lifted an arm, even when the dance was finished. They were all wide-eyed and staring, and no company ever sat so still. They were corpses, frozen in the snow.

The Coyote and the Eagle went around among them, laughing and tapping each one on the head, to see if there was one alive. Then they danced a little more for joy, for they thought that in a single night the whole tribe of wicked people was killed off.

But there was one that they didn't know about, who had crawled off to a house when he first began to freeze. The Eagle and Coyote left the valley without finding him, and boasted to all they met about what they had done. And this one man who was left recovered, and has ever since been working out vengeance for his people. He is Pain, and he never visits you but you suffer. Sometimes he kills, but usually he prefers to take his pleasure out of people first, so that really it seems as if it would have been better had the Coyote and the Eagle left the wicked people undisturbed. For those were the days before the change in the world, when no man felt any torment, and a man could even be killed and not suffer.



SPRING IN THE SANTA CRUZ

By VIRGINIA GARLAND



HAVE sought the Start of the earth, the Rising of the sap and the green in the Santa Cruz.

There are always periods of the year which unfold in the perfection of their ordained beauty at some appointed auspicious spot. Through the many lands in California I have looked for these happy days, the culminative expression of the season born into singing surroundings.

I would know all the ways of the California Open—the benison of her every mood. Storms and their reveling centers; silences and their hushed over-stretches; torrents, thunder and peace; love time, fruitage, calm, and the places where each tonic revival is spent. Through arid lands and tropic, through frozen lands and mellow, I am led. At times by those untamed ones who know all the runways and the trails, oftener by the little winged guides—the birds. But mine is the big wonder-world; the unfathomable treasure world where one may always find, and be lured always to deeper seeking. You can make no soundings here; for you are in a realm unbounded and immeasurable. So, if I place the cradling of her fairest Spring in the mountains of Santa Cruz, who knows?—next year she may wave the glamour of some desert green in my eyes and I shall cry, “Here blossoms the fairest Spring!”

In the moist, perennial green of the Santa Cruz highlands, one would not look, perhaps, for the outdancing springtide green to come so stirringly. Yet, in this deep, vernal freshness, with these young-of-heart Evergreens that yield not to any ageing of Summer or of Winter, with the frolicsome baby-green called out upon the breast of ample and oft-tried green, you touch, not Spring’s mantle, but Spring Herself.

You are not over-awed by these mountains; there are no unending vistas that overpower the imagination. The summits, high and dense in enormous Sequoias, slope down to your level. Over-running luxuriousness goes with you companionably.

The birds have not that reticence which characterizes them in sterner mountains. Every Chickadee is your friend. As you go by the bush that shadows them, the Spurred Towhees do not cease in their busy two-footed jump and lusty scratching. No feathered wing holds you at too great a distance.

The attitude of the birds is also that of everything that grows. The Manzanita—unlike the Manzanita of the Sierras, matted over in grey expanse—grows openly here, showing plainly every wine-brown, polished bough, spreading out confidently to sunlight and shadow, turning every pretty, burnished branch to your view.

From rising ground you see the slipping steel of the river, guarded by the Alders, not jealously, but laced over delicately in smoky, following march; opening here and there to reveal their silver and foam-white comrade, as she slips confidently among them.

With the beautiful, dapple-barked Chestnut Oaks, many of these Alders hold all Winter long the Summer sunlight tissued deep in shadow splashes on their columns, showing now, while branches are bare, where once the thick canopy of leaves moved aside with the breeze, letting flecks of sunlight burn down on their trunks.

One cold grey the Sierra Alders grow in Winter.

You look in vain for one gloomy tree. The Maple branches, soft grey-purple; the Black Willows, hung in fluffy, acacia-scented catkins; the Bay Tree, bright green, aromatic, scattered with creamy, spicy flowering; the bare, silvery-limbed Sycamore, cutting across the creek foliage like thick, forked lightning; the immense drooping sprays of the Redwood, tinged cheerfully in minute, grainy russet bloom, for all its gigantic size not approaching the infinite gravity of the pines of the Sierras.

But if all the other trees stood in gloom, the Madroño alone would fill the landscape with elastic, happy beauty. Far up the mountain its red limbs gleam; across every cañon a satin-smoothed arm stretches. Athwart the spaces of dusky groves its warm, mottled boughs melt in the distance into shimmering pea-green, or color of rose. Near your caressing hand a round bole is solid living velvet, color of copper, surging under your fingers with buoyant sap.

As I rest by the roadside, leaning against a Redwood, a Scale Bird darts out of the brush, crouches in the middle of the road, looking up at me impishly and playful. Back it darts, to repeat its antics as long as I stand there. I remember the shy bird of the higher chaparral and smile at the difference.

There is no austerity, no subtle forbiddingness in tree or flower, cliff or river, mountain top or woodland trail, bird or bee or cushioned foot. All are cheerfully, accessibly yours. They meet you half way, coquetting sometimes in retreat, but there again for your closer study on the morrow. Unimpressionable, indeed, is one who lets the life of the Coast Range slip past unnoticed.

To reach the glory of the Sierras, you must break through more rigid barriers than these. But by the very contrast each of the two ranges is enhanced in the comparison. If you have drawn the deep, understanding breath in Alpine lands, you will clasp closer all the Coast Ranges give; you will strive with greater strength of soul toward the towering heights of the Sierras, if you have lived joyously in the heart of the Santa Cruz.

February comes in one warm, sweet rush. Yesterday the hazel bushes were bunches of brown, switchy twigs. Today some odd,

open-meshed Japanese screen might be about them, hung as they are with a straight, regular weaving of dripping catkins, a pendulous rain of seed blossoms.

In this month the Alaska Thrush, here for the Winter, is still with us. He has a great liking for round, grey stones, and will run along a space before you until he comes to one. Standing there, he keeps time to your steps with funny little, characteristic twitch of the feet and upbeat of tail till you reach him; then he lowers his head and runs along, as if on wheels, close to the ground. His indrawn "chuck, chuck," is often heard; sometimes his rare, resonant song, just before he leaves in March for Alaska. The Varied Robin, another northern bird, is here also; his long-drawn, mystic strain I have heard at twilight.

The big Fox Sparrow keeps company with the California Towhee. The Western Robin winters here, and some Warblers—Audubon's and the Myrtle. I often come upon flocks of the brightly marked Townsend's Warbler. The woods are merry with Nuthatches, Creepers and Kinglets. The Titmouse comes up sometimes from lower oak groves. The Western Bluebird is always here, fluttering gently skyward from the meadowlands, connecting the dark green spires of the Redwoods with a winged line of serene blue.

Once I found a Bluebird's feather, and again the feather of a Bluejay, and laid them side by side. The same shade apparently, yet what difference in the flight tone! The blue of the Jay rises iridescent, cutting its way. Swooping, steady wings cast off their sheen almost harshly—sombre in the shadow, brilliant in the light, scorning to match any other blue, to mingle with one azured tint of the open.

The wing of the Bluebird takes the air gently, beating up softly—drooping wing-strokes lightly fluttering, floating, calling, melting to all the blue in earth and sky.

There are three birds singing now—the California Thrasher, the Winter Wren, and Hutton's Vireo. These are resident. Not for them the restless uprising of migration, the long journey over land and sea. Brookdale is their home. Here they remain—travelling still, I believe, in that quieter journeying we may all enjoy while yet at home in one loved spot. For life revolves about all in infinite change, if we but follow aright each moment's season and variety. And so I know the Thrasher sees much more than the restless Warblers, which flit from clime to clime, unreflective even on the wing.

Hark!—some noise in the village—the creaking of one Redwood against another—the soft leap of the disappearing cottontail—the quaver of the Flicker. Hear the Thrasher mingling them together in marvelous mocking music, punctured by sudden pauses, heart-

ripened. Now he is questioning me—"Brook-song, brooksong—hear it now? hear it now? Ripple, ripple, ripple"—and jerks up, emphatic and sweet—"Will you hear it now?" His meter goes sometimes with the swing of a slender redwood shaft swaying in a wide arc; again with the mad twirling of a leaf the wind has caught and will not let go. Wise singer! He turns all his world to music.

Hutton's Vireo has a pretty, metallic song, long sustained, without shading, reminding one of the fresh, vivid, one-toned green of some leaves.

You are always astonished at the song of the Winter Wren, never far away from an old log, into whose cavities he darts like a wee rodent. It is as if a tiny brown mouse stood up to sing. All shadings and dipping trills in his song—tender wood-tones—deep, mossy shadows—quick outbursts of sunlight-sound, when a sunbeam strikes down on the wee brown thing singing there big-hearted before the door of his mossy log home.

All the birds here now are either resident, nesting early, or Winter visitors, giving only a hint of their restrained rapture—choosing Northern lands for their love-time. Not yet is the time of the Spring migration. A few days more, and there will be a sudden weaving of crossed flight, birds going north, Summer birds winging in.

In the oaks and ceanothus bushes, the Bushtits, still in flock, are hanging, lisping together a buzzing monotone. Their way is to travel from one sunlit tree to another, each day over nearly the same ground, following the sunshine as it slips from hill to ravine, tree to tree, top to branch, branch to leaf; trusting the sunlight to show minute insect-eggs in all the crannies.

I stand high in the way of this passage, hoping the flock will brush my shoulder if they chance to move toward the tree I have selected as their next feeding-field. One flits out, quivers an instant in air, drops head down on a swinging twig near me. The flock trails after, settling in the oak I clasp like plump grey bees humming over their findings. For a honeyed moment one clings to my sleeve, wondering, no doubt, what kind of a branch I happen to be.

Birds have not always songs to give—gladness of color—labor of useful bill—opening of beckoning new roads. But each is sure to give something if you ask and listen, if it is only the gleam of a startled pin-point eye—the cling of a tiny claw to your sleeve. Only you must ask and listen; not otherwise shall you hear a song, feel a touch, nor know a bird-truth.

This is the time of leaf-blooming, as beautiful in itself as the later flowering of petal and fruit. All eyes may see the gorgeously colored blossom, or full-rounded fruit, but to see these first, fine leaflet-flowers, in their more secret, myriad forms, one must get a bit nearer

to the great heart. There is no massing together now, no huddling into green back-ground. Each leaf-shape dances forward, crisp and uncrowded. Still there is the great tender blur of Spring over all, which at times is difficult to penetrate. But stand a moment so—alert and searching. Against brown and beryl openings, one by one, etchings of leaves and bud-dotted twigs spring out to the sight. Sparse ranks of bracken thread up in thin stalks, curled over tight and fuzzily, scarce filling yet with visible growth the space they stand in. Here a brown, swinging bough is lit with upstarting leaf-points. A bank of laced twigs is decorated with clear-cut leaves, laid flatly along the intertwining stems, or, in some vista beyond, fluttering leaves seem to poise and quiver without support. Leaves everywhere, wonderfully cut and colored—old rose, soft tan, magenta, grey-green and vivid, bloomed over with the faintest suggestion of a shade, or so sparkling green you almost see the color running. Of every conceivable shape—slashed to the stem in slender segments, fashioned in flowing scalloped circles, notched in odd, unique cutting. Sometimes a leaf partly folded like a hand, a bright erect intersection out-pointing, a leafy finger directing the sight to all the thousand-fold marvels to be seen on meadow and hill.

Every wayside weed, that later may overgrow in scraggly, ragged development, has its hour of undeniable beauty—if indeed it is not always beautiful to the closest vision. Nettle and pigweed, hoarhound, sourgrass, old man and mallow, are spread in dainty, flat, filigreed rosettes on the brown ground. These are mostly trampled underfoot, unnoticed; for one must have spent much time in the Open to be able to separate and admire intricate hidden designs in all the infinite variety of green that wraps the senses about in the Spring woods. There is no flare of color about this lowly mat-flower, changing into different, geometrically whorled outlines, until the stalk shoots up from the centre. I lay my hand lovingly over a pretty round of *Alfilerilla*. More dear to me is this humble plant than the newest and costliest bloom that man has laid finger to. And this small pattern in chickweed—perhaps it ripens and flings wide its seed just for the finches.

From the matted undergrowth about the Redwoods, twining close with the ferny *Vancouveria*, starred in pale lavender and in pink, the *Oxalis* twinkles up at me. I sniff the incense of the Wild Currant, opening somewhere. unseen; not for some weeks later will its heavy pink sprays color the cañons. A delicate powdering of Mustard-bloom I glimpse below in warm lowland meadows. In high ravines I come upon a few pure white Wake-robins, chaste, as yet, of the kiss of fertilization; no pink blushing ones, so lately have they found the light. Stalks of Groundsel rise thickly from wet ground. Brown, ribboned rushes push up close to these. If you

are familiar with the succession of the wild flowers coming in the Santa Cruz, you will hear these early ones say—"Here I am! Next week comes Wood Violet!" Or—"Manzanita is almost here!" Or—"Azalea is coming on!" If you do not know the Coast Range blooming, some day of the Spring and into the Summer, you will happen upon the red flame of the Columbine, drooping over a stream; or the Dogwood, spreading wide and white; the brilliant, passionless erectness of the Tiger Lily, standing tall; rare, strange Orchids, shining in cool glooms; the Mariposa, pulling at its mooring in a highland meadow—and never having seen these before, you will catch your breath in surprised delight that such things are.

In all these you will see, if you are worthy, not alone the luminous light of a flowret, but the Light that illumines the Cosmic Flowering.

In the greyest days of February there are always bits of sunlight in the open, where the river willows have put out curled-up, golden catkins. You cannot see the shine of these sunny touches on a bright and cloudless day; they are absorbed, then, in the bigger light. But let the sky close down, grey and rain-misted, then they come out against the wet green of the woods in almost luminous gleaming.

The better part of the aroma of Spring is lost, unbreathed, undiscovered, if one goes forth only to the sunshine. If your heart experiences no desire for the warm, early storms, the big, level, soaking days, the turbulent, wind-twisting downpours, the seeming ruthlessness of outrooting flood; the gentle drip-drip of the rain-call—if you cannot respond to these, and go with the great Response that starts eager and strong with the might of eternities of Springing, you will never know as you were meant to know the perfect sun-filled day. You have not earned the right to bask and enjoy. If you have looked askance on any hour that leads to days of full delight, just so much will be withheld from you. The flower you stoop to gather, swinging in the golden light on a sunny slope, is not wholly yours; some of its beauty must ever escape you, unless you have gone with that which called it forth, which worked the spell of its summoning from earth to air. Though you gather it lovingly, sketch it, name each part, cherish it and enjoy, still you have not found all there is to consider in this lily of the field. Until the earth and the sky have stormed at you, called you through long, grey hours, gone to the inmost heart of you as they have beaten upon, summoned and thrilled to these petals, you are not yet sister to this flower, nor of one blood with things that grow.

Watch the way a Madroño tree receives the rain, when it comes down in one swift, fierce sheet. The broad leaves bounce up and down in highest, springing delight; the gleaming body is banded in liquid bark; each leaf plays ball with the rain drops, tossing them down with a musical splash to the next leaf; the whole tree seems

to bound up, elastic, from the root. If you are standing near, you cannot fail to be affected by what seems to be its laughter in the rain.

A bird's wet wing flashes by. Another, and another. Goldfinches, rising in happy, dipping flight, not one whit dashed by the rain.

Look up the hill-slope, through the wavering, wind-blown vapor! Color gleams to your eyes which nowhere else will meet them save from a redwood slope seen through this wafting veil of moisture. All the green is softened, misted; all the brown brightened, bronzed; all the dull reds warmed and glowing; all the pale and hidden yellow brought out vibrant, golden. Though your clothing is soaked, your hair dripping, your face and lashes wet, yet are your own colors brightened, your heart warmed through and through. The Spring rain has found you; its message you have not denied. You are going to know the full rapture of brimming Summer, the strong delight, the glory of days that are hastening on—and you stay out in the gentle chastening of the rain, heart to heart with Spring.

Stand anywhere, and listen! You can hear the happy upward striving, the pushing, the budding, the coming on. Sometimes, in pure and silent moments, I can hear the voice of the hills singing, or a leaf unfolding musically. Everything is meeting, mingling, melting, running together, forming anew.

All the birds are adding little love-thrills to their voices—with some not yet a song, but a trembling undertone, held in rapturous leash. Yesterday I caught the Bluejay practising a musical modification of his strident call. When he saw me, he fell like a blue rocket into the thicket, and screamed denial of his softer mood. But I had heard, not to forget, and hereafter know him better. For we do not really know a bird, or a bush, or a human, till we know of each the love-side.

Everything is in love with everything else, all starting, springing toward some love-goal. The Budding is upon us! Who can be unseeking, unsinging, mute?

And if the Spring shall pass you (who have encased yourself in house-walls), what wonder if some chance music of hers shall reach you sadly? A vague distrust of yourself, pain of a longing you cannot define, comes to you then with the young year. Conscious, and yet unconscious, you feel your apartness from the vital soil, your banishment from the starting earth, your exile from the loving Spring.

Brookdale, Santa Cruz County.



IN DEFENSE OF A LADY

By JUDITH GRAVES WALDO.



ARRY DEXTER had shot a man in the Live and Let Live saloon. Barry was very drunk, and so was the man. The man had not liked his beer and had thrown the heavy glass at the girl who had served him across the bar. So Barry shot him. And because he had once before shot a man and because of what had happened after, Barry leaped through the crowd of miners and teamsters thronging the room, into a passage at the rear of the saloon. He heard shots fired as he leaped, and something stung his leg. Then he knew that someone had slammed the door behind him and bolted it on the inside, and he heard the crowd crash against it. Two minutes were all Barry needed, and that gave him one. As he sprang through the yard to his Indian pony at the trough, he heard the crowd yell on the stairs leading to the rooms above the saloon, and, fleeing down the stony road, Barry knew, in a dim way, that in that crowd behind him someone was aiding him.

"Didn't need much time to lead that gang. They ain't on my trail yet!" Just three minutes after the shooting, Barry turned into the cañon below the town.

"I'll double back on 'em and make a run for the hills. I can lead that gang!" Barry laughed. But because the sound of flying hoofs came too distinctly to his ear, he jumped suddenly to the ground, hissed a command through his teeth that sent his little beast springing up the steep trail, dropped to his hands and knees and crawled away among the rocks and brush. And he heard the hunt go by. Barry was very sober now.

"They knew I'd double back on 'em! Wonder what I'm in for? They'll follow the pony, an' if she makes the Dagget road before they catch her—an' she will—I'm safe."

He crawled ahead wearily until he reached the ore-dump of an old deserted tunnel. Then he took off his boots and stepped into the tunnel, feeling his way cautiously along by the walls. Occasionally he knelt and stretched himself ahead, feeling for pitfalls, and when he had gone into the mountain about two hundred feet, he lighted a match and looked about him.

"It'll do," said Barry. He selected the corner of the tunnel least cumbered with stones, drew on his boots, loosened his pistols, and lay down and slept.

It was broad day when Barry crept to the mouth of the tunnel again, and he knew he had slept long. He could see nothing but the boulders and the sage-brush, and the great walls of streaked rock across the cañon. He did not dare go forward far enough to

look on the road below, but from time to time he could hear the shouts of the teamsters, the chug of the great ore-wagons, and the grind of the brakes on the down grades. Life was going on outside the tunnel just the same. He groped his way back and tried to sleep. He was hungry and very thirsty, and his leg hurt him. A ball had torn the flesh just below the knee. He cut away the trousers and bandaged the hurt as best he could with the strips of cloth. He did not dare to smoke, and soon he could not sleep. He wondered who the man was he had shot, and speculated as to whether his hand had been steady enough to kill. And then, his ugly plight sweeping over him, he cursed himself for having defended the girl.

"Wouldn't ever have took notice if I'd a-been sober. Just because I was drunk I had to be a gentleman." And Barry crawled to the light again. He could remember no one in the room that he knew. Barry was from Dagget, and his best friends were not in the Calico camp.

"If any of the boys 'ud been there they'd seen me through this. Believe a real keen pard could hunt me out now."

And then Barry thought of the bolted door and the yelling crowd on the stairs.

"Now, who done that? It must have been one of the boys was there an' me not seen him!" Things were coming back to Barry as the drink cleared from his brain, and the thought of someone outside, maybe watching for the chance to bring him help, eased his growing apprehension. He went back to the safer depth of the tunnel and slept. His comfort was gone when he woke again, and he felt so despairing that he came clear to the edge of the dump and peered down on the road, but staggered back to the blackness of the cave and did not venture out again, for two men were riding up the trail, each with a Winchester across his saddle. Barry knew they were coming for him, and, savage with fear and thirst, he fixed his pistols ready and lay waiting, with his eye on the speck of light at the tunnel's mouth.

After a while he slept again. When he woke there was no light down the tunnel, and when he tried to crawl to the opening he was too weak, and lay on his face, still clutching his pistols and wondering what had happened. Then suddenly a light came. The light was on the front of a miner's hat. Barry could see that. He saw a canteen, too, and then he saw nothing else. He tried to call out, but could not, and sucked at his lips and tried again.

"Water," he said, "before you shoot!"

Someone said something and Barry felt the water on his face, and a little, a few drops at a time, in his mouth. Suddenly he made a lurch for the canteen, it slipped through his hands and he sprawled on his face. The light was a long way off now and he began to cry piteously.

"You keep your hands off and I'll come back," someone said. Barry promised, sobbing. He was lifted and dragged up against the wall of the tunnel, and given more water, and then food. After that Barry slept.

When Barry again sat up and looked about him, he was not in the place in which he had gone to sleep, but he did not know that. There was a light at one side and he turned toward it. It was the light he had seen on the front of the miner's hat. Barry remembered. But now he heeded the person wearing it. It was the girl he had defended. She sat against the wall, with her knees drawn up in front of her and her arms clasped around them.

"Hallo!" said Barry.

"Hallo!" said the girl. "You better?"

"Was it you gave me the stuff?"

"Yes. You can have some more now." She came across to him and put the canteen in his hands and he drank deeply. When he had finished eating the meat and bread she gave him, Barry began to wonder.

"Do they know where I am?"

"No. They think you went Dagget way and struck the railroad somewheres. Your pony made the home corral an' that threw them off the track."

Barry laughed. "That's what I done it for. Knew she'd make it. How'd you run across me?"

"I was looking. I thought, maybe, you might have dropped in the cañon, they was so close on you. I been looking some time and today I saw fresh boot-marks on the dump when I happened up here, an' so I tried the tunnel."

"You been lookin' for me?" Barry stared.

"Yep."

"Is it a big reward?"

The girl got up, stumbling about on the stones.

"How much?" said Barry.

"I never came for no reward!"

Barry stared again.

"Say, you never came because you thought you was anywise to blame?"

"No, I wa'n't to blame. I was minding my own business." The girl sat down again.

"Was it you bolted the door?" Barry leaned forward with a gleam of understanding in his face.

"Yep."

"And made 'em think I'd gone upstairs?"

"How'd you know that?"

"Heard 'em yelling like they'd got me an' knew they was led off some ways."

The girl laughed.

"I just stood on the stairs and hollered: 'You shan't come here! You shan't come here!' an', of course, they was just bound to come. I thought you'd need a little time."

Barry wagged his head in admiration. But why had she done it?

"How long have I been here?"

"Three days."

"Must have slept through the first and clean round the night again!" Then he laughed, a little ashamed. "Guess I was sleeping it off."

"Yes," said the girl. Barry rallied.

"What's doing, anyhow?"

"Oh, they've got you posted everywhere an' a reward. Three hundred."

Barry was chagrined. "That ain't enough to make the boys work! No wonder I been starving here three days!"

The girl got up. "I'm going now." She brought from the darkness another canteen. "I'll bring you some more grub soon 's I can, an' in a week you can light out all right."

Barry stood up and leaned against the wall.

"You—I—you're awful good."

The girl turned to him, abashed.

"You was awful good to me."

"Me?"

"Men's been rude to me before, but no one ever did anything about it." Barry laughed and slipped to the ground again.

"Lord bless you, girl, you don't need to think about that! I'd never done it in the world if I'd been sober."

The girl started. "You—" she began.

"No, never'd noticed him in the world. Why, I have to be drunk, an' mighty drunk too, to be a gentleman." And then he saw her changed face under the flaring light and dragged himself up by the wall.

"Did you really care that I dropped him over 'cause of that?"

"Yes, I did!" Her words came in a rush. "No one ever thought it mattered before, an' you treated me like a lady, an' shot him right down. An' they've had a heap more respect for me since, they have! An' I—I've left that kind of work—an' all the time you never meant it at all!"

"I did mean it—I do mean it!" Her passionate outburst throbbed through him and her humiliation hurt.

"Oh, I'll take no favors!" Her eyes bit him. "You *didn't* mean it! Do you think I want you just to say you meant it?"

Barry groped for the wall. He felt a bit stunned. This was a thing he could not cope with. He could not even look at her, for the girl's eyes kept his down.

"I might have known you never meant it, or you'd staid and stuck it out 'stead of—of sneaking." She flung off down the tunnel, violently swinging the empty canteen. "'Spose you've been lying up here cussin' yourself 'cause you done it, ain't you?" She did not wait for his answer, but Barry was pulling himself together with a mighty effort.

"Say, hold on, now—"

The girl turned her head. "Oh, you needn't be scairt. I won't tell 'em where you are. The reward—ain't—big—enough!" But Barry was up now and after her, groping and stumbling and swearing steadily. Her injustice gave him strength as well as heart. He had never thought that she might tell. When the girl was some distance from the mouth of the tunnel she put out her lamp and Barry saw there was no light from the opening. She had dared to come to him only at night. Then it was that he discovered that she must have carried or dragged him back from where his weariness had left him to the safer distance at the end of the tunnel. He dropped down where he was. Here was a fresh shame possessing him.

"An' for a girl like that I couldn't make a lie that would hold!" His soreness of mind was not lessened when he found that his wound had been carefully dressed and bandaged.

"Done it while I slept an' hauled me back there an'—but what was the use trying to lie with them eyes blazing your back hair off? I don't suppose there's another girl like that—she knew I'd been cussing myself for doing it! If I was to have the chance to do it again, I'd mean it! Mean it!" Barry rolled about in shame and dismay, for through the darkness he could still see the scorn that leaped up at his easy lie.

All the next day Barry would not sleep, fearing the girl might come back with more food, and he would miss her. Then he knew she would not come. She could not, after the way he had treated her. Then he would defend himself: "What did I do, anyhow, to make her so thundering mad! Mad 'cause I told the truth—mad 'cause I lied!" And Barry again went over every detail from the night he entered the saloon and saw the girl behind the bar, until the flicker of her light ceased down the tunnel. He tried to free himself from her accusing eyes and vindicate himself, but could not.

"It would 'a' gone better with her if I'd left out that lie. But it come to me like it was no lie. With her a-quivering there before

me, I'd swore to myself I'd meant it. *Did* mean it. Don't believe I was so awful drunk, anyhow!"

At night he slept, being too exhausted to keep awake, and when he made his way to the opening again the first streaks of day were lighting the great walls across the cañon. He staid there until the sun was well up and the halloos of the teamsters came to him from the road below. As he returned, about half way down the tunnel, he stumbled over something that made him stoop quickly and strike a match. He had kicked against a canteen of fresh water, and by it was a miner's dinner-pail of food. He carried them to the end of the tunnel. The care with which the food had been put up and its abundance took away his last shred of fortitude and Barry sniv-eled.

"Now, ain't that just like a woman! Mad enough to cuss you, but caring for you just so long as you need 'er. An' I couldn't tell a lie to hold!"

And then Barry had a new thought.

"If I meant it, she said, I'd stuck it out. Wonder if I would? It was the respect she was caring about. Oh, I seen that quick enough! She never flung an eye to me! If I'd a-stayed and stood trial—wonder if that fellow got up? Never asked her! Guess my hand was pretty steady—if I'd stuck it out—" Barry stopped eating and put his bread and meat in the pail. "I guess that's so about me. If I'd stuck it out, they'd knowed, everybody'd knowed—she'd knowed I meant it." Barry stood up, suddenly strong with the great purpose beating through him. It was not too late. He could yet clear himself, glorify himself, before her and give her that precious thing, respect, which she coveted. He would give himself up! It was a decision, and Barry began putting the food hastily into his pockets. For not at Calico would he do it. They might take him on the trail and claim the reward. He'd have to be tried at the county-seat, anyway, and eighty miles across the desert—He laughed aloud in the triumph of this double atonement. He flung the canteen over his shoulder and started down the tunnel. Half way down he stopped and fixed his pistols. Ahead he could see the hot sunshine gleaming on the old ore-dump. He sat down and waited—waited until the heated noon-day had passed and the west cañon-wall was in shadow. Then he moved down to the mouth of the tunnel and heard the last ore-teams lumbering and scraping down the grade. And when darkness had lost to human eyes the difference in form of man or bush or stone, Barry walked boldly out of the tunnel, clambered down to the trail that led to the main road, and limped away into the desert.

When the news reached Calico that Barry Dexter had given himself up to the authorities at San Bernardino, and was to stand trial

for shooting Lem Cook in the Live and Let Live saloon, the excitement was far greater than when the shooting had taken place. A man shot down no one knew why, least of all the two most closely connected with the affair, was not uncommon; but it was not in the history of desert crime that a man in full possession of liberty and his good senses had coolly given himself up for trial. The men swore and speculated in baffled groups as the shifts changed. It was against reason; it was against understanding; it was against all codes. And when the sheriff jingled into camp to subpoena his witnesses, he found the matter difficult, for every one had been in the Live and Let Live that night, and knew exactly some telling piece of evidence. The sheriff winked at the proprietor of the saloon.

"Seems there wa'n't no shifts that night. Seems the mills and mines shut down just while this little shooting affair was on. Well, I'll do the best I can for you boys to give you a free show. But it's the lady I'm after. Where's she? He done it, Barry says, defendin' her." The lady? The girl behind the bar? No one had seen her for days. She had left the saloon the day after the shooting, and, though she had been in camp for some time, no one remembered seeing her for two weeks, at least. She had quite disappeared. The sheriff had to content himself with Lem Cook, now almost well, and a few wisely chosen miners. And though the summons for "The Lady" was published in a number of the outlying camps, she did not appear at the trial.

Barry was cleared. As he sat atop the Dagget stage he thought he wished that he had been sentenced to a life term. He knew such conduct as his warranted it. His gloom was so deep that the jovial driver, who wanted to know all about it, poked him socially in the ribs and winked at a flask sticking from his own duster pocket. Barry turned away. Drink! It was drink that had brought him to the first crime. But what, he asked himself, had whirled him to this last? For a crime it was to Barry now. The mirage that had lured him from the tunnel and dragged him across those blistering, blinding, aching desert miles, with two days' food and water to last him four, in fear of his life from some reward-seeking rifle, and making himself keep on in spite of it—in spite of it!—the mirage had been caught up with at last and was—why, a mirage, of course! It was hot shame that shot Barry's eyes with blood now. He had seen only the crowded court-room, himself the careless center and the trial going on. "In defense of a lady." How many times he had said it over until it had fairly picked off the miles of the desert trail. And the decision—cleared, of course—and then the hero-strut down the court-room, mindful only of the fleeing scorn and conquering gratitude in one freckled, girlish face. Of course, it was a mirage! There were other interests at the county-seat, and Barry had slouched out past empty benches, and the girl—she did not even know.

"You let me off this," Barry said roughly to the driver. "I'll catch you up when you breath 'em at the summit." A trail through the cañon cut across the distance to the summit, and Barry struck into this. He felt that the driver must know his shame, and he wanted to be alone with it and kill something, if he could find anything to kill. He caught his pistol from his hip and shot at a fleeing lizard. Some one stepped into the trail above him and stood looking down. It was a girl wearing a blue-and-white checked sun-bonnet, and she carried a large tin pail, which as she watched Barry coming up, she began to swing back and forth across her knees.

"Guess I scairt her," Barry thought and slipped his pistol home. "She must come from the bee-ranch up the cañon." When he had almost reached her, Barry raised his head and would have pulled off his hat in salute, but his hand dropped and he stood still.

"What you here for?" There was idle unconcern in the girl's voice.

"Well, I didn't come lookin' for you, you can just bet your sweet life." Barry's abused soul was in his eyes.

"Well, I hope you know you're on my land and there's the way off! We don't want no skulkers 'round here!" Her carelessness was gone and she flung aside to let him pass. But self-pity made Barry hold his ground. He took out his pistol, removed the empty shell, and carefully replaced it with a fresh one.

"Not very drunk today, I see." Barry started. "Or you'd probably be a gentleman and leave when you wasn't wanted."

But Barry's hurt was beyond repartee. He polished his pistol on his sleeve.

"Why don't you go—or else say something?"

"I'm trying to, but I can't think of anything mean enough."

"Mean enough? Well, I like that!"

"You wouldn't like it if I was to think of it once."

The girl's astonished eyes covered him. Barry suddenly remembered there was an old score of gratitude. It baffled with his self-pity. The girl spoke again in quite another voice—for there was a ring of anxiety:

"It don't make a bit of difference to me whether you are took again or not—but—the Dagget stage is due about now, and there may be folks on her that know you. You'd better go further down the cañon."

"I come on the Dagget stage. She's 'most to the summit now." A new thought was in Barry's mind. "Didn't you know I was cleared?"

"Cleared?" The girl sat down by the side of the trail and took the pail on her knees. She clasped her arms about it and looked at Barry over the rim. There began to be hope and beauty in Barry's life again. He sat down, too.

"Who took you?" Her eyes were big with confused fear and vindication. "I never told—they couldn't have tracked me—"

"I gave myself up." Barry could not keep the triumph out of his voice.

"What for? You could have lit out, easy!"

"I—wanted to."

"Good Lord!"

"Didn't you hear nothing, sure?"

"Haven't heard a thing. Been here with my folks for three weeks. Oh, go on!"

"Oh, I come into San Bernardino and stood trial. Didn't you know they summoned you?"

"Did they?"

"Of course! You were the most important witness."

"And I never knew a word!"

"I thought you were paying me off for what I said in the tunnel." Barry fell to polishing his pistol again.

"But—but how did they clear you?"

"Oh, I had a pretty good defense, you see." Barry looked at the girl, and she looked into the pail. And because he would not say it without her question, she asked, at last:

"What?"

And Barry's voice would hardly hold the words.

"My defense was I shot him defending a lady."

"But you didn't—you never meant it!"

"Look here. I did mean it! I was drunk when I done it, an' I cut an' run, because—well, I knew what was good for me. But I tell you, if I hadn't meant it—well, I guess I'd never have stumped all those miles, dead with hunger and thirst and a leg 'most off, thinking I might get hanged when I got there! I didn't know whether Lem Cook was alive or not! I just come along thinking 'bout you all the time. I tell you, I made that jury understand how I done it. There wa'n't no doubt with them! They knew I meant it. They went out only just to get turned 'round to come back in." This was better than the court-room mirage to Barry.

"Well, even if you only meant it drunk, you made them believe it sober, and I—guess I'm—satisfied—but—I ain't taking back what I said in the tunnel."

"I ain't asking you to," said Barry. He sat sticking his knife into the dirt of the trail. Some one was hallooing a long way off.

"Who's that?" said the girl, starting up.

"That's that fool driver on the Dagget stage," said Barry, quietly. He went on jabbing the dirt with his knife.

"Don't you have to catch up with 'em?" The question showed no concern, but the girl pulled the sun-bonnet over her face.

"Not unless you're in an all-fired hurry to get me off your land just now?" The bonnet slipped back and the girl stood up and laughed into Barry's eyes.

"I have to bring a pail of water from the creek, the hill is steep—you might—"

"You just bet!" cried Barry. And as they moved along the trail, swinging the pail between them, they could hear in the distance the squealing brakes as the Dagget stage swung down the grade from the summit.

Berkeley, Cal.

“TRAMP”

BY A. V. HOFFMAN.



THAD been a hot June day, and from early in the morning great flocks of sheep and droves of cattle had passed, on their way to the pastures of the high Sierra Nevada range. Heavy clouds of yellow, choking dust had risen steadily upward, spreading away and settling upon everything, and drifting into the house, where it aroused the wrath of “Mom,” who spent most of her time warring against it. Weary, patient dogs, with bloodshot eyes and tender feet, marched gravely behind the bleating, crowding flocks. Faithful, intelligent little fellows they were. With sterling vigilance they kept watch over the long grey lines entrusted to their care, and often the drivers, who followed in the wake of the yellow clouds, did not see them for hours.

Some of the dogs wore little moccasins of buckskin or leather, but the greater part of them did not. The ground was hard and hot, and their feet went lame. Sometimes they squatted in the shade of a tree, licked their bleeding paws, whimpered a little, and then resignedly took up their monotonous march toward the north. Only when there were bridges to cross did the drivers hurry ahead and give the dogs assistance. Then the little shaggy guards looked up, wagged their tails in greeting, and relapsed into silent watchfulness again.

The last flock had passed, the dust had settled, and the sun, a lurid red, hung low above the western range of hills. We were sitting upon the broad, old-fashioned front porch, talking in the quiet, intermittent way of people who have not much to talk about. It was then we saw Tramp for the first time. Slowly and painfully he came up the long path that led from the house to the highway. Straight to “Pap” he went, instinctively recognizing him as the one highest in authority, laid his dusty nose across his knee, wagged his tail and looked beseechingly into the heavily bearded face above him.

“Poor chap!” said Pap. “I wonder what he wants? Bring him some water.”

When the water was brought he drank long and deeply. Then, with a sigh, he stretched himself at Pap’s feet, dropped his nose between his paws, and closed his eyes wearily.

“Poor chap!” said Pap again. “He’s just about tuckered out. Look at his feet; they’re bleeding.”

The dog looked up as he spoke—a quick lifting of his dark, hazel-brown eyes, as if he understood all that had been said.

“He’s a Newfoundland,” continued Pap, “and a mighty big one.

Driving sheep ain't fit work for him—he's too heavy on his feet. Takes the little black-and-tan shepherds to stand the work. This chap's place is on a ranch, where there's children."

Little Clarice, the baby, just old enough to toddle about and get entangled with her own chubby legs, was sleeping in her mother's lap when the dog arrived. Pap's voice disturbed her, and she opened her big blue eyes. A moment later they settled upon the big Newfoundland.

"O-o-oooh!" she cried, and, slipping to the floor, ran to him, dropping down beside him and burying her dimpled face in his shaggy neck. "O-oooh!" she cooed again, and the dog accepted her friendship with a queer little guttural grunt. From that moment they were fast and abiding chums.

We gave the dog a hearty supper, and when we retired for the night he was lying near the front entrance. We did not expect to see him again, but he was there in the morning, and evidently intent upon getting better acquainted with us. The day passed and he did not leave us. A few small flocks, the last of the "drive," went by, and we gave voice to our thankfulness.

"Well," said Pap, "the dog's here yet, anyway. Perhaps he has made up his mind to quit the driving business. He's a good dog, and I hope he'll stay. I'd never feel worried any more about Clarice and the ditch—if he's like some of the Newfoundland dogs I have known."

"I wonder what his name is?" said Mom.

"Don't know," answered Pap. "Might as well call him Tramp, I guess."

The dog accepted his new name cheerfully, as became a philosopher, and settled into his proper groove at once. It was evident from the first that he was not an ordinary animal. No doubt he could have told us, had we been able to understand his language, that his ancestors were of a high-born and aristocratic family, and that his blood was unmixed with that of any mongrel strain. He carried himself with the graceful dignity of good breeding, and after taking a swim in one of the deep pools of the creek, was always careful of his appearance. A daily bath was never omitted, and we often wondered how so fastidious a dog could ever have endured the long, hot, dusty work upon the road and on the range. His coat was a deep black, his feet, the tip of his muzzle and his breast a spotless white.

Tramp assumed at once the duties of a watchman, and no prowling Indian, Chinaman, peddler or hobo ever approached the house without an earnest investigation. He knew intuitively whom to trust. As our home stood upon the highway extending from the Sacramento valley to the summit of the Sierra Nevada mountains,

passing directly through the mining district, there were countless pedestrians of all degrees of quality constantly going by. Many of them stopped and asked for food or for the privilege of sleeping in the barns. Some of them were villainous wretches, and it was necessary to keep all portable articles of value securely locked up. An eighth of a mile away was a wayside store and saloon, and it often happened that some of the travelers stopped there to drink and carouse until their money was spent. At such times there was always danger of annoyance, if nothing worse.

One afternoon, when Pap had gone to a neighboring ranch, and Mom and I and the baby were alone, Tramp lay upon the porch, with little Clarice near him, busy with her family of dolls. The dog was restless and uneasy. In his eyes there was an angry, defiant gleam, and every little while he raised his head, gazed steadily at a clump of trees in one of the near-by fields, and uttered a low growl. Mom was working in her garden in the back yard. I went to the barn in quest of something and found that half a dozen stray cattle had wrenched a board from one of the sheds and were pulling out the hay stored there. I called for Tramp, and he came at once with the long swinging bounds that made his strength so gracefully apparent, and we drove the cattle away. Heading them down the road, I said to the dog:

"Take them, Tramp; drive 'em along!"

The dog understood me, but he was reluctant. He hesitated, looked up appealingly, and with a whine turned toward the house, which was partly hidden by trees. Just then we heard little Clarice scream, and instantly his eyes blazed, his lips were drawn, exposing his teeth, and the hair upon his back went up and forward like a brush. With a harsh snarl he dashed away, cleared the high board fence without touching it, and, as my eyes followed him, I saw, staggering down the path, with Clarice in his arms and one hand upon her mouth, a huge, burly, drunken negro. His face was distorted and his eyes were rolling.

Straight as a bullet went Tramp. There was a hoarse cry, a crash upon the gravelled path, and then the dog, seizing the baby's dress, carried her swiftly away toward the house. Seeing me approaching at a run, he dropped the child and bounded back to the spot where the negro was still writhing upon the ground. Taking him by the throat, he shook him as he might have shaken a rat, and it was only by dint of much effort that I persuaded him to relinquish his grip.

Pap was a very undemonstrative man, but when he returned and I had told him, he called the dog to him, put his arms around his neck, and gave him one long, generous hug. Tramp cuddled against him and emitted a series of little grunts of satisfaction. It was

all the reward he asked. After this occurrence he scarcely ever left the baby alone, but there were times when his services were required about the fields and barns, and, while he performed all his work cheerfully and with skilled intelligence, as quickly as possible he hastened back to the house.

Our home stood upon a point of high land; a spur projecting from the range of hills skirting the valley. Passing the foot of this spur was a creek. A ditch, carrying five thousand inches of water, followed the edge of the valley until it reached the spur, and then went around the top of it, forming a great bend, like a horse's shoe. Just where one of the heel-calks of a horse's shoe would have been, the ditch ended, and the water plunged over a number of little cliffs to the creek, where it was caught up again in a large flume and conveyed across the stream. Around this bend the grade of the ditch was very steep, and the water ran with the swiftness of a mill-race. All through the summer time it boomed and roared as it churned its way to the creek, and it was this dangerous ditch which Pap had in his mind when he said that if the dog was as good as some which he had seen, he would not worry any more about Clarice.

That his faith in Tramp was well founded was proved to us one day when the dog had been with us about a month. We were in the fields, turning over some clover which had not been curing well, and as we worked we heard Clarice give utterance to one of her shrill cries of delight. We both looked up and saw our baby toddling across a narrow bridge which spanned the ditch, tossing up her hands and cooing to the yellow, hissing water beneath her. With a shout Pap dropped his pitchfork and ran, but it was a long way to the bridge, and there was the steep, rocky spur to climb. I ran, too, and as I ran I wondered how the child could have slipped away from Tramp. I stopped, put my hands to my mouth, and called with all the strength of my voice:

"Tramp! O, Tramp!"

I saw him leap to his feet from one corner of the porch; saw him lift his great shaggy head; saw him spring far out with the force of a catapult. For a moment he passed from my sight, then came into view again, gave one leap that cleared the entire length of the bridge, grasped the laughing child and bore her away to safety. Then I gave a gasp of relief and sat down suddenly, my heart beating like a steam hammer.

"I always said we could trust him," said Pap that evening, as he sat on the steps with one hand on Tramp's head. "I always said he was a good dog, *and he is.*"

In those days highwaymen were plentiful in the rough, broken, heavily-timbered mining districts. There were no railroads, and all the bullion taken from the mines was carried by special messengers

to Marysville, or shipped through the offices of the Wells-Fargo Express Company, the gold being enclosed in wooden boxes, iron-bound, which were transported by the stage companies. Every morning a big yellow Concord coach, drawn by six horses, and with a messenger armed with a "sawed-off" shotgun, flashed by our gate. A mile south of our home was a big bend in the road, and this big bend afforded peculiar facilities for the proper "pulling off" of a robbery. A man, concealed in the thicket upon the point of high and rocky ground which formed the interior curve of the bend, could obtain a clear view of the road for a long distance either way. This was an important advantage for the robbers, as it enabled them to ascertain beforehand just how many passengers were in the coach and whether the messenger was in his usual place upon the seat with the driver. Sometimes the messenger sat inside the coach, and under more ordinary circumstances his presence could not be detected until the coach had been halted. Then, with the sides of the vehicle forming a screen, he could fire upon the highwaymen before they discovered him. Generally, however, the messenger rode outside with the driver, as his presence inside the coach greatly increased the danger to which the passengers would be subjected in case a fight occurred. It was the duty of the messenger to fight, and the robbers knew it was very essential that they should "get the drop on him" at the earliest possible moment, before he realized their presence. Sometimes the messengers failed to recognize the potency of the "drop" and the bullets sang their sibilant dirge of death in the dim gray morning light, but over and over again the boxes of treasure were taken, and the posses that went out in search for the robbers came back as wise as they were before.

The highwaymen never carried tools with them when they went upon the road, but levied upon the workshops of the ranchers who lived in the vicinity of their depredations. Somewhere in California, in a forgotten corner of a forgotten room, perhaps, there are three axes, a steel crowbar and two sledges that belong to Pap. Robbers borrowed them in the night, left them with the splintered boxes, and the State is still holding them as evidence.

One night, when Tramp had been with us three months or more, we were awakened by a scuffling noise in the back yard, followed by a sharp cry of pain, and then silence. Pap and I dressed hurriedly and, taking a lantern, went to investigate. The first thing we saw, as we stepped into the yard, was Tramp. He was lying upon the ground, with a gaping wound behind one shoulder, quite dead. A highwayman had knifed him.

Later on we found near the spot a fragment of dark gray cloth, freshly torn and deeply stained with blood. Pap gave it to the Sheriff when he came the next day to investigate the robbery of the coach and the killing of the messenger, but nothing ever came of it. We took our guns and joined in the hunt, but no trace of the robbers could be found. In the evening when we returned, Pap sat a long time on the steps, his head clasped in his hands, and I heard him whisper to himself:

"I hope they'll catch 'em! I hope they'll catch 'em! If I could only help pull on the rope!"

Stockton, Cal.

WIDOW BROWN'S WEDDING

By A. HARTMAN



CO A STRANGER standing on the rear platform of the one car attached to an antiquated locomotive, which makes up El Cajon's one daily train, the view from Eucalyptus Pass is anything but inspiring. A scalloped bowl of brown country barred with white roads that seem to be cut off squarely at the foothills, is the first impression as you emerge from the Pass. The eye, searching for detail, soon notes a few red roofs beyond the trees. These houses make up the town of El Cajon. Beyond are ranch-houses, setting like scattered checker-men on a board. If the train is on time, the dusk of evening is not too deep for you to make out the squares of green that mark the Bostonia raisin-fields which give the one touch of freshness to the landscape throughout summer and autumn. By the time you gather up your gun and other traps, and hand them down to George Barton, you feel in the very atmosphere that this is the real California—unspoiled by association with Eastern thought, and the gilding of Eastern money. That was my feeling, the first evening I landed in El Cajon on my way to a month's hunting in the mountains—where I found later, as I felt sure I would, that up in those winding cañons off to the east there were deer with kingly antlers, that had never heard the crack of a hunter's gun.

"Lucky to get a seat to-night," drawled George Barton, the driver of the 'bus, as I climbed into the one vacant place beside him. He stowed away a part of my belongings, put a foot on the brake and reached for his whip.

"Quite a crowd," said I. "Always have as many?"

"Oh, my, no! Seldom! Weddin' in the mawnin'."

I gave a sidelong glance at the four stalwart men who occupied one side-seat of the canopy-topped wagon, and the four or five women on the other side who looked as though they had been to the city on a shopping expedition, judging from their tired faces and the number of their bundles.

Barton evidently saw I was puzzled, for he said: "Don't look like a weddin' party, does it? The four are deputies."

I was still darkly at sea, and might have asked for further enlightenment had not a forward wheel gone suddenly into a chuck-hole, followed quickly by its traveling companion, throwing us so forcibly forward and back that we were in front of the hotel before we had fully recovered our equilibrium. As he stopped,

Barton called, "Hello, Jack!" to a man who had just ridden up, and was tying his horse to the railing. For the first time since I had started on my trip my fingers ached for a brush instead of a gun! Here was a most splendid bit of color! A jet-black horse with a saddle-blanket of Navajo red, and entire Mexican riding outfit—and the man himself the most interesting part of the picture. Tall, brown, rugged; face finely cut and settled in firm lines; straight lips firmly closed—the face of a man not to be trifled with. Barton's elbow touched mine, and the usually resonant voice was so toned that the words scarcely impressed their meaning upon my mind until the man had passed through the swing-doors.

"He's the man who's goin' to make the trouble in the mawnin'," was what Barton had said as he climbed over the wheel and whistled to his horses.

This remark, combined with "deputies" and "trouble," was quite sufficient to arouse my curiosity, but after one of Mrs. Doty's fine suppers and the sweet, cooling influence of the night air, that invited sleep after a long, warm day, the desire to learn more of what promised to be an interesting story was overcome, and I sought my room.

"Haven't a team on the place, nor a driver," said the liveryman in the morning. "Wedding to-day." Again that wedding! "Even George is off, and I'm driving the 'bus myself." At this instant George emerged through the swinging doors of the one place of public refreshment in the town, dressed in his Sunday-best, clean-shaven, newly shorn.

"I'll take care of you," he said. "Whar you goin'?"

"Anywhere that there's deer," I answered.

"All right; I'll do the best I can for you."

"Goin' to the weddin', George?" asked an innocent bystander.

"Uh-huh!" he replied, as we started up the long, white road.

"Tell me," I said, "what's so interesting about this wedding?"

"Widow Brown, she's goin' to be married this mawnin'. Lives up heah in Dakotaville; everybody knows her." He flourished his whip in a sort of indefinite way before him. "Brown came from Dakota. Nice fellow, but a sickly chap. Hadn't been here long before he just kind o' faded away. Left the widow with two little kids, small ranch, some lemons and muscats, a cow and a few chickens. She's had a pretty hard time, but she's managed to live. Brave little woman, I tell you! Pretty, too. One of them white women that stay white. Most women that come from the East burn up and tan up, just as the men do, but she stays white, and the kids are two little beauties."

Barton was evidently a close observer, and a man who gave some thought to the personality and welfare of his neighbors.

"Everybody felt sorry for the widow, but pretty soon we heard that Jack Dare was paying her some attention, and that meant that she would be provided for in the future, for Jack has piles of money and could take care of a wife in style. You saw Jack last night. He lives up in Julian," and with his whip he pointed to the highest peak outlined ahead of us against the sky, probably forty miles away.

"When Jack writes his name on the hotel register he puts it down 'Jack Dare, Miner,' but I guess he's been most everything. One of the real old-timers. He used to punch cattle in Texas. Came here years ago from Dallas. Wore a gun on both sides. All sorts of stories followed him here. They said he had a good many notches on his gun when he came from Texas. He added one, anyway, up at Julian soon after he came. Indian had too much red stuff, and got obstreperous. Jack is pretty decent, but nobody cares to cross him, and a good many wondered where the widow got nerve enough to ever consider him as a successor to Brown. Jack was pretty steady after he got going to see the widow. He'd come down to Cajon on Saturday, and instead of hangin' around Harry's, as he used to do, he'd sit on the veranda and talk to the boys, tellin' them about old times in Texas. Then, on Sunday, he'd fix up and ride over to see the widow.

"Everything was settled all right, exceptin', maybe, the time. Then a chap from the East came to town. He staid awhile at the hotel, but he couldn't stand it long. He was pale and peaked lookin', and the Ladies' Aid got interested in him and asked Widow Brown to take him to board. He was pretty sick, but she gave him mighty good care, and after a while it was given out that she was goin' to marry him. Nobody believed it at first, but so it turned out. Jack came down one day and she up and told him she'd changed her mind; she was goin' to take the other man.

"I know I promised, Jack,' she said, 'but you see I can't. He nasn't anyone in the world, and he can't take care of himself, and I've just got to do it.'

"They say Jack offered to furnish the *dinero* to send him to a sanitarium in town, but she said no, he couldn't live in town. I suppose she remembered Brown, and felt sorry for the chap.

"An' so you're goin' to marry him?' said Jack.

"Yes, I am, Jack,' she replied.

"Well,' said Jack, as he put spurs to that black horse till he nearly went over the hedge, 'I'll be here to the weddin'.'

"That's why Harry swore in the four strangers as deputies. They'll keep around and watch for trouble. Everyone expects Jack will come loaded with die-stuff."

To the uninformed in the language of the people between the Cuyamaca mountains and the sea, I suppose I should explain that "die stuff" is a highly necessary commodity in the filling of the chambers of a six-shooter when a gentleman starts out looking for trouble.

The ride up the hills had been marked by the beauty of the great mountains in front of us, the odor of the sagebrush after the heavy sea-fog of the night, with a sky cloudless as June. A cotton-tail or two had scuttled ahead of us across the road, and under the flume; not a breath of wind stirred the leaves of the trees, and this was the day a little woman who had "stayed white" was to marry the man of her choice—even though a number of her guests were officers of the law and keepers of the peace.

"You see," Barton continued after a short silence, "the shack is small and the weddin' is to take place out of doors, under the peppers. There'll be room enough there for everybody from Cajon, Lakeside, Lakeview and Jaimacha, and the widow will be glad to see 'em all.

"Strange thing, too, the man that marries 'em is an old acquaintance of Dare's. There's no minister here, now, and it costs too much to have one out from town, so the Justice ties the knot. Of course it won't be high church, exactly, but he's no new hand at it. They say his father was a minister in Nebraska, his grandfather was a minister in Massachusetts, and his great-grandfather was a bishop in some place across the water, who gave up his job to come over here and fight with us in the war of the Revolution. All the Judge's brothers were ministers but one, who's a lawyer, and one that went with a circus, and they say the Judge himself was educated for the ministry. For some reason or other he went to punchin' cattle, though. They say he helped Dare out of some trouble in Texas, and now he's goin' to help him out of this."

Another short silence and he resumed his story.

"The Judge has a place up here in the mountains he calls Calamity. He's a crank on trees—has got more different kind of trees on his ranch than you could count. Vines growing all over everything, and flowers till you can't see. He said the other night he would furnish the bride's bouquet, and put plenty of blanks in his pocket for ante-mortem statements."

With this last cheerful bit of information we left the road and turned into the private way leading to the shack. Somehow, after Barton's story, I did not feel so much like an interloper in going to Widow Brown's wedding.

There was quite a gathering of women under the pepper trees. Children were playing on the ground and men were standing

about in groups. A certain air of expectation made each newcomer an object of especial interest to those already gathered. Presently all talking ceased, for across the brown ground from the house came a figure in white, two little children clinging to her hands. It was the bride. What Barton had said was true. She was a woman who had "stayed white." Her cheeks were pink to-day, however, and her eyes of dark blue shone with the fearless light of one who looks danger in the face without a waver. She walked into the shade of the trees as if she had not seen the groups all along the way. She placed the two children on a rug and turned to the man who was waiting for her. He was tall, of delicate appearance, very thin, very pale—of the type one meets on every corner in this Land of the Sun.

Another figure had separated itself from a group and come forward. I knew from the dignity, the black coat of somewhat clerical cut, the comprehensive glance of a pair of magnificent dark eyes, and the indefinite smile of the lips, that this was the man who should have been a minister, but became a cowboy, and afterward a Judge—and found repose from work at a place he dared to call Calamity. I looked for some bulging of the pocket, where ante-mortem blanks might be concealed, but there was no evidence of them, and the bride did not carry a bouquet. The Judge carried a small, black, seal-covered book. He had just opened it and turned a leaf or two, when another tall figure moved into the shadow of the pepper trees. In a suit of newest khaki, buttoned up to a military collar, with a sombrero of softest gray and finest texture shading the dark, clean-cut face, came Jack Dare, Miner. He paused within five feet of the wedding party. As he approached, there was a hush as solemn and effective, to the tense nerves, as that which falls upon a forest the moment before the mountain rain begins to beat down. But the bride's eyes never wavered—they were fixed straight ahead of her, on the Judge's face.

"Game!" said George Barton, at my elbow. "Dead game!"

The Judge turned another leaf in his little book, looked up, and was about to speak, when Jack Dare's hand went up and he removed his sombrero as a reverent one removes his hat at a church door. Long indrawn breaths marked the relaxing of the tense suspense that had held the guests, and the Judge began: "We are gathered together——" If he had used the regulation "Dearly Beloved," we could not have felt the solemnity of it all more keenly.

Then came the usual "Who gives this woman?" and there was no one to reply. Without kith or kin—save the two little ones playing under the peppers—there seemed to be no one to give

away the bride, until, after an instant's pause, Jack Dare, Miner, stepped forward.

"I do," he said.

Probably everyone but the Judge was amazed. There seemed to be a mist before his eyes for an instant as he raised them to Jack's, then continued the service with a waver and inflection of sweetness in his voice that the boys back in Texas would never have recognized as belonging to John Dodson of Dallas.

"Well," said George Barton, reflectively, a few moments later, as he turned his horse up the alpine grade, "I don't know who had a better right to give away the bride."

El Cajon, Cal.

SEALED ORDERS

By EUGENE MANLOVE RHODES.



T. CLAIR crumpled the telegram in his hand, thrust it in his pocket, rose, and left the club. Several intimates remonstrated with him for leaving so early. "We're going to have a rubber of bridge, old man. Won't you make one?"

But St. Clair shook his head, and, smiling, went out into the night. Not one who saw him go dreamed that the man who had quitted them so quietly had left their circle forever. He lit a cigar and sauntered down the street, thinking. He had cause for reflection. St. Clair had been born to the purple. An only son, reared by wealthy and indulgent parents, he had seldom known what it meant to have a wish ungratified. At college he had been one of the leaders of the "smart set," and his habits of luxury and extravagance, so far from calling forth any remonstrances at home, had been tacitly encouraged.

His had been the useless life of the butterfly. He had been a globe-trotter, and had loitered away years in London, Paris and Rome. Rumor had coupled his name with one after another of the reigning beauties, but he remained unwed. Also he was reported—and truly—to have lost immense sums at play in certain fashionable coteries.

At last he had returned, blasé, world-weary, cynical, cold and indifferent. And—partly to recoup his fortunes, sadly impaired by years of princely extravagance, but more because milder excitements had ceased to tickle his jaded palate—he had taken to speculation.

To do him justice, his judgment, under ordinary circumstances, was good. But the stars that in their courses fought against Sisera, fought now against St. Clair. Disaster crowded disaster. He met

them all with the same cold, impassive face, and no one knew how badly he was hurt. Then he saw his chance for a final coup that would more than make good all his losses. His information was sound, and he had every right to expect a victory. But the fatality which pursued him was not to be denied.

Wall Street bolted like a frightened horse. The hands that held the reins had lost control for a moment, and in that moment St. Clair had lost all. That was what the yellow slip had said.

He found himself unable by any effort of will or imagination to construct any tomorrow. What, he, the *arbiter elegantium*, the admired of all admirers, to continue to exist on a lower plane—to become a laborer, à clerk, a drudge? Very calmly he thought it all out. Very calmly, and with scarce a regret, he decided that for him the end had come. He would die.

Yes—that was the only way. His parents were dead—there were no near kin to mourn his loss—no wife nor sweetheart to grieve for him. A few men would miss him a few days—that was all.

But how? Poison and rope had disagreeable features—a pistol might disable without killing. Also he would prefer that there should be the semblance of an accident. This consideration barred out drowning, otherwise the easiest way. Ah! he had it. One could fall from a precipice.

He knew the very place in the Park. Disagreeable?—yes—one might find an easier death—but it did not suit his pride that men should know that he had met his death by his own hand.

He turned toward the park and hastened his steps. The sooner it was done, the better. He entered and climbed the zig-zag path to the hill top. Here was the place then—with a hundred feet sheer fall. Stop—we will make this an accident beyond a doubt! He climbed down in the shadow a few feet and forcibly tore a limb from a stunted hemlock, which clung to a crevice in the rock, and threw it down the chasm.

"There!" he said, smiling grimly. "It is evident that I grasped that in an attempt to save myself."

The myriad lights that told of the sleeping city below him were faded, blurred and dim, for the night mists were rolling in from the sea. Nearer, the mighty river hastened on its journey to the Great Deep. One last look upward at the unheeding stars—and he loosed his hold and started to step from the narrow projection where he stood.

A rock passed by his head and crashed into the abyss below. He looked up just in time to see a white figure leap from the brink above him.

Instinctively St. Clair's left hand clutched at the bushes which

grew in every cleft and crevice, and his right grasped at the falling figure as it passed him. His arm closed on the slight form of a girl. The shock threw him from the ledge—his left arm was almost torn from its socket. They swung violently around and crashed against the face of the rock, the girl inside. The bush bent—cracked—gave. They were slipping—falling—

Just in time his right hand, groping, found a stronger bush—and a second later the left closed on it as well. Again the sickening, shuddering terror as it bent—but this time it held. The echoes of the fallen boulder had not yet died away. When that boulder had started, St. Clair was bent on death. Ere it had reached the bottom, he was struggling in the dark, blindly, desperately, for his own life and another's.

The girl did not scream nor implore, but fought fiercely, silently, for the freedom which meant death. At first St. Clair could only crush her against the rock. But presently she ceased to struggle, and lay limp and exhausted in his arms.

Slowly, hardly, inch by inch, feeling with hands and feet for bush and limb and crevice and ledge, he fought his way back with the double weight. More than once his precarious foothold gave way and dislodged splinters of rock, to rattle down into the gloomy depths below. More than once the falling earth and pebbles on his face warned him that the bushes which held their weight were tearing out by the roots. His hands were torn, bleeding, bruised—his strength fast failing. He set his teeth for a final effort, and then he felt with one foot a firm, wide surface. He edged to it in the dark. It was a projecting boulder—and he sank down upon it gasping, breathless, exhausted. The brow of the cliff was just above them. They were saved. After the terrible path they had traveled, the rest would be child's play.

The girl lay passively in his arms, weeping softly. "Why did you not let me die?" she moaned. "It would have been all over now. O, I wanted to die! Why did you save me?"

"Are you sure you were not making a mistake?" asked St. Clair.

"A mistake! I tell you the moment I threw myself off was the happiest I have known today. And you—what were you doing in such a place at such a time?" she demanded.

He laughed. "I was going to jump off."

"Why?"

St. Clair hesitated. To put it into words his reasons did not seem so adequate now.

"I have just learned that I have lost everything in the world," he stammered. "I have been used to every luxury, and the life of a laborer has no attractions for me."

"Is that all?" she answered him scornfully. "For shame! You,

a strong man, to give up for *that*! Why, as far as money goes, no doubt the prospect before you is far ahead of what I could ever have hoped for. If that is all, the world would have lost little by your death!"

"And you," said St. Clair. "Tell me your story."

The girl was silent a moment. "Why not?" she said, bitterly. "Listen then. My story is the story of thousands upon thousands. My father is dead—my mother has been an invalid and dependent upon me for everything. Two years ago I came to the city for work. Three times have I found a good place—and three times I have been subjected to unmanly persecutions by my employer. It has been my curse that men have found my face pleasing. 'You are too fair to work,' said the first. 'Let us make an easier bargain!'

"The cur!" said St. Clair.

"You are surprised? I assure you it is far from being an extreme case. Every day girls are offered the alternative of starvation or dishonor in this great wealthy, Christian city!"

Some realization of what he might have done with his wasted wealth came to St. Clair, and he groaned.

"I will say for the second one that he had always before been respectful and kind," she went on. "Never mind what he did—he had been drinking.

"The last one treated me at first with all respect and consideration. But my mother grew worse. A month since the doctor said she must have a trip to the South. I had sent her all my money, and even so had run behind on the doctor-bills. We had no prosperous friends, no near relations to whom we could apply. I went to my employer and told him my situation with tears in my eyes. I implored him for an advance—I offered to work after hours—anything, if only I could get the money. He was wealthy, respected—a pillar of society. And he told me, 'Certainly, my dear, you can have the money on one condition. That is, that you will not refuse the first favor I ask of you.'"

St. Clair rose to his knees with a bitter curse. And he had wished to die—while such things were done!

"I dared not leave him then," she went on. "I had to keep on to procure actual necessities for my mother. But I tried and tried to find another place.

"Then came word that a change was the only possible hope to save her life." Even in the deep shadow she covered her face with her hands. "I sent her the money yesterday. She died today."

She buried her face in her arms, and her form was shaken with sobs. St. Clair held her awhile in awed silence, while one tear after another trickled down his cheeks.

His own self-sought trouble seemed far away, petty, unreal, trivial, beside this. He wondered, idly, why it had grieved him. He, a man, to die, when the world was full of wrongs like this to be righted—of griefs to be comforted. Youth, strength, talent, courage—He blushed with shame to think how little courage he had shown.

Yet it was courage which swelled his heart now and thrilled along his veins, though he knew it not—the tameless strain of fighting blood inherited from some wild old French ancestor, dust and ashes centuries ago. Generation after generation it had slumbered unawakened. Through a life-time of prosperity it had slept lightly in his veins—and now—this first contact with helplessness and weakness wronged had evoked it, as the genii in the Arabian tale rose at the rubbing of the lamp. Strong, unyielding, proud, masterful, it burst from its grave clothes to rule, henceforth, this man whose whole life, so far, had been given to self alone.

Presently he reached up a hand and stroked the bowed head tenderly. "Poor little girl!" he said. "Poor little sister!"

Slowly, slowly the moon rose, trembling through the mist. She looked down sadly and tenderly on these two, God's erring children. From distant lands, over strange roads their feet had traveled—his on a flower-strewn path, hers on a rough and thorny one, to meet at last in this place of fear. Her silver radiance fell softly, pityingly, alike on sinner and the sinned against—the bowed head that had fought so bravely in so many battles, and lost but one—the proud one which had lost so many, would lose no more.

"Promise me," said St. Clair, at last, "that you will not harm yourself just now. I want to think."

"I promise," she said faintly.

He helped her up to the top and led her to a seat, and stood up before her.

"Dear," he said, gently, "it was no blind chance that put me there. If I saved you, just so surely you saved me. The God we did not need has need of us. He has given us back the lives we threw away. For myself, I have been a coward, selfish, unworthy, ignoble, weak. I am not fit to touch even the hem of your garment. I deserved my troubles, and brought them on myself—but you are in nowise to blame for yours—you brave little woman!"

He turned his face to the West. The world was a familiar book to him—but his mind in this hour involuntarily turned back to a long-forgotten country—a land of desert and of mighty hills.

A memory came to him of a summer, long ago—fresh and clear as if it were yesterday—of a camp in the welcome shadow of gaunt and rock-ribbed hills. The bubbling, gurgling spring, tinkling merrily down to sink in the gravel, the hobbled horses—the deer swinging from the juniper branches in the cool evening breeze—the

cheerful blazing fire—the comrades, tried and proven—surely he could reach out his hand to touch them!

"Look!" he said, and pointed. The girl raised a white face, tear-stained yet beautiful, and gazed as if she saw with the eyes of the flesh the scene the sorceress Memory conjured up for him.

"Far away," he said, "far away yonder in the West, there is a lonely land. There are mountains in that land—gray and lofty and strong—mountains whose grandeur dwarfs the works and hopes and fears of man, shaming his littleness. And there is a valley there, walled round with mighty hills—a valley of granite and sand where the green grass springs first when the rains begin. There are strange fair flowers there then, and in the skies are brighter stars than our eyes know here. When the strong winds are high, their force is broken before they reach that valley. We will go there together, you and I, and begin life over again."

"Together?" She shrank from him, half in fear, half in scorn. "You are like the rest," she said. "Together!"

"Together—always," he said, gently. "Be my wife—my loved and honored wife. As for that base coward yonder—I will not even ask his name. Some day—on an evil day for him—he will be given into my hand." He drew her to him, and, sobbing, she hid her face in his breast. He kissed her hair. "Rest there, poor tired child," he said. "Rest there."

He took her hand in his and they turned their backs on the crowded city and the old, hard, futile, hopeless life forever.

Apalachin, N. Y.

CARNATIONS

By EDWARD W. BARNARD.

I SOWED within my dooryard plot
 Seeds treasured from another year.
 Earth wooed, and presently the spot
 On either hand thrust up a spear
 of tender green. Good care, good cheer
 I brought to each; feared, hoped anon,
 Till, when the summer's best were gone,
 Two spicy blossoms crowned the bed,
 Both fair as Heaven to look upon,
 Though one gleamed white and one burned red.

So in the garden of my heart
 Two tender things were nurtured long,
 Set carefully and reared apart
 From every scathing breath of wrong.
 I watched them grow stout-limbed and strong,
 Hoped prayerfully and feared anon;
 Till suddenly, their girlhood gone,
 I saw two women perfected,
 Both fair as Heaven to look upon—
 But O, to find one flower red!

Montclair, N. J.

THE GREAT PREMIER OF NEW ZEALAND

By *MICHAEL FLURSCHEIM.*

[The sudden death of Richard John Seddon has precipitated afresh the discussion of New Zealand ideas and institutions with which this magazine dealt at some length nearly five years ago. New Zealand, like California, is cursed with land monopoly, but, unlike California, New Zealand has adopted policies which are making for the solution of the problem. New Zealand once had a labor problem, too, and was harassed by strikes and lockouts, but that problem has been absolutely solved by New Zealand statesmanship.

In view of what has already appeared in these pages, as well as the general interest in the subject, it seems well worth while to present a characterization and an estimate of the statesman who ruled the destinies of New Zealand during the most important epoch of its history, and whose career is suddenly ended by death, which overtook him in the very height of his popularity and power.

Many estimates of Seddon are appearing in the American press, nearly all written by those who knew the man only by reputation and viewed his work not where it was done, but from the other side of the world. *OUR WEST* is so fortunate as to obtain an article written by a highly intelligent man who knew the Premier, who lived in New Zealand under his rule, and who viewed his work from the standpoint of one even more advanced in economic thought than the great and successful leader of Social Democracy who has fallen at his post. These considerations give the article peculiar value to all students of politics.—WM. E. SMYTHE.]



EW ZEALAND'S famous Premier succumbed to a stroke of apoplexy—the kind of death foreseen for a man of such Falstaffian proportions. Like that merry knight, he was fully conscious of the excess in fleshly endowment with which nature had provided him. Only a few weeks before his death, at a banquet given him at Rangiora, he said in the merry knight's happy humour, that he had enjoyed more hospitality than any of his predecessors, and had attended more banquets than any other man in New Zealand, and they would admit, if they looked him up and down, that he had something to show for it.

But his mental make-up was not disproportionate to the generous physical proportions with which he had been endowed. He was not a genius, or he never could have accomplished the work he did. Genius as a rule means lack of proportion—gigantic attainment compensated by a deficit in the common sense possessed by far inferior men. Seddon's greatness consisted in his great equability, in the fine tact with which he always knew how to keep in touch with the desires and wants of his people. He was the typical New Zealander, the Englishman of the Antipodes, that peculiar mixture of conservatism with progressiveness. A pioneer boldly forging ahead under totally new conditions, but never for one single moment losing contact with realities, never relaxing his touch with the people, he was quite as much leading as following in every step he took.

His origin and career preserved him of the danger to which most statesmen succumb. Neither descent nor education had lifted him above that level where the highly educated man is so apt to lose all mental connection with the masses of the people. The Right Hon. Richard John Seddon, the man who guided his country's destinies for thirteen years, never quite ceased to be the miner and saloon-keeper of the West Coast, with whom the lowliest of his people felt at home, when he shook hands with his "old Dick" in the government buildings, or at one of the innumerable festive occasions at which the always ready popular address of the Premier won the hearts of his hearers.

Judging him from an American point of view, we may say he had become a statesman without ever having ceased being a "boss." Not that I want to insinuate that he ever practiced the low corruption of some party bosses known in this country; but he never shrank from bribery of a certain kind with which his constituents could be bought. The peculiar concentration of the administration of his country which followed the abolition of the old Provincial councils entrusts to the central government certain tasks which in other communities are entirely left to local administration. If a bridge over a creek in the back country, or a road through the wilderness is needed, a petition is made to the Premier, and a judicious distribution of the loaves and fishes gives him an influence proportionately far superior to that of our President. But this is not all, for the facility with which the law-making machinery is put into motion in New Zealand enables the head of the governing party to favor certain classes of voters. One of the most interesting evidences of this was the "rebate of rent bill" of 1901—a bill which gave the government the power to give rebates of rents due by State tenants, if the circumstances warranted it. That the circumstances are more likely to warrant such favors in the case of an adherent of the government than in that of an opponent is founded in human nature—and there was a good deal of human nature about Seddon.

But the man would not have kept the reins for thirteen years if he had merely been a clever party boss, if he had not gradually developed into a great statesman, into a leader who advanced his little nation to a height which makes its administration the envy of progressive men the world over. In reality New Zealand's advance in liberal legislation is still behind that of the most progressive country—Switzerland. New Zealand has not the referendum and initiative, nor the proportional vote. It has not even the second ballot of Germany. Accordingly, minority parties cannot test their strength in a first ballot, leaving final decision to a second, because the first ballot is final, as it is in the United States, and the only way to prevent the victory of the greater evil is often to vote at once for the lesser

one. It is this system which more than anything else secures the position of the party boss, of the politician, for only the most perfect organization has any chances; new parties find it almost impossible to secure domination. The wonderful progress of Social Democracy in Germany would have been impossible under such a system. The second ballot takes place where none of the parties obtained an absolute majority of all the votes polled at the first ballot. It thus permits the luxury of voting for the voter's real preference in the first ballot and only when he is not successful lets him decide in the second ballot which he prefers of the two candidates who obtained most votes at the first. In this way the voters can try to carry out their real will without running serious risk of thereby electing the man whom they least favor. In New Zealand, in a constituency, a conservative might poll approximately one-third of the votes, a radical opponent of Seddon another third, a Seddonite the last third, and the latter would be elected, the other votes lost, if the Seddonite had only a single vote more than either of the others. In Germany in such a case there would be a second ballot between the Seddonite and the radical; and the election would depend on the question which of the two the conservative voters would consider the lesser evil. In this way, Seddon has maintained himself during the whole period, though his real followers often constituted a minority.

In the darkness even feeble light makes an impression, and this accounts for much of the enthusiastic partisanship for New Zealand institutions shown by many radical Americans and Englishmen—Henry Demarest Lloyd, for instance. Compared with countries in which the railroads are private property, a country in which they belong to the state seems a prodigy of progress; but in countries like Germany, Switzerland, Holland, Belgium, etc., which have long since seen that no nation can safely leave its arteries of commerce in the hands of a private monopoly, and whose experience of state ownership and administration has been a continued success, New Zealand's favorable results seem of less importance.

In a country in which the public domain has been thrown away within a single century, where a progressive system might have preserved free land to the settler for centuries to come, even the raw and unscientific New Zealand land system may appear as an ideal, though during the whole thirteen years of Seddon's government practically very little progress has been made in this direction. The much-vaunted separation of the land from the improvements certainly proves a superior taxing system to the one in use in this country, where both are taxed indiscriminately. But when we consider that according to the last figures given by Mr. Seddon only a few months ago, the land tax brought only £383,633 of a total revenue of £6,575,128, only one-seventeenth, the pretense of Single-

Taxers that this system is responsible for the progress of the country seems rather ridiculous. If we add that in New Zealand 800 persons own 60 per cent of the land, and one-seventieth of the people own three-quarters of the land, we must agree that in the newest country of the world, in which a sort of common land ownership obtained two-thirds of a century ago, this does not sound quite so well. A homestead law which gave the freehold title to the settler, subject to the pre-emptive rights of the State at the price paid by the settler plus the value of the improvements made by him, the said pre-emptive right exercised as soon as the settler or his direct descendants ceased occupying the land—such a homestead law would have given quite different results, but is not even dreamed of in our day by the party in power, and what remains of the public domain, though not treated quite as wastefully as in this country, is very badly administered.

New Zealand is looked at not only as the paradise of Single-Taxers but also as that of Socialists. It is the one as little as the other. When Mr. Seddon began to work two coal mines for the community, the whole world spoke of state socialism. In Germany mines of all kinds in far greater number and extent have been worked by the government for centuries without calling out that phrase. When a fraction of the insurance business is undertaken by Mr. Seddon, all praise or blame it, whereas German State fire insurance, which in most parts of the country is even compulsory, is not mentioned. His old-age insurance has been anticipated in Germany by many years; so has his accident insurance, while public insurance for sickness, which is a State institution in Germany and other countries, has never been introduced in New Zealand.

Leaving minor matters aside we may say that the only real progress beyond other countries has been made in the matter of arbitration of differences between capital and labor. Compulsory arbitration has practically put an end to strikes in New Zealand. This is certainly a great progress, but it remains far short of the dreams of the country's friends.

I want it to be clearly understood that I do not wish to minimize the work of the departed statesman, whose energy and wisdom I fully appreciated and whose loss I deeply mourn; but I want it understood that New Zealand's progress, great as it is when looked at from an American point of view, is very small when compared with what has been done elsewhere. If, in spite of this, the standard of living of the New Zealander is higher than that in other countries where the social laws are even more progressive, it is because in a new country, which contains only 900,000 inhabitants on an area as large as Great Britain plus half of Ireland, more elbow room is found than in countries with only a small fraction of land to each inhabitant. And if New Zealand is even ahead of a country with an immense area like ours, it is not the merit of the little island empire, but the shame of our own country.

Coronado, Cal.



As careful and earnest student of economic, social and political conditions the world over, as powerful protestant against the evils of monopoly, and as eager and convincing advocate of progress, Henry Demarest Lloyd's position was assured long before his death, three years ago. Only with the recent posthumous publication of his *Man, the Social Creator*, does it appear how much more than any or all of these he really was. For this is one of the great books of a generation, and reveals its author as poet, philosopher and prophet. It throws a new light, too, on all his previous work, making it clear that an elaborated evolutionary philosophy and a profound religious conviction were the foundation and the inspiration of each of his searching investigations into one or the other phase of the questions which absorbed his attention. It seems to me, moreover, of peculiar significance that this noble, tolerant, broad-visioned and hopeful study and forecast should be the work of a pioneer in the field of "literature of exposure"—a forerunner of the "man with the muck-rake," whose voice is lifted on every hand in these later days. His *Wealth Versus Commonwealth*, published a dozen years ago, remains to this day one of the most terrific and unanswerable indictments of corporate greed ever laid before the public—and this appeared long before laying bare the methods of the criminal rich had become the fashionable and profitable literary occupation it is today.

I shall not attempt to sum up the argument of this inspiring book, nor even to say further words of praise concerning it. Instead, I shall let it speak for itself so far as that can be done by making a few quotations from it, taken almost at random. It will be understood that each of them loses immeasurably by removal from the context.

Some of the people are becoming so hysterical that they hear the drop of the guillotine in every slamming door, and think every workingman is a revolutionist at heart. All this is unnecessary. Our civilization is not a failure; it does not have to be turned back; it needs only to be carried along its own path. We need no revolution, only the next step in evolution and historic development. We do not need to retrace, unlearn, destroy, but to go on, do more, study the same things, but harder. The strings in our hands by which we have felt our way along so far through our labyrinth are the leading-strings of progress, and we have but to follow the same strings further on. Our schools, our churches, our streets, our corporations, our families, the great achievements of the past that has died for us are right; not wrong, only not right enough. But they are starting points, not resting places.

We have understood for a long, long time that God was love. What we want now to know is how to get this God at work doing the chore of today—putting an end to the war, waste, anarchy, grief, of the business world.

Unless universal extinction is conceivable, we shall always have struggle, competition, war; never unity, rest, peace. Always movement forward, always one force or goal playing against another;

always a strength to overcome to give us strength. But as man has become wiser and tenderer, competition has been changing before our eyes. . . . A co-operative political economy will not banish competition, but make it progressively more a competition to create livelihood, property, opportunity for all in the best ways.

The new prophets will make men understand that the discords, poverties of our era do not call for the destruction of our institutions, but for their extension to new provinces of human contact—labour, business.

Man will preserve religion and patriotism, no matter how many churches and governments he has to destroy in the defense.

Our exhorters, in preaching to men that they are brothers, are telling them not what they are but what they are to be. "Life is sacred" means that life is growing sacred. Out of the pulsing, spending streams of human energy, rioting in the waste of overloaded tendencies, pouring forth men and women by uncounted millions—like the spawn of the codfish—to secure the perpetuation of one ideal after another, rises a progressive incarnation of life moving on to ever better uses.

The reform which makes our wrongs here right in Heaven is the recourse of slaves afraid to do their duty on earth. Progress on earth, not perfection in Heaven, is the word of the future. . . . Humanity sees its goal to be not perfection, but progress; the invitation of every tomorrow worth accepting, because of the never-broken promise of the past tomorrow.

A conception of perfect humanity or of a perfect flower is got from a cloud of witnesses not one of whom is perfect. Life is joy, and has always and everywhere been joy. The groans of men have been only aspirations for a higher joy than that presented to them. . . . Our moments of patriotism, brotherliness, good-will, are leaps up into the happiness which flows all through social space, and in it some day we shall live, and work, and bask, and ripen.

In the struggle for existence the Hebrew ideas of the fatherhood of God, and brotherhood of *Hebrews*, expanded by Jesus to brotherhood of *all* men, survived as fittest of all ancient syntheses. That restatement of the same old principles which can bring men as fellow labourers under the same law, and that can associate them as fellow worshippers, will be the religion of the coming era. The one must precede the other, men must learn that all are fellow beings, before they can advance to the conception that all fellow beings must be brothers on earth as well as in Heaven, brothers in all things as well as in one thing, brothers in the rewards of labour as well as in the labour. The religion of the immediate future is to be an Industrial Religion—one which will expand to the association of men in their common toils, the sacred law of brotherhood which they now obey only in the Church, and there brokenly, because, being infidel to it outside the Church, they are unfit and unable to live up to its fulness within the Church.

Love teaches that whatever social contrivance seeks to take without giving, to have without sharing, to do otherwise than it would be done by, seeks profit for itself out of loss for others, violates the law, and is therefore doomed. This love knows but one kind of peace—the peace of righteousness. No power in human affairs has ever been great enough to silence it; no heredity has been long-lived enough to outlast it. Love tells us never to rest as long as one human relation remains awry with hate, fear, force, or selfishness, or ignorance. . . . To love the King, dethrone him. To love the slave-owner, free his slaves. To love the priest, make him one of a universal congregation of divine communion. To love the business man, cure him of his leprosy of greed, eating him with the terrors of panic and bankruptcy.

Soft-hearted men are as normal as hard-headed ones. History has no lesson for us if we do not read in it the demonstration that the hard heart implies a soft head—a head, that is, which does not and cannot understand its day, and cannot successfully manage its

own affairs. The one thing that always breaks down is the institution of cruelty, no matter how hard its Alva's head may be.

We speak of the Golden Rule as if it were itself the disclosure of some fundamental principle of divine action. It is not so; it rather describes a method of action, a rule, as we call it, which has sprung out of a fundamental principle which underlies it. . . . A Declaration of Independence, an Emancipation Proclamation, is the mother brooding of the nest developed to its highest manifestation—the conscious exercise of the creative love of all for all. All the politics, all the industry, all the science, all the religion of the future as of the past, have for their task to keep this force at work.

We cannot say too much for self help unless we exalt it above each-other help; the two make one truth. To use their resources to prevent adulterations, monopolies, to give every child education, to give every member the right of employment, is the self help and each-other help of men acting together.

Men need luxury, splendour, beauty and magnificence—palaces, parks, galleries, colour, music, refulgence. They will have them; kings and aristocracies are not too high a price to pay for them in their primitive days, but civilized man must get with them the greatest luxury of all—democratic self-respect. Not to destroy luxury, but to democratise it, is the true policy.

When you see a cause against which all the powers of law, Church, culture and wealth are united, there is a cause worth looking into. If there was nothing in it, why should all these mighty institutions be so disturbed about it? And if you find all customs, creeds, logics, bazaars and currencies against it, look at it still more searchingly. All these have always at the first been united against any new conscience, and have always conspired against it even to the death.

To give the poor, the ignorant, the hungry, overdriven, leisureless, the suffrage and tell them to protect themselves against the rich, the initiated, the worldly-wise, the well-fed, the leisured, with the vote which requires for its effective handling wealth, leisure, experience, knowledge, and morals, is a mere freak of extermination. It is the freedom we give the rat when we loose him into the ring where the terrier waits for him.

Those who hate a system worse than they hate the devil will always overcome those who only love it as well as their dinner. Those to whom life is a worship are invincible before those to whom it is only a dicker.

Soldiers can build railroads as well as kill men. They could dig ditches to irrigate the American desert as well as to make fortifications. An army mobilised to create wealth instead of destroying it could be certainly self-supporting under the economical and efficient methods of our American system. A call for volunteers among the unemployed for a peaceful war with such enemies of themselves and the race as starvation, disease, dirt and poverty would be answered by millions. The military power of conscription is available for dealing with the chronic tramp. Only by organising really and adequately the opportunity for work can society get a clear moral right to compel those to work who will not work voluntarily, and when society has created this opportunity for all it should put the relentless but merciful hand of compulsion upon all who would shirk.

An economic system which heaps up idle money in the banks and idle men in the streets is spiritually a sin, economically a waste, and we will make it legal outlawry.

There are phenomena in the field to indicate that the co-operator and democracy are not poorer but better business men; that there is a better political economy than the political economy of individual self-interest, and that is the political economy and self-interest of all the individuals; that the business man, the capitalist, was good enough as a pioneer and as a scout for the people, but he cannot produce wealth fast enough nor well enough to be a permanent

figure in any part of the business world where the co-operator or democracy can enter it.

The people are searching the Bible for material for constitutional amendments, and the Sermon on the Mount has become a campaign document—as it was meant to be.

We cannot pray best on our knees. To worship, we must keep by the side of our Christ, withstanding with him the temptation of the kingdom of this world, going about doing good, healing the sick as he healed them, having compassion on the multitude as he had, and finding bread to strengthen them to hear and do the truth, with him driving the thieves and money changers out of the temple, and with him ending the divine service only with life, if life ever ends.

No man can be truly religious who believes in the God of yesterday or rests in the God of today. There is no salvation save in the God of tomorrow.

If the foregoing extracts fail to stimulate any reader of these pages to get the book for himself, no recommendation of mine would be of any avail. Yet I will say that no thoughtful man can afford to remain ignorant of this—by far the greatest work of a man who was a devoted and intelligent lover of his fellow men. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. \$2 net.

If a beautiful girl of seventeen will allow herself to drift out to sea alone on the night of her betrothal day, she ought not to be surprised at anything that happens to her. What happened to Hope Carmichael (as Mary Powell tells it, in *The Prisoner of Ornith Farm*) is to be picked up by the villain of the story, who is cruising conveniently near, and carried off to his country-place, there to be held until she agrees to marry him. An exceedingly fascinating villain he is, too, and one almost wonders that the heroine resists him to the last, escapes, and is rescued as she is at the brink of recapture. A clever mixture of drama, melodrama, mystery, and some humor. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, \$1.50.

Three lectures delivered by J. G. Swinnerton in 1898, before Morning Star Lodge, F. & A. M., are now published under the title, *The Origin of Masonry*. And well they deserved publication. Mr. Swinnerton has done a really brilliant bit of work—work which can only come from painstaking scholarship, illumined by genuine humor and warmed by hearty human interest. I commend the volume warmly not only to members of the Masonic Order, but to every man who likes good reading. The Whitaker & Ray Co., San Francisco. 75 cents net.

In the preface to her *Bridge Abridged*, Annie Blanche Shelby states that it is "designed chiefly for such as would like as comprehensive knowledge as possible of Bridge play and the principles governing it, at a minimum expenditure of time and effort." As to which I am fain to remark that no comprehensive knowledge of anything was ever yet attained by any one who tried to get it at a minimum expenditure of time and effort. The Whitaker & Ray Co., San Francisco. \$1, net.

California Mammals, by Frank Stephens, is the more valuable and important since no general work covering the mammals of this State had been published since 1857. It covers the field briefly, but thoroughly and satisfactorily. Mr. Stephens describes 256 species and subspecies of mammals which have been found within the State, or in sight of its shores, this number including the cetaceans and the bats. The volume is illustrated by W. J. Fenn, from studies in the field. It should be in every public and school library in the State, and in most private libraries that seriously deserve the title. West Coast Publishing Co., San Diego. \$2.50 net.

That old stand-by, *The Young Folks' Cyclopaedia of Common Things*, by John Denison Chapman, now appears in a third edition thoroughly revised, enlarged and brought down to date. The first edition was published in 1879, and a comparison of that with this gives striking evidence of the enormous expansion of the field of "common knowledge" within this generation. Henry Holt & Co., New York, \$2.50.

CHARLES AMADON MOODY.

TULARE COUNTY AND THE CITY OF TULARE

By EDWARD A. DE BLOIS

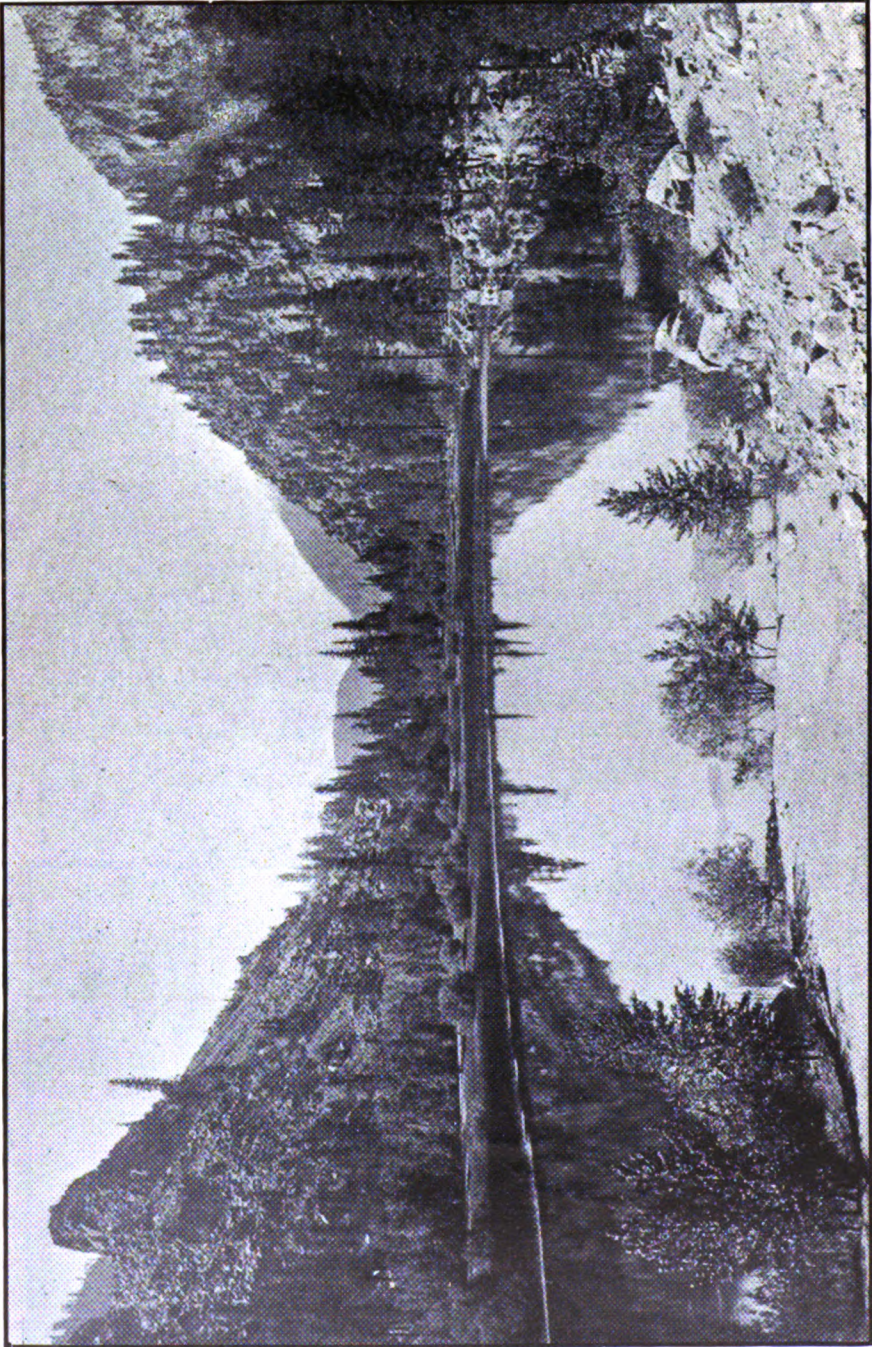


EMBRACED within the borders of the great State of California are several wonderful valleys, each a vast empire in itself, and each an important factor in the rapid development and marvelous progress of a State whose very name suggests sunshine and gold, and fruits and flowers. By far the largest and most important of all is the great San Joaquin Valley, a princely domain, 250 miles in length and from 40 to 80 miles in width, embracing eight counties. Upon one side it is flanked by the mighty Sierra Nevada, the highest range of mountains in the United States, and upon the other by the less lofty parallel Coast Range. From the western slope of the rugged Sierras there flows into the valley a series of splendid rivers, that fork into numerous branches, forming true delta lands like those of the Nile or Ganges. Ages ago these rivers and streams would overflow, inundating the whole country, and thus were deposited the rich layers of silt and sediment that today nourish vines and fruit trees, waving fields of grain, and great pastures of alfalfa.

In the heart of this mighty valley, midway between San Francisco and Los Angeles, lies Tulare county, containing an area of 4,935 square miles, a territory about the size of the State of Connecticut. This portion of the valley is especially favored. It includes on its eastern border Mt. Whitney, the highest mountain in the United States, and wonderful mountain scenery rivaling in grandeur and beauty anything to be seen in the Yosemite Valley. Here also is to be found the Sequoia National Park, a reservation by the government of the largest forest of the *Sequoia gigantea* in existence. There are more than three thousand sequoias in this grove that measure over fifty feet in circumference and three hundred feet in height. The "General



A Sample Tree from one of Tulare's Oak Forests



Near Mt. Whitney, Tulare County, Cal.

Sherman" in this forest is said to be the largest tree in the world. Trout streams are abundant, and mineral springs, while lakes clear as crystal and fathomless are numbered by hundreds.

Draining into Tulare county are three great streams—Kings river, the Kaweah and the Tule. They furnish abundant water for irrigation and the development of power, while under the ground there is to be found a vast reservoir of water, forever replenished from the slopes of the Sierras, which, through the agency of pumping, furnish an auxiliary to the immense irrigation system now so firmly established throughout the county.

Lying adjacent to the foot-hills of the Sierra Nevada mountains, and stretching from the northern to the southern limits of the county, is the



On the Tule River, Tulare County

famous citrus belt, where the orange and the lemon thrive to a degree unsurpassed, and where these fruits ripen earlier than in the southern part of the State, thus always finding the first and best market. Farther out on the plain deciduous fruits are grown in great abundance and highest perfection. Nowhere in the world can grapes of better quality be found than in this section, and nowhere has the vine a greater productive capacity. Sugar-beets, cereals, apricots, prunes, nectarines, figs, apples, olives, plums, almonds and walnuts all find their homes here, while Tulare peaches have taken premiums at all the great national fairs held in the United States, and at the Paris Exposition they were awarded first prize in competition with the whole world.

There is no country under the sun more thoroughly adapted to the dairying industry. Alfalfa grows to its fullest perfection, and stock requires no winter



On Main Canal, Tulare Irrigation District

protection. As a horse-producing section it is unsurpassed. The climatic conditions for speed development, early maturity, an abundance of feed of every kind and variety, with never-failing green pastures, reduce the cost of rearing a horse to a minimum.

Enthroned in the midst of this smiling garden of fertility is the city of Tulare, containing a population of about 3000. From a commercial point of view it is well located, as two great trans-continental lines of railroad—the Southern Pacific and the Santa Fé—pass through it. The business life of Tulare rests upon a permanent foundation—the agricultural resources of a wonderfully rich and growing country. Its stores are modern and up-to-date, while its merchants are energetic and progressive. Two creameries disburse among the dairymen over \$250,000 a year, while cattle and hogs are raised in large numbers, and many thousand dozen of eggs and much

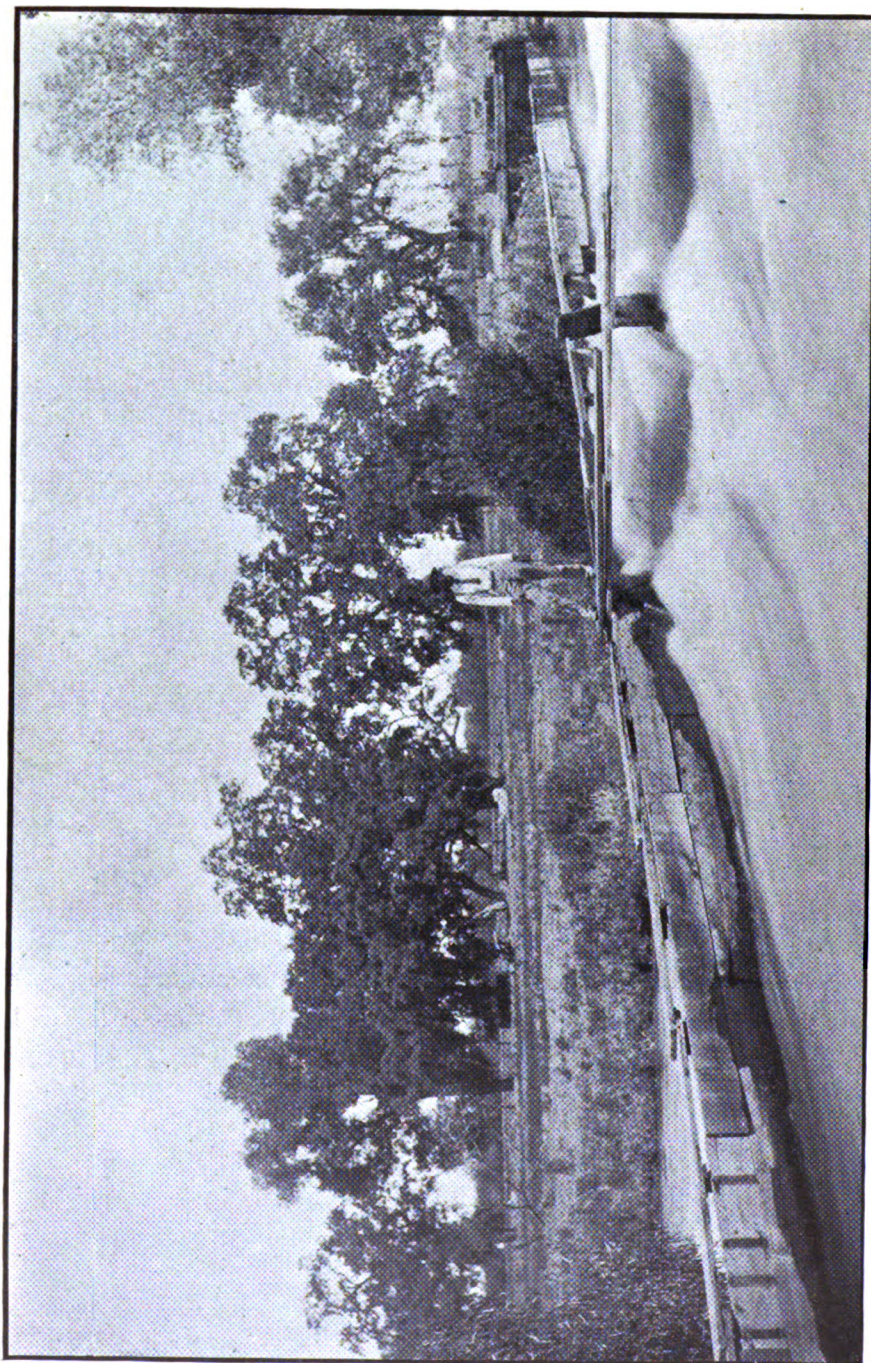


A Tulare Residence Street

live poultry are shipped away each month. Two large packing-houses furnish employment for many men and women, and boys and girls during the fruit season, while but two miles from town is located the famous Paige orchard and vineyard, the largest in a single body to be found in the State, and one that also gives employment to several hundred people.

For years the schools of Tulare have had a wide reputation, many pupils coming from a distance in order to avail themselves of the High School privileges. Its many churches attest the deeply religious sentiment existing among the inhabitants, while two daily and weekly newspapers, and a beautiful free public library mark the community as one of literary and reading tastes.

From a scenic standpoint Tulare presents a charming picture. Its brick business blocks are among the handsomest in the valley. Its streets are wide and clean and well graded, and are bordered everywhere with beautiful shade trees, while its many parks and lawns and magnificent flower gardens fascinate



A Branch Canal Crossing the Main Canal, Tulare Irrigation District

the eye and fill the air with perfume. The country about is especially rich in bird life and the sweet songs of the mocking bird and the meadow lark charm the ear with sounds of ravishing melody.

The healthfulness of this locality must not be overlooked, as of the two cities of the State having the lowest percentage of mortality, Tulare is one. No doubt this fact can be ascribed to the purity of its drinking water, the supply being furnished by artesian wells averaging four hundred feet in depth. After undergoing a chemical analysis at the State University, Professor Hilgard pronounces this water to be the best in the State.

Almost any fruit, cereal or vegetable grown anywhere can be successfully raised in Tulare County. The soil in the foot-hills contains exactly the elements necessary for the growth of citrus fruits, while the land on the plains is a deep alluvial loam, rich in nitrates and potash, just the constituents needed for the nourishment and growth of deciduous trees. The large orange and lemon groves, the immense fields of grain, enormous vineyards and flourishing orchards of all kinds, testify most eloquently to the adaptability and quality



A Business Block in Tulare

of the soil. It has been known for many years that the land in this vicinity is especially adapted to the production of sugar-beets, and the recent erection of a large sugar-beet factory has resulted in the planting of several thousand acres to sugar-beets throughout the county.

There is a large field in Tulare County for the industrious raiser of poultry. The climate is wholly favorable, and a few acres and a few hundred chickens will yield a good income to anyone who will give the business close attention and the benefit of ordinary judgment.

Much of the land tributary to the City of Tulare is embraced within what is known as the Tulare Irrigation district, the system having been constructed through the aid of money secured by the sale of bonds issued by the district to the amount of \$500,000. In October, 1903, the district paid off those bonds and all accrued interest, and thus the vast system with its 300 miles of canals and ditches, belongs to the land embraced within the irrigation district. There is not a dollar of indebtedness resting upon it, and there will be no further cost but the slight expense of keeping it in repair.

In the vicinity of Tulare can be found much land that is strictly "number one" in quality. The reason that this land is cheap is that there is so much of it—more than those now living upon it can properly cultivate. Several large colonization projects are now under good headway, and with the large number of colonists and homeseekers buying tracts and building homes, it will not be long before the price of land in Tulare County will advance to the price prevailing in other counties that are now more thickly settled.

The climate in this portion of the San Joaquin Valley is delightful. It is never very cold in winter, while in summer heat-prostrations are unknown, and the summer evenings are always delightfully pleasant.

Socially Tulare holds an enviable position. The genial disposition and good fellowship of its people are widely known, and strangers and visitors are always given a most cordial reception and made to feel that they are indeed welcome.

Illustrations from photographs by Doran.



A Tulare Spring

PORTERVILLE, TULARE COUNTY

By V. D. KNUTT



YOU who happen to glance at this page headed "Porterville" and are in search of a location to make your future home, or invest in, can surely deem yourselves fortunate, for the reason that you could find no better location in the State of California than there is right here.

Porterville, Tulare county, California, with its surrounding country, is one of the most thriving localities in the State. It is situated in a kind of vale at the base of the Sierra Nevada mountains, sheltered from storms and winds, and an ideal spot in which to live. The climate is semi-tropical, the atmosphere dry, and the weather ideal all the year round.

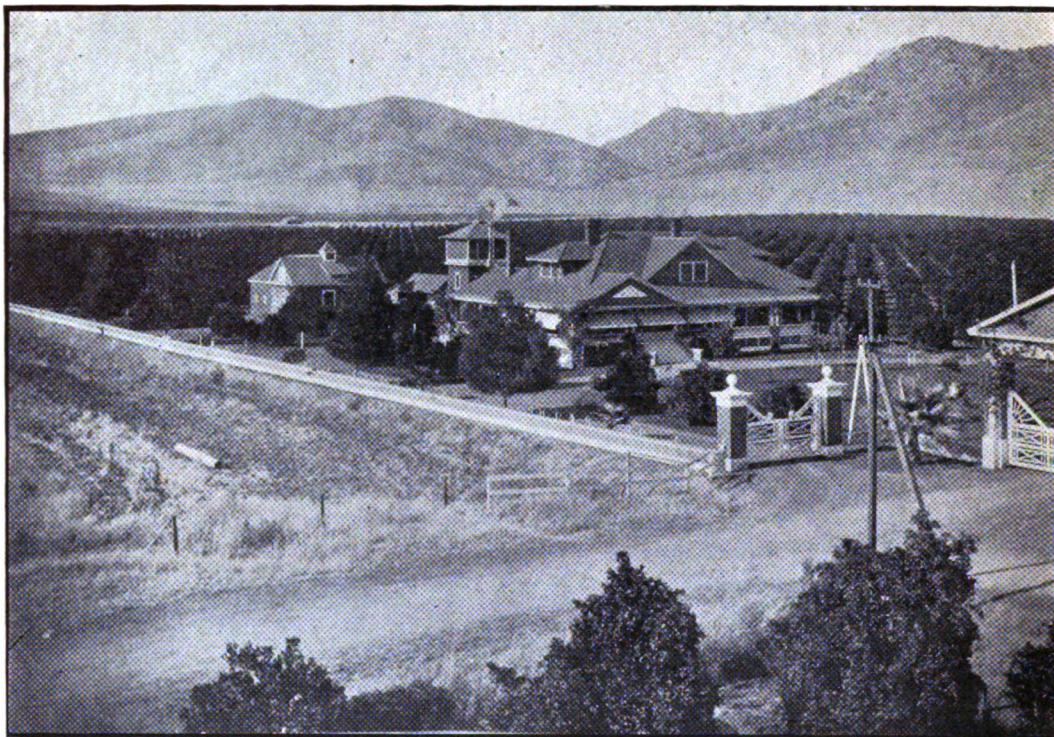
Porterville, although it has numerous resources, is mainly celebrated for its oranges, which have been acknowledged to be equal to the finest grown anywhere. The lands that grow these superior oranges, as well as lemons and grape-fruit, are of the finest adobe soil and lie on gentle slopes leading to the foot-hills. The soil is deep and rich, of a quality which the orange loves and out of whose elements by marvelous chemistry it extracts the juices which fill it and the pungent oil which makes the rind to shine.

Water for irrigating comes from the Tule river and from wells, a large body of water seeming to lie under the land at from 60 to 100 feet in depth. For power to raise the water from these wells electricity is used largely, as well as gas and steam engines.

The orange shipments from this section alone have exceeded this year 430 cars, and of course will increase each year, as there are many young groves coming into bearing all the time.



Among Porterville Oranges

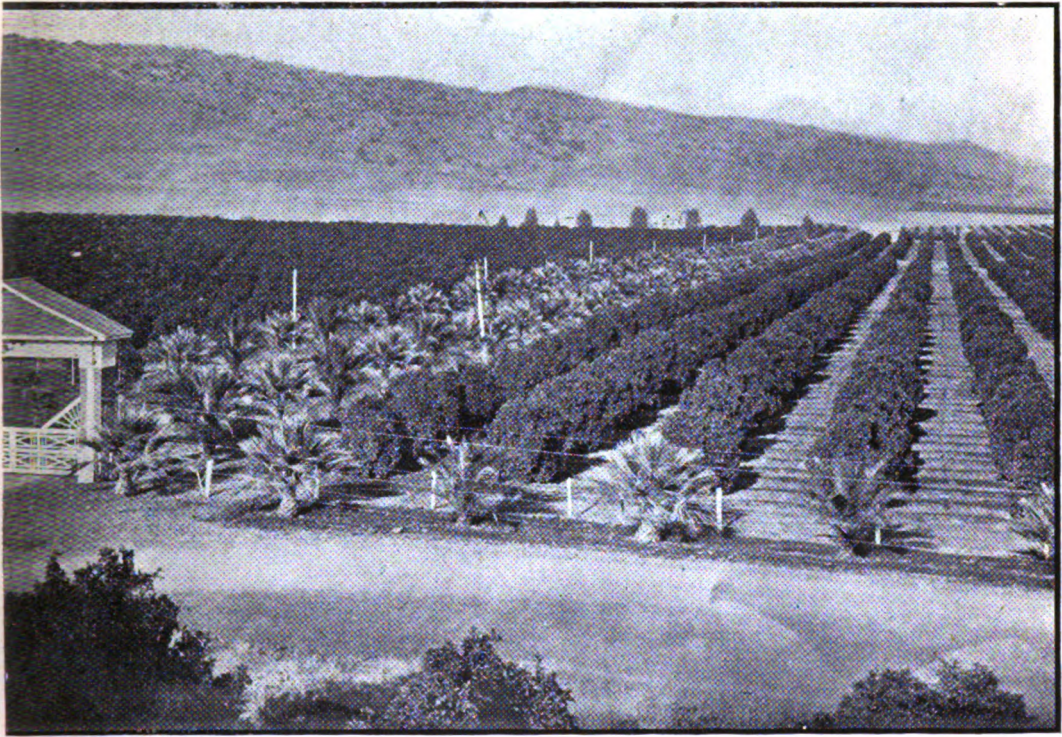


A Porterville Home

Where we have the advantage over other portions of the State in orange-growing is in their early ripening—weeks ahead of other sections. The result is that we are enabled to commence marketing the fruit the latter part of October, which brings it to the eastern markets in time for the Thanksgiving and Christmas trade. Thus we get the benefit of the first market prices, which are always high.

There are still some fine lands which can be obtained at very reasonable prices, but it will not be long before they are gone, as during the last six months people have commenced to turn their heads this way. When they see the opportunities which are presented to them, they do not go away again, but buy the lands and start in planting them out. Land can be bought at prices averaging from \$40.00 to \$125.00 per acre, according to the location, and they are all excellent bargains, the higher price being where land is sold with water, and the lower priced land being without water—which can, however, be easily obtained by boring a well and pumping.

It takes about four years before an orange orchard will bear, but the cost is not so very much when one takes into consideration the results which are obtained later on. It is generally customary to plant from 100 to 108 trees to the acre, trees costing about fifty cents each. (It is hard to give the exact cost of a tree, but it all depends upon the supply. When there is a big supply, you can get them as low as thirty-five cents, but when the demand is big and the supply short, they range from fifty cents to seventy-five cents each.) You might figure five cents for digging the holes and putting them

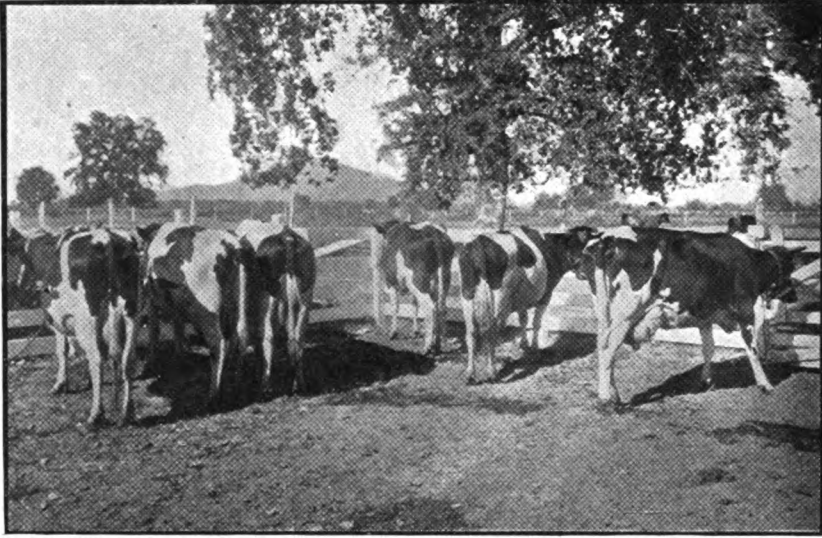


And Orange Orchard

in, and then about \$100.00 to a ten-acre tract for extras in the way of leveling, plowing or other preliminary work. After four years the crop, will pay part of the expenses of running the orchard, and from that time on, as the trees grow, naturally the crop will increase. The prices received for fruit from the various packing houses average from \$1.25 to \$1.50 per box. This year the majority of the growers received an average of \$1.50, which was very satisfactory.

Porterville has not been very largely advertised and for that reason you who may be reading this article may not have heard of this district—but we can assure you that it would pay you to come and investigate personally. It is a hard matter to explain conditions on paper and also a hard matter to answer all questions that way, but if you are here on the spot, then you can see yourself that these few lines do not tell by half what advantages there are to be obtained here. Besides, on the other lands, which are not suitable for orange culture, all kinds of deciduous fruits flourish. The grape especially ripens here with a large percentage of sugar in it, and the dewless nights of September, the maturing and drying month, make the curing of the harvest easy and rapid.

We also have fine bottom lands for alfalfa, which yield large and profitable crops, four cuttings to the year being not unusual. This supplies a large dairy and cattle industry which we have. In fact, there is not any crop, either of fruit, vegetables or cereals, that, with proper methods of cultivation and intelligent handling, will fail to yield large returns on investment.



On a Porterville Dairy Ranch

As stated above, Porterville has many resources to draw from. Wheat is a very big factor; about 70,000 acres are planted annually west of the city. Sheep, cattle and other livestock form the basis of a big industry. Large quantities of wool, hogs, cattle and horses are shipped out. In fact, any industry can be profitably followed up. Timber-lands are in abundance, and saw-mills are running in the mountains with good results.

If you are looking for a home and an investment, do not fail to stop off at Porterville. It has the climate as well as the water, the natural advantages, and above all reasonable land values. You can get four times the



A Summer Resort Near Porterville



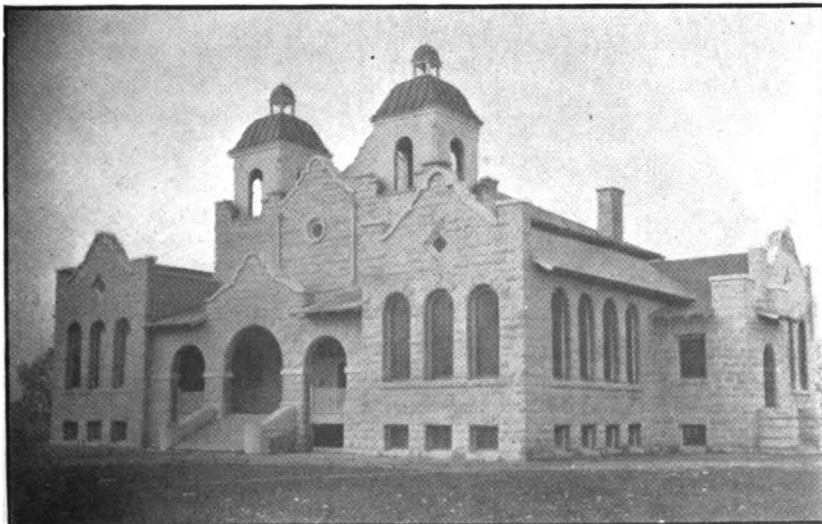
A Young Orange Grove Near Porterville

amount of land for the same money as in some better advertised parts of the State—land as good in all respects and better in some. Furthermore, as already explained, you will be able to place your oranges on the market before it is glutted by fruit from other sections, and so will have the cream of the prices.

Speaking of the mountains, it is there where the sportsman or lover of beautiful scenery can get his fill. All kinds of wild animals abound therein and the fishing is the best in the world. Within one day's travel you can get there, and many people go there to camp during the summer time and enjoy a delightful rest.

Two electric power-plants, deriving power from the Tule river, which is adjacent to this town, are now being installed east of Porterville, and when completed will furnish cheap power for pumping purposes or anything else required.

Porterville has a population of nearly 2000 inhabitants. It is incorporated and is really a beautiful town with its picturesque surroundings. It is lighted by electricity and has every requisite for the home-seeker, including



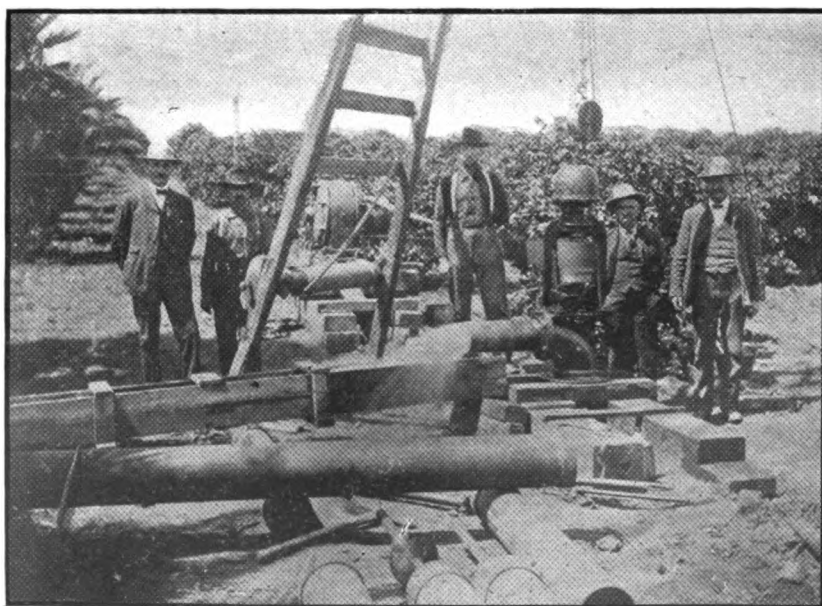
The Porterville High School
Built from granite quarried within two miles of Porterville

telephone and telegraphic service and an up-to-date water supply plant. Its school facilities are excellent. It has four school buildings, including granite high-school building recently put up at a cost of \$35,000; four church buildings; and nearly all the fraternal orders are represented, as well as the religious denominations. It has two banks—one State Bank, the "Pioneer," and the National Bank of Porterville; also a good opera house, which has recently been remodeled.

Although on a branch of the railroad, we have fairly good railway service and receive mails from the east and the west twice daily. Stages run daily to the various outlying districts, there being every convenience in that line.

Of health resorts there are many, the most prominent one at present being the Deer Creek Hot Springs, which are located 35 miles southeast of Porterville. These springs are becoming celebrated; the natural hot water which constantly flows from them the year round has been found to have great curative powers for rheumatism and numerous other ailments. There is a good hotel and excellent accommodations at the springs, and only recently have capitalists purchased an interest in this place with a view of investing a large amount of money in it and making them second to none in the United States, they having recognized the possibilities to be gained.

Space is too limited to dwell at length on the advantages to be obtained from this locality, and all we can suggest to you is what we have stated above. Come here yourself and you will find that the facts have not been manufactured. This is really a beautiful section of the State, and you will feel well paid by your visit.



Irrigation by Pumping at Porterville

EARLIMONT COLONY, TULARE COUNTY

By WILLIAM A. SEARS



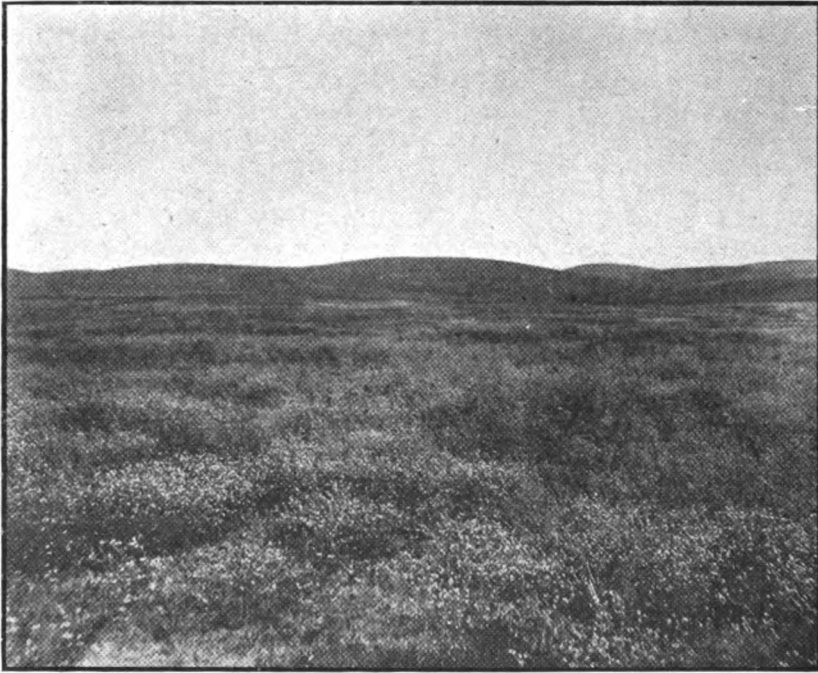
THIS is unfortunate both for the tourist and the home-seekers from the East and South that the main lines of both the Southern Pacific and the Santa Fé railroads are laid over the part of Tulare County, where they now run, instead of skirting the Sierras. Thus, in place of the monotonous sameness of vast level areas covered with scanty vegetation, one might pass through green fields of alfalfa, by splendid dairy farms, through sections of waving grain, around fine vegetable gardens, along extensive wine and raisin vineyards, by long rows of apple, prune and olive trees, through orchards of the most luscious peaches grown in California, view enormous fig trees, see fields of early peas and early melons, and most beautiful of all the finest groves of early oranges to be found in the world. A stranger passing through Tulare county, along the present route of overland travel would never dream of the varied scenery, the green foothills, the snow-capped mountains, the sparkling mountain streams, flowing through shady channels, the little sheltered coves, the jagged rocks, the deep gorges, the giant trees, the beautiful mountain valleys, the waterfalls, the camps and summer resorts—Nature in her wildest moods or decked in her gayest colorings. It is only when the knowing one stops at the little junction and takes the back track for Porterville that he begins to drink in the beauty and grasp the idea that here in the eastern portion of Tulare County is to be found one of the grandest and most beautiful regions on earth, a scenery beyond description, a soil of the greatest fertility, a climate noted for its salubriety and mild winters, where the orange trees thrive be-



Birds Eye View of Earlimont Lands

yond compare and the grower has no fear of the chilling frost and does not have to sleep with one eye open so he can jump at the tinkle of his little frost alarm and start his smoke-pots going to save his crop—a land of wonderful opportunity, where values are not only not inflated but as yet not up to the normal and where a prudent investment in almost any line of activity will yield an unusual return.

In this strip of early orange land are several shipping points of note; first on the north being Exeter, a prosperous little town built out on the plains a short distance from the foothills with a population of perhaps seven or eight hundred. Some five or six miles further south is Lindsay with a population, perhaps a little greater, also a flourishing and progressive town and shipping point for early oranges. It drains a section of country seven or eight miles



The Grass Covered Slopes of Earlimont

north and south along the foothills, as it draws from half-way to Exeter on the north and half-way to Porterville on the south. Lindsay, like Exeter, is built out on the plains and thus lacks that picturesqueness of location so noticeable in Porterville some eleven miles to the south.

Porterville, a city incorporated under the sixth class, May 2, 1902, and with a present population of 2000 or more, is the center of the early orange growing section. Nestled in the foothills of the Sierras at the mouth of Tule River Cañon, with the majestic mountains towering above her to the East and the broad expanse of the valley to the west, she occupies a location unsurpassed for beauty, health or business enterprise.

Commanding the gateway to the Sierras, she draws the lumber and mining interests of a vast region and is the starting point for all the mountain camps and summer resorts of the Forest Reserve, while surrounding her on three sides are magnificent orange groves yielding the richest of harvests. To the

west and southwest stretch miles of fertile alfalfa lands and grain fields, while southward along the foothills the available lands are rapidly being set out to early oranges, figs, olives and grapes. As yet in its infancy, Porterville has indeed, a bright future.

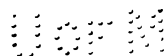
As we go southward along the foothills we find the crops gradually ripening earlier, till we reach the colony of Earlimont, on White River, just now being opened for settlement. So well is this fact known among the older settlers in this part of the country that those who are not already owners of fine groves are preparing to take advantage of the liberal offers made by the Earlimont Colony Company, to secure tracts for planting early oranges, grapes, figs, olives, deciduous and small fruits and early and winter vegetables. The whole secret of this interest is found in that little word *early* for it is that quality that brings in the golden returns.



By the River Side in Earlimont Colony

Located in the rolling lands of Porterville and four to eight miles east of the branch line of the Southern Pacific railroad, its topography is such that while securing the pure and bracing mountain atmosphere, it allows the cold air to drain away, thus producing a fresh and equable climate, unsurpassed for invigorating healthfulness and accounting for the extreme earliness of its vegetation, allowing fruitful autumn to clasp the hand of beauteous Spring while even graybeard Winter sits by and smiles as the little birds sing of the swelling buds secure from the chill of the Frost King's icy grasp.

Having lands unsurpassed in richness and fertility, a landscape of great natural beauty, that will not only appeal to the lover of Nature but will inspire the painter and the poet and respond to the subtlest touches of the landscape gardener, the Earlimont Colony comprises probably the very earliest portion of the early section of California.



It requires no stretch of the imagination to conceive of oranges, grapes and other fruits a fortnight earlier than in the noted districts around Exeter, Lindsay and Porterville as trees and vines now bearing prove the truth of the claim and the growth of natural vegetation some four weeks in advance of theirs shows that for winter and early vegetables the Earlimont Colony will be unsurpassed in the whole state. This vicinity has long been noted for earliest grass, earliest wheat and earliest beef and mutton in the entire state and will require only the intelligent planting and care of fruits and vegetables to add them to her list.

Taken the year around, Earlimont will show as many pleasant days as the more famed coast counties that sell their climate; and even the summers, though warm, are exceedingly healthful. The bracing mountain atmosphere deprives the heat of its depressing and debilitating qualities and the soft



Park Scene in Earlimont Colony

early breezes, together with the dryness of the air, tempers the warmest weather so that sunstroke is unknown and the nights are cool and pleasant. As there are no swamps, malaria and kindred diseases are unknown and for general healthfulness it is unsurpassed.

Another great advantage possessed by the Earlimont Colony is that lying so near to the Sierras, it requires but a few hours drive in a carriage to reach the beautiful mountain camps and summer resorts where hunting and fishing are plentiful and where one may drink in the grandeur and beauty of Nature in its wildest mood, with an atmospheric temperature of almost any degree desired during the entire summer and where one interested in mining can find ample fields for prospecting for gold, silver, copper and chrysopase and other minerals and precious stones.

Taken together, the Earlimont Colony and the mountains present a combination unsurpassed in famed California. Meandering down through this strip of early lands the Earlimont Colony, comes the beautiful mountain stream

known as White River, thus furnishing what in this portion of the state must be considered even before the fertility of the soil. There is no gamble in regard to water in the Earlimont Colony.

In regard to citrus fruits, this country has passed the experimental stage and her name heads the list in the production of early sweet oranges, as she ships more than two-thirds of the citrus fruits produced north of the pass and always the earliest cars from the State. The navels ripening in October are marketed so as to control the Thanksgiving and holiday trade, thus securing extraordinary prices and as the crop is gathered before the cold weather sets in, the fruit reaches the distant markets with a much smaller percentage of loss than is usual to the later southern oranges. The Valencias ripen their fruit also when the markets are bare, thus insuring ready sale and high prices, a grove of them being a veritable gold mine in itself.



Transplanting Cuttings, Earlimont Colony

The shipping of early and winter vegetables is sure to develop large proportions owing to the richness of the soil and favorable climate and the location of Earlimont, midway between San Francisco and Los Angeles, allows of either local market while the north and east are in easy reach.

A great advantage that the early belt possesses is the fact that citrus and kindred trees and fruits are entirely free from scale or smut, thus escaping the heavy expense of fumigation. The total absence of heavy winds which scar and mutilate the fruit on the trees allows it to present for market, fruit beautiful in appearance and free from blemish, smut or scate, without the expensive and detrimental scrubbing necessary where scale exists. This climate has been proven to be unfavorable to the scale and with ordinary care no trouble from it should ever arise. Earlimont Colony in particular, is so situated, being so surrounded by grain fields and stock ranges where water is

not available for irrigation, that it is separated from other groves and can easily be quarantined should the county ever become infested in any manner.

Orange groves in Tulare County when well cared for begin to bear the second year after planting and increase in production rapidly each succeeding year, the fourth season rolling up a balance on the right side of the ledger over and above all expenses.

Below are a few of many similar statements taken from records of different groves as they have actually produced which easily verify every assertion herein made. I quote from average groves under average conditions:

Mrs. C. N. Flanders from seven acres of two-year-old trees, season of 1904, shipped 27 packed boxes, and from the same orchard season of 1905, 84 boxes. A much larger yield could have been realized had the trees not been heavily



Earlmont Park

pruned of their bearing wood in order to bring them to a more symmetrical shape.

Her next neighbor, Mr. Geo. C. Murphy, from 10 acres of two-year-old trees shipped, season of 1905, seventy-six packed boxes, which at \$1.50 per box—less than the average price—would amount to \$114—or, \$11.40 per acre clear.

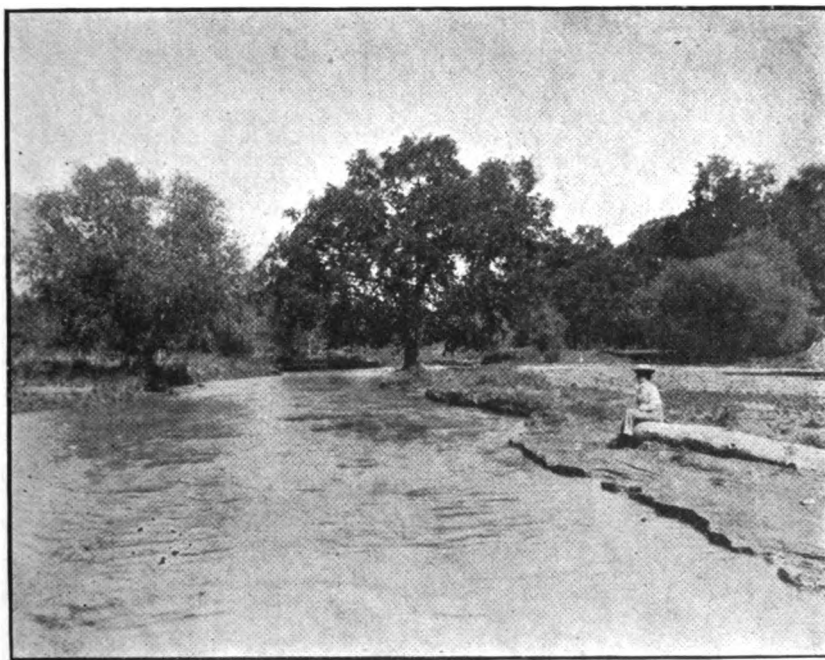
Dr. W. H. Clark, from 106 two-year-old buds on older roots, shipped 145 packed boxes, and from 120 Lisbon lemon-trees, four-year-old tops on older roots, netted \$750—season of 1905.

Mr. C. A. Boston reports that his three-year-old orange trees have paid expenses; from six acres, at four-years-old, season of 1903, with the poorest prices known here, he cleared \$900, or \$150 per acre. In 1904, five and three-quarters acres of same trees yielded a net return of \$1320, or \$229.57 per acre. Season of 1905, from five and one-half acres of navels of same grove, now six

years old, he shipped 1250 packed boxes and will realize at least \$1.50 per box net.

Mr. M. Davidson, one of the oldest orange growers in this vicinity, states that his two-year-old trees have always yielded some, his three-year-old trees about one-third of a box per tree, his four-year-olds three-fourths of a box, at five years one box, at six, two boxes, and at seven years—this year—his trees yielded over three boxes per tree, which at \$1.50 per box net would mean about \$500 per acre clear. Mr. Davidson further states: "A sixteen-acre grove that I sold this spring, the trees varying from two years to what we call full-bearing, yielded a net return of over twenty per cent on the purchase price of twenty thousand dollars, after paying for all expenses for the year including cost of fertilization, irrigation and cultivation.

Mr. Wm. Duncan, from 450 trees, with 50 of them re-budded and hence not



White River in Earlimont Park

bearing, reports: In 1898 I shipped 5 boxes which netted me \$7.50; in 1899, 27 boxes, bringing \$38; next year, 148 boxes, netting \$250; next, 357 boxes, bringing \$487; next 500 boxes selling for \$702; in 1903, a year of poor prices (owing to fruit being shipped too green), 650 boxes, clearing \$585; in 1904, 710 boxes which brought \$735; and 1905, 710 boxes netting \$916. The last three years have used about an average of \$40 worth of manure, the water bill—all ditch water—has been about \$45 per year for the $4\frac{1}{2}$ acres, and all other expenses about \$25 per acre per year.

From the books of Winter Haven Grove, owned by Mr. J. H. Williams, we take the following: Season 1904, ten acres three-year-old, 40 acres eight-year-old and twenty acres nine-year old—in all, 70 acres—17,802 packed boxes. In season of 1905, same grove, 21,131 packed boxes, making 58 carloads of 362 boxes to car and netting over \$1.50 per box.

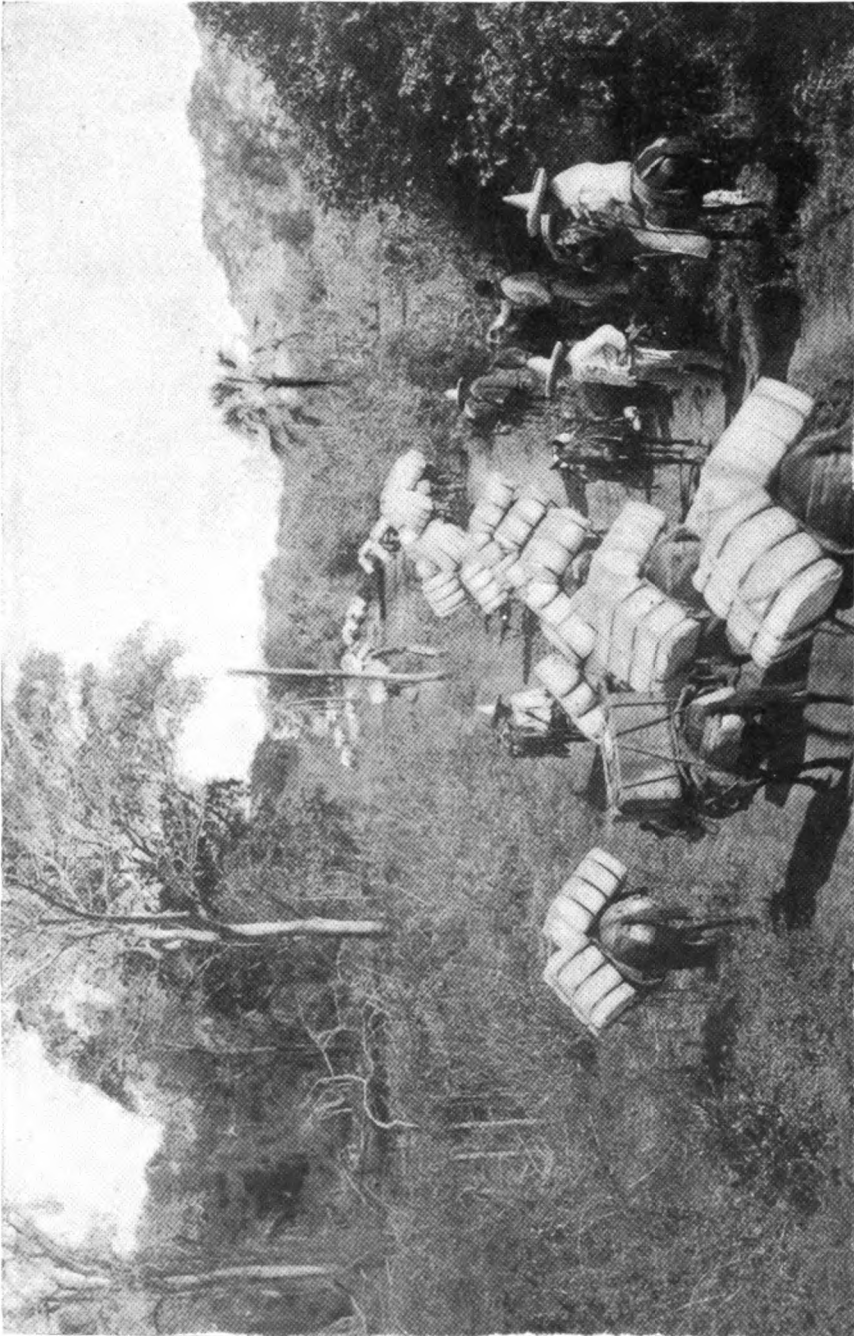
Similar reports might be multiplied and some figures given exceeding any here reported, but our aim is to quote a fair average for the whole orange producing strip. Those getting in the earliest pools realized nearer two dollars pr box than the \$1.50 quoted, but the above figures will accurately show what an average man or an average grove might reasonably expect.

The Calimyrna fig, the olive and the early table-grape, will also yield a handsome profit, rivaling the orange groves; and winter and early vegetables will not rank least when quick returns and good prices are considered.

When it is understood that the settlers in the Earlimont Colony will reap the earliest harvest each season, the attractiveness of the offers now made to home-seekers is apparent. At the present writing, a flourishing school is located on the lands and a hotel, store, postoffice with daily mail, telephone and all the accessories for modern convenience will soon be added, and churches, packing houses, oil presses, pickling and drying plants, canneries, etc., will follow as required. Sunday school and church services are now held in the school house.

In addition to the Southern Pacific depot, some five or six miles west of Earlimont, it is only a question of a short time till a network of electric lines will traverse the whole region, as two wealthy competing corporations are completing immense power-plants in the mountains of Tulare county and are already seeking avenues for using the fluid generated. It is our sincere belief that California with all her varied energies, presents no surer or more profitable field for investment for the man of small means as well as for the capitalist. A place well cared for will allow of crops of early vegetables grown between the rows of trees, requiring but a few months to produce returns, so that the home-builder may make a comfortable living while waiting for his trees to come into bearing, and the man of means can see a goodly rate of interest on his investment from the very start without considering the advance in values from settlement and extended investment. Bear in mind the fact that what makes city property sell by the front foot is simply the number and kind of inhabitants it possesses. Earlimont is a winner.





"FOR THE ROAD IS LONG TO SUPPER"



Vol. XXV No. 2

AUGUST, 1906

THE ARRIERO

By *COURTENAY DE KALB.*

PACK that aparéjo solid!
Hay all gone? Get more secate!
Plenty of it by that squalid
Cabin on the mesa yonder.

Blind this mule! Be quick there, Pancho!
I can't cinch a whirling wind-storm.
Pull that rope tight on the gancho!
Hola, mule! Be good! Bonito!

Hurry, mozos! When the morning
Reddens on the high Sierras
You don't need another warning,
For the road is long to supper;

And we have to cross the lajas,
Slippery as a lizard's belly—
Do you mind our smashed tinajas
When we passed those rocks last August?

'Tis a road to please the devil,
And that gringo pays us only
Half enough for one good revel,
After all this work is ended.

But the girls are ours, muchachos,—
Always give a baile for us,—
Just across those red picachos,
Ha! Ha! Ha!—Whoa there, bonito!



"HOLA, MULE! BE GOOD! BONITO!"

And the Jefe's rare tequila—
 Guess the gringo gives it to him—
 Where there is no church and pila,
 Try the Jefe's holy water!

Ready, boys, for the camino?
 Let 'em go! Wait, there's a pack slipped!
 You're as bad as any chino.
 Start ahead now! Dios nos guarde!

(*Cancion*)

U'pale! Acho!
 Skip along macho!
 Damsels are waiting
 'Cross the picacho!

Corn and secate,
 Sí, aguacate;
 Would you be laggard?
 Que disparate!

Arre! Bonito!
 No poor perito
 Loafs so in marking
 Out a huertito.

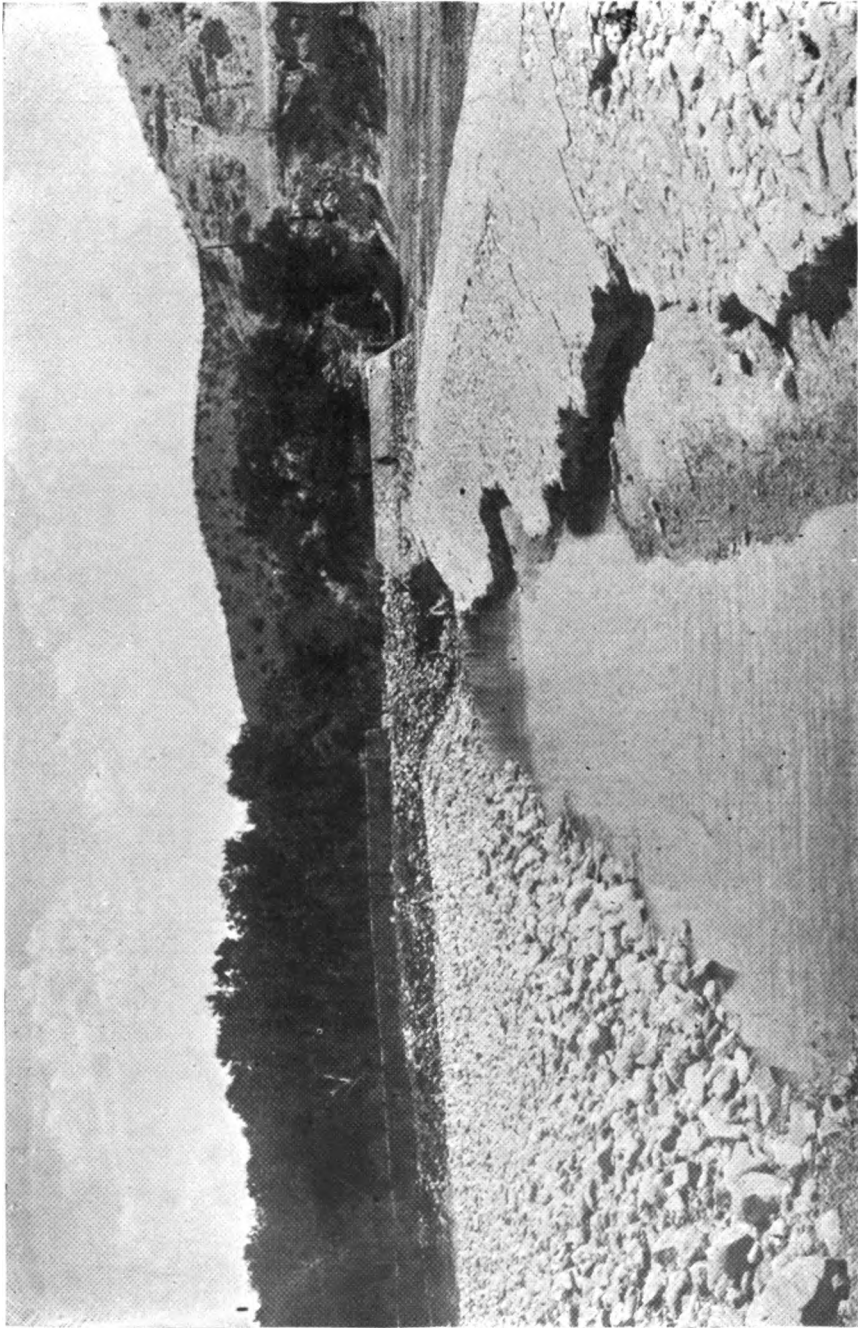
I have a mama,
Beautiful dama ;
She shall have money,
And a soft cama.

Sweethearts discover
He's a good lover
Who puts his mama
Still high above her.

U'pale! Acho!
Skip along macho!
Mother and sweethearts
'Cross the picacho.



"MOTHER AND SWEETHEART 'CROSS THE PICACHO'"



MEXICAN DIVERSION DAM NEAR EL PASO, THREE HUNDRED YEARS OLD
A fair sample of the best irrigation structures of earlier days

THE CONQUEST OF THE DESERT

By *GEORGE BAKER ANDERSON.*



ANY centuries ago the highest forms of civilization were developed from physical conditions which rendered the artificial watering of land imperative for the maintenance of human life. History repeats itself. Today, as in the era when the desert region bordering upon the Nile was undergoing that marvelous transformation which gave its inhabitants the foundation for the prestige among the nations of the earth which they enjoyed, a metamorphosis of the same character, though on a vastly greater scale, is being wrought in that portion of America within the limits of the territory which our school geographies not many years ago vaguely described as "the Great American Desert."

Notwithstanding the popular impression that the irrigation of arid or semi-arid lands in the United States is a modern idea, history shows us that hundreds of years ago many thousands of human beings occupying that portion of the country now known as the Southwest sustained themselves by agriculture, rendered possible by the irrigation of their lands. During the sixteenth century the Spanish explorers who entered the valley of the Rio Grande in "Nueva Mejico," as it afterward became known, found the Pueblo Indians living in towns, cultivating the land, and irrigating it by canals, many of which are in use at the present time. According to tradition, the aboriginal inhabitants of the same region, and of portions of the valley of the Gila river in Arizona, had been cultivating the naturally desert lands in those localities for centuries prior to the Spanish Conquest. The ancient "Montezuma canal," as it is popularly known, lying between Florence and Casa Grande in Arizona, was a desolate ruin in the days of Coronado. How long it had been abandoned, or when it was constructed, is a subject of pure conjecture.

A Spanish colony was established at Chamita, in New Mexico, in 1598, and another at Santa Fé in 1605. The latter colony existed until 1680, when the settlers were driven out by the Pueblo Indians. Twelve years later Spanish supremacy was reestablished, and from that year until the Mexican War the valley of the Rio Grande in New Mexico remained under the dominion of either Spain or Mexico, and its inhabitants depended upon irrigation for the cultivation of their lands.

The government of the United States, through the relatively new bureau of the Interior Department known as the Reclamation Service, organized in 1902-3, after nearly a quarter of a century of continuous agitation, has been pushing forward its operations energet-

ically and on a scale more extensive than the earlier advocates of the undertaking could have anticipated. Up to those years practically all of the irrigation in the West had been carried on by individuals or private corporations. But no large private development work has been financially successful. In most cases the cost of durable irrigation structures has proven prohibitive to ordinary private enterprise—a fact which became generally recognized only after millions of dollars had been expended in works which, in many instances, sooner or later have fallen as the result of the irresistible onslaught of mountain floods.

In the Rio Grande valley in New Mexico—"the American Nile," as it is coming to be known—the Reclamation Service has recently inaugurated work upon the greatest single irrigation project thus far undertaken in America. While it is totally different in magnitude and practicability, it occupies the same territory as that occupied by an enterprise undertaken thirteen years ago by citizens of the Southwest, financed by British capitalists, and abandoned by the original promoters after one of the most dramatic legal contests in the history of Western development.

During the spring of 1892, Dr. Nathan Boyd, a wealthy Virginian, while in London learned from a fellow-American of the organization of a corporation called the American Colonization Company, which had been formed for the purchase and improvement of irrigable lands located on the Rio Puerco, a branch of the Rio Grande in New Mexico. Upon becoming acquainted with the salient features of the colonization company's scheme, he willingly advanced moneys, from time to time, for the promotion of the undertaking. Soon afterward a number of young Englishmen of good families emigrated to America to join the company's settlement near Albuquerque. But they found that the company was unable to give clear titles to the lands they had purchased, which formed part of an old Spanish grant, and they asked Dr. Boyd to advise them as to the best course to pursue. Sailing at once for America, the latter found that there were numerous Mexican claimants to the land, and that in all probability prolonged litigation would be required before perfect title could be established. So dismal was the outlook that the settlers soon abandoned their claims.

In the meantime a deputation of citizens of El Paso and Las Cruces had called upon Dr. Boyd and requested him to investigate the irrigation possibilities further down the Rio Grande, directing his attention particularly to the locality south of the natural dam site locally known as "Elephant Butte."

A knowledge of the characteristics of the Rio Grande and its catchment area is essential to a correct conception of the manifold troubles which followed Dr. Boyd's investigations. This remarkable river, full of mysteries and idiosyncrasies, rising in the mountains of Colo-

rado, flows in a southerly direction through the entire length of the territory of New Mexico to the northwest boundary of Texas. From that point to "The Pass," about four miles above El Paso, it forms the boundary line between New Mexico and Texas. Throughout the remainder of its journey to the Gulf of Mexico, a distance of about thirteen hundred miles, it forms the boundary line between the United States and Mexico. It has always been a torrential, or



DR. NATHAN BOYD

Promoter of the first proposed works at Elephant Butte

storm-water, stream, subject to tremendous floods at certain seasons and a dry bed, in places, at other periods. The country through which it flows is extremely fertile; but so meagre and erratic is the rainfall that it is a desert, upon which no crops can be raised without artificial irrigation.

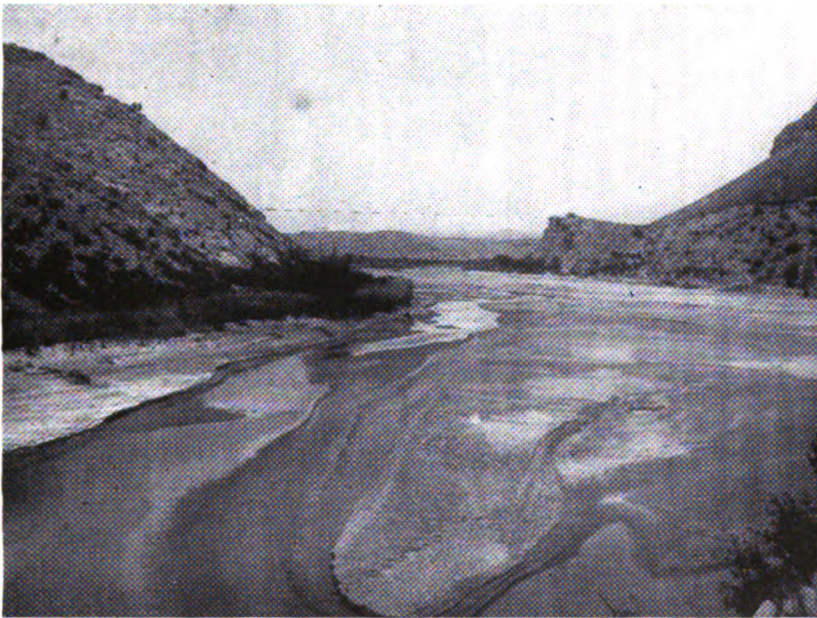
For more than a quarter of a century the American and Mexican farmers of that valley and the citizens of El Paso had been endeavor-

ing to raise capital for the construction of a large storage-dam and a scientific system of distributing canals for the irrigation of this large tract of land. National aid was long sought, and the coöperation of Mexico earnestly solicited, but in vain. Finally, in 1892, citizens of El Paso formed a company to build an international storage-dam in the cañon just above that city but upon full investigation their engineers found that the cost of the undertaking would be practically prohibitive. They also found that many thousands of acres of fertile, alluvial valley-lands would have to be condemned for reservoir purposes, and that the proposed dam would raise to a much higher level the sub-surface water-table (or underflow) above, and thereby "waterlog" and render totally unfit for farming purposes some forty thousand acres in the Mesilla valley in New Mexico, much of which already was under cultivation.

Having abandoned this plan, in 1893, the same individuals, associated with citizens of Las Cruces, New Mexico, and vicinity, became incorporated as the Rio Grande Dam and Irrigation Company, for the purpose of erecting a great storage-dam at Elephant Butte, located about one hundred and twelve miles above El Paso, and a complete system of diverting dams and distributing canals for the irrigation of the valley below, as far down as Fort Quitman, in Texas. But on account of the condition of the money market in America at this time, it was found to be impossible to raise, even at usurious rates, the large amount of capital required to construct and place in operation the proposed system.

The unparalleled possibilities for a mammoth colonization enterprise in that region, the facilities for the creation of a great storage reservoir and for the economic distribution of the flood waters of the coy and uncertain Rio Grande del Norte over nearly two hundred thousand acres of exceedingly fertile land were so obvious—even to the inexperienced eye—that Dr. Boyd finally concluded that he would undertake to finance the enterprise. He returned to Europe in 1894, and after spending nearly two years, and a small fortune, in efforts to provide the necessary capital, a firm of company-solicitors in London proposed to form an English company to finance the American company. This was finally accomplished. An exceptionally influential English board was secured, the members of which invested heavily in the enterprise. It included Colonel W. J. Engledue, R. E., an irrigation expert of established repute; the Earl of Winchelsea and Nottingham, president of the National Agricultural Association of Great Britain; Lord Clanmorris, Lord Ernest Hamilton and Robert J. Price, M. P.; Mr. Samuel Hope Morley, Governor of the Bank of England; Rt. Hon. Arnold Morley, a member of the last Gladstone cabinet, and four other of England's multi-millionaires also became financially interested in the enterprise. Colonel Engledue came over and investigated the engineering features of the

proposed works and the rights and titles of the domestic company. Work on the proposed dams and canals was begun; a great colonization system was organized; branch offices and agencies were established in Great Britain and on the Continent; and contracts were made for the sale of large blocks of land for fruit and vine culture, the company undertaking to provide water within two years. Widespread general interest in the enterprise in particular and in the resources of the American Southwest in general was aroused, both in the United States and in Europe, when, at the instigation of General Anson Mills, commissioner of the International Boundary Commission, the Attorney-General of the United States, on May

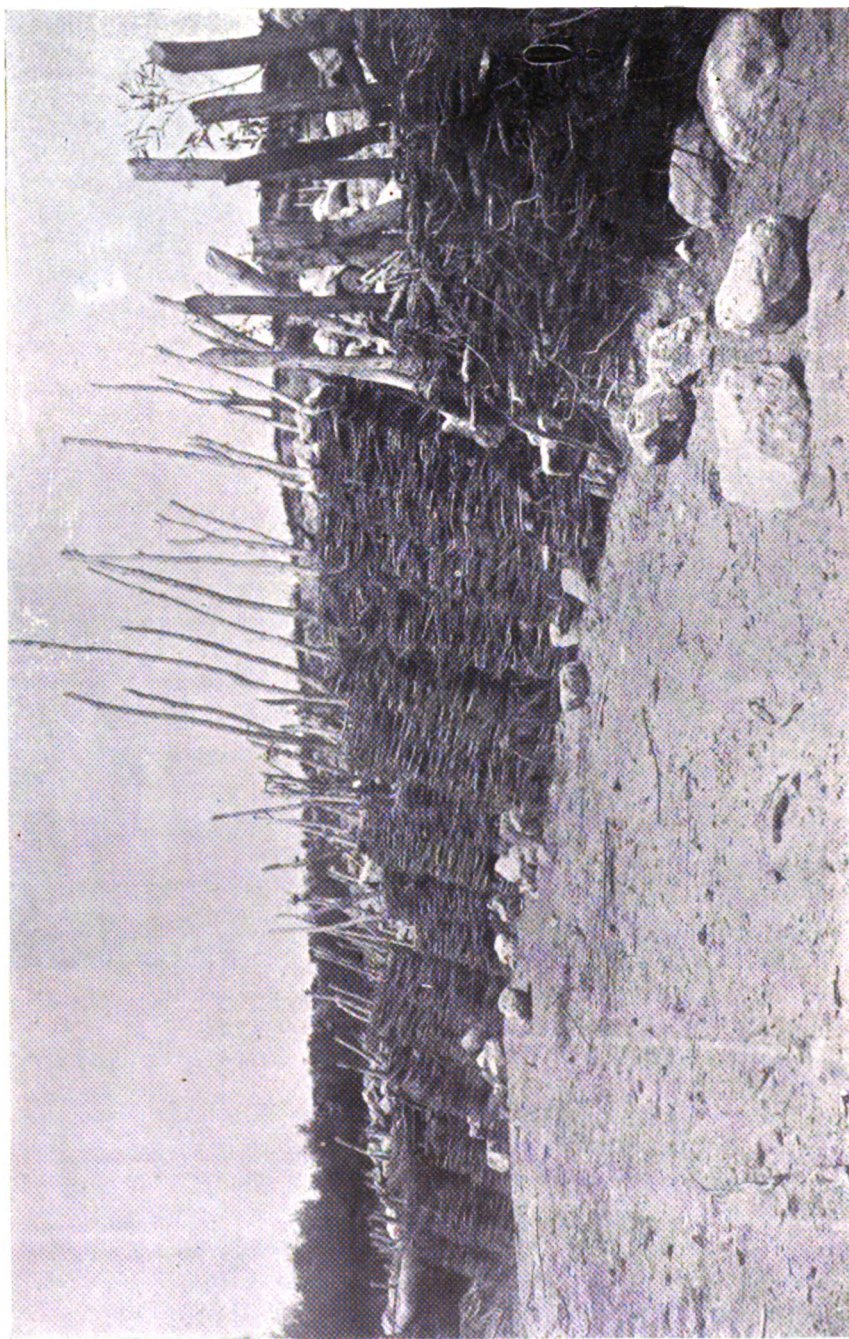


PROPOSED DAM SITE AT ELEPHANT BUTTE

24, 1897, instituted proceedings enjoining the completion of the work.

The news came like a thunderbolt from the blue to the inhabitants of the Rio Grande valley, who were congratulating themselves that the efforts of many years to bring about an improvement in their condition were at last about to be rewarded in a substantial manner.

This action on the part of the federal government appears to have been the outcome of plans laid some time before by promoters of a proposed international irrigation scheme which, if successfully consummated, would have forever deprived the American States drained in part by the Rio Grande of the use of any considerable proportion of its waters for purposes of irrigation. For several years prior to the inauguration of this proceeding, there had been a great



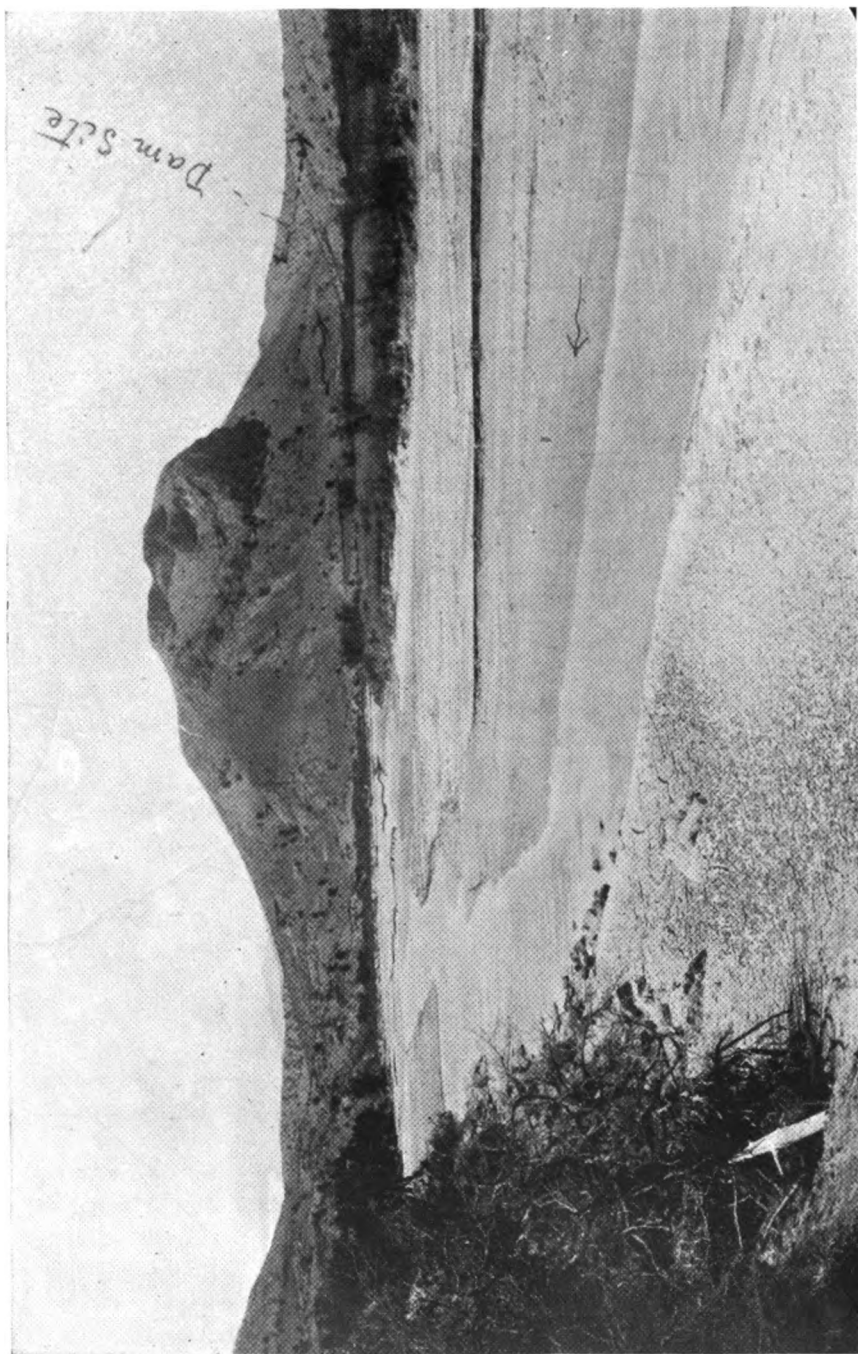
PRESENT LAS CRUCES DIVERSION DAM, SUPPLYING WATER TO THE FARMERS OF THE MESILLA VALLEY
A fair type of the work done by Americans in New Mexico during the past twenty years

scarcity of water, especially in Southern New Mexico, and in that portion of Mexico bordering upon the river. This led to a complaint from the Republic of Mexico, and as the result of diplomatic negotiations between the two countries, in May, 1896, the matter was referred to the International Boundary Commission for investigation. The United States engineer who conducted the investigation, Mr. W. W. Follette, made an able report to the International Commission, in which he showed the true cause of the scarcity of water. The commission, in turn, reported to the federal government, recommending as "the best and most feasible mode of regulating the use of water and securing to each country and its inhabitants their legal and equitable rights in said waters," that the United States government should buy all necessary land, pay all damages, and at its own expense construct an international dam "at 'The Pass,' four miles above El Paso; submerge over twenty-five thousand acres of highly productive land in Texas and New Mexico; extend the international boundary upstream to the dam site, giving Mexico additional territory in order that one end of the dam might be on Mexican soil; deed one-half of the dam, the reservoir and the water supply to the Republic of Mexico, and in some way prevent the future construction of any large reservoirs in the river within the territory of New Mexico.

While this investigation clearly established the fact that increased irrigation in Colorado caused a shortage of water in New Mexico, Texas and Mexico, the recommendations of the commission, had they been favorably acted upon, not only would have deprived New Mexico of all benefits to be derived from a project inaugurated for the ostensible purpose of making up this very deficiency, but would have utterly ruined the rich Mesilla valley and put an end forever to all future irrigation projects on that portion of this river within the borders of the United States!

Mr. B. M. Hall, supervising engineer of the Reclamation Service, acting under the direction of Mr. F. H. Newell, the chief engineer, and Mr. A. P. Davis, assistant chief engineer, after a careful detailed investigation of the entire irrigation proposition in the Southwest, generously suggested as "a reasonable explanation of these extraordinary recommendations" that the commission probably had no alternative plan for consideration. At that time the government had no Reclamation Service; but within a few years conditions have completely changed, and there has been presented an alternative plan by which it is practicable to satisfy Mexico's demand for "more water," and accomplish vastly more for the afflicted area of our own country than could have been effected by the consummation of the plans of the International Boundary Commission or of the private corporation promoted by Dr. Boyd.

In its bill of complaint in the government's action referred to in



ENGLE RESERVOIR SITE, LOOKING DOWN STREAM, PAST ELEPHANT BUTTE

the foregoing, it was alleged that the company proposed to secure an improper monopoly of all the waters available for irrigation below Elephant Butte; that the Rio Grande is navigable in New Mexico, and that therefore the proposed dam would obstruct navigation; and that its construction would be a violation by the United States of its treaty obligations to Mexico.

Years of litigation followed this action on the part of the federal authorities—litigation that has cost the government hundreds of thousands of dollars and ruined the chief moving spirit in the enterprise. Trial after trial has occurred, the result of constant appeals on the part of the government to the federal Supreme Court, and in each instance the prime contentions of the government have been overthrown. It was proven during these trials that the Rio Grande is not now and never has been a navigable river within the official definition of the War Department, which controls the navigable streams of the country. It was established that the treaty between this country and Mexico was violated in no manner whatever by the work done, and would not have been violated by the completion of any of the work then in contemplation. It was also definitely established that, through the efforts of the International Boundary Commission, the United States government was made sponsor for a gigantic scheme for an international irrigation dam—in the face of the prior efforts of this body to prove that any irrigation dam in the Rio Grande would interfere with navigation, and be in violation of the treaty between this country and Mexico—proposing to furnish to the occupants of lands in a foreign country coming under the system free water, forever, in consideration of their relinquishing certain preposterous claims against the United States for mythical damages to the extent of nearly thirty-five millions of dollars!

The proposition touching Mexico's alleged treaty rights, while partaking of the nature of an act from a comic opera, nevertheless was so urgently pressed upon the authorities at Washington as to necessitate the outlay of a considerable fortune, on the part of the friends of the irrigation project, in order to prevent its consummation. Somewhere in Washington a powerful clique was constantly intriguing, for three years or more, to the end that the international dam might be built (our government bearing the entire cost of the work), largely for the benefit of Mexican farmers living on Mexican soil, at the expense of the farmers of three American States, *who were to be forever deprived of the right to use any considerable proportion of the waters of their greatest river for purposes of irrigation.*

Think of the iniquity of this stupendous scheme!

As a last resort, the government was induced to declare the rights of the founders of the project forfeited because they had not done the very thing which the government itself had enjoined them from doing, namely, completed the work within the time limit prescribed.

All of this litigation, it should be borne in mind, took place before the United States Reclamation Service came into existence.

Upon the passage by Congress of the Reclamation Act for the arid and semi-arid West, a new question presented itself. Though the people of the valley had asked, by numerous petitions, for the discontinuance of the litigation by which the government sought to deprive the company of the rights which it had previously conferred upon it, they found that they could obtain relief under the new law, and asked the government to inaugurate a reclamation project on the Rio Grande. In November of last year (1905) the Reclamation Service set aside the sum of two hundred thousand dollars for the beginning of the work. This is but a small fraction of the amount required, but the remainder will doubtless be provided for its completion, when this great valley in New Mexico and Texas, now little better than a desert, shall be made to "blossom like the rose."

The project recently inaugurated by the government contemplates the greatest single irrigation system in the United States, and, compared to the other irrigation undertakings in the world, second in importance to the great works on the Nile only. The storage dam across the river near the little town of Engle, about a third of a mile below the site selected by the old Elephant Butte company; the diversion dams, the canals and the auxiliary features of the system will cost the government, according to the estimates of the engineers in charge, the vast sum of seven million two hundred thousand dollars. Two hundred thousand dollars of this sum is to be expended at once upon the construction of a diversion at Leasburg.

The main dam will create a reservoir one hundred and seventy-five feet deep at its lower end and about forty miles in length, with a storage capacity of two million acre-feet, equal to a body of water one foot in depth spread over a flat surface having an area of two million acres, or over eighty-seven billion square feet, or three thousand one hundred and twenty-five square miles—an area nearly twice as great as that of the State of Delaware, and about three times as great as that of the State of Rhode Island. This means, in other words, that the flood waters to be held in storage in this gigantic dam, if suddenly loosed, would cover an area equal to that of Rhode Island to the depth of about three feet.

The Engle dam will be arched upstream on a six-degree curve, the up-stream edge of the crest having a radius of nine hundred and fifty-five feet. From the bedrock foundation to the top of the parapet walls on the crest of the dam the distance will be two hundred and fifty-five feet, and from the sand of the river bed to the crest, one hundred and ninety feet. The concrete dam will be one hundred and eighty feet thick at the bottom, twenty feet thick at the top, eleven hundred and fifty feet in length at the top and four hundred feet in length at the present river level. On the top or crest of the dam

there will be constructed a roadway fourteen feet wide, with guarding walls of concrete five feet high. If it be found profitable to develop power by the pressure of the waters in the reservoir, it will be produced by means of iron pipes passing from the reservoir through a rock bluff at the end of the dam.

Although the river was practically dry for three months in 1900 and for five months in 1904, while the work of construction is in progress it will be necessary to provide a flume or other water-way eight hundred feet long that will carry all the water of the river and keep it out of the excavation for the dam. As bedrock is about sixty-five feet below the present river-bed, it will be necessary to excavate about sixty-five feet of sand and gravel to get the dam on a permanent and safe foundation.

A further idea of the gigantic proportions of the enterprise may be gathered by the estimates of the material to be removed, and that which will be necessary to the construction of the dam. In the first place 44,400 cubic yards of rock and earth and 335,000 cubic yards of sand must be removed, in addition to which 5,000 cubic yards of bed-rock must be blasted out to afford ample anchorages. In the construction of the dam, 410,000 cubic yards of cyclopean concrete must be laid, 114,000 yards of which will be built below the river bed, and 296,000 yards above the river bed. In the manufacture of this concrete about 300,000 barrels of cement will be used. The reservoir will store the entire flow of the river without waste and with a minimum evaporation, and will prevent the recurrence of disastrous floods along those portions of the valley now occupied by the railroad and by several important towns.

While all the money for this beneficent enterprise—upwards of seven millions of dollars, not counting the fortune which has already been expended in surveys and the other labors of the Reclamation Service—is to be spent by the United States government, it is to be advanced merely in the nature of a loan to the people to be directly benefited, without interest. One hundred and eighty thousand acres of exceptionally fertile land will be watered, at an expense, it will be noticed, of forty dollars per acre. Proceeding on strictly business principles, the government, before entering upon the project, demanded of those landholders throughout the valley whose property is to receive the direct benefits of the project an iron-clad, irrevocable contract for the ultimate repayment of this enormous loan. In accordance with the requirements of the federal law, the first thing to be done was to organize and incorporate water-user's associations, which could deal directly with the government, the individuals becoming responsible to the associations, and the associations, in turn, becoming responsible to the government for the faithful fulfillment of the contracts. Two water-users' associations were formed, one

having headquarters at Las Cruces, New Mexico, and the other at El Paso, Texas. Each association is composed of individuals owning lands in the reservoir district. Upon their organization these corporations procured contracts with the various landowners to the effect that the latter will repay to the government, in ten equal annual installments, without interest, the cost of constructing the irrigating system. In other words, each acre of land irrigated must return to the government, through one or the other of these associations, four dollars per annum for a period of ten years. Upon the expiration of that time the dam will become the property of the proprietors of the lands, though its operation thereafter will be administered under governmental supervision by the water-users' associations. The legal effect of this undertaking on the part of the government is practically the making of a mortgage to the associations upon all the lands to be benefited, to secure to the government the annual payments mentioned.

This vast governmental undertaking has been placed under the personal direction of Mr. B. M. Hall, supervising engineer for the Reclamation Service in New Mexico, Texas and Oklahoma. Mr. W. H. Sanders, a prominent member of the board of consulting engineers, is especially available for consultation in this region. Inasmuch as this Rio Grande project is the greatest single task in the way of irrigation to which the federal government has put its hand, these men have become almost national figures. To Dr. Nathan Boyd, who took the first practical steps toward saving and developing the many billions of gallons of water annually going to waste in this great arid region, belongs the credit for the inception of the enterprise. Unfortunately for him and his associates, however, their plans for the storage of the water and the irrigation of the land appear, according to expert governmental authority, to have been imperfect; and it has remained for the Reclamation Service to amplify and complete the plans now perfected and soon to be put into operation. The task, beyond question, was too great for a private corporation of relatively limited finances, large as was the sum of money pledged to the undertaking by the original promoters.

It will thus be seen that the government is now simply occupying the same ground that Dr. Boyd and his associates undertook to occupy. It is working out plans conceived and advocated many years ago by Major J. W. Powell when he was director of the United States Geological Survey. He died without witnessing the fruits of his pioneer labors; but his nephew, Mr. Arthur Powell Davis, who was his constant companion, is now assistant chief engineer of the service. Mr. Newell, the chief engineer, was also a companion of this grand old man; and these two men have utilized his ideas in planning the Rio Grande project. Under their direction Mr. Hall

worked out the details of a practical project and persuaded the warring element to accept it. The Reclamation Service, which came upon the scene after Dr. Boyd's project had been overthrown, had to kill the rival international dam scheme in order to get a clear field for its operations.

To a greater or less extent the importance of this long and sinuous



B. M. HALL
Engineer in charge of the Rio Grande Project

stream as a means of irrigation most vitally affects the agricultural interests of a region fully twelve hundred miles in length. Owing to the great aridity of the climate, agricultural pursuits in that section of our country are practically impossible without water artificially procured, and the waters of the Rio Grande and its tributaries constitute the chief source of supply for all the irrigable lands of the territory. Under irrigation small holdings, worthless under natural con-

ditions, are rendered exceedingly profitable when carefully cultivated. This permits a happy combination of urban and rural life favorable to the development of the best and noblest institutions of society. The most valuable and productive farming lands on the American continent are to be found in irrigated areas, and the largest yield of nearly every staple crop known to the temperate and sub-tropical belts has been obtained by irrigating with the fertilizing waters of the "American Nile."

The United States annually produces more precious metals than any other country in the world; but the annual wheat crop of Minnesota alone exceeds in value the annual output of all the gold mines in the country. Colorado leads all the other states in the Union in the production of precious metals; but the value of the products of her irrigated farms is nearly double that of her mines. In New Mexico productive mines have long been operated; but with such irrigation as the physical conditions of the territory permit, her farms must inevitably become her chief source of prosperity, and at a relatively near period add many millions of dollars annually to the agricultural wealth of the nation.

It is estimated that the products of irrigated lands throughout the arid West give an average annual net return of \$12.80 per acre. The lands of the Rio Grande valley—the alluvial deposits of ages—are of unsurpassed fertility, and under proper irrigation and scientific cultivation returns are exceedingly large. Owing to the richness of the soil and the perfect climate, farming with an adequate water supply produces great profits. The Department of Agriculture shows that the valley is the centre of the sugar belt of the United States. If devoted to the culture of this product alone, it would support a population of from a quarter to half a million.

As an example of what is possible of accomplishment by the application of correct methods in the cultivation of formerly arid and unproductive land when placed under irrigation, the noteworthy record made by Mr. Oscar C. Snow of Mesilla Park, known as the "alfalfa king" of New Mexico, will serve sufficiently. The success which has attended his labors is exceptional, it is true, but for two principal reasons only. First he made a careful study of one subject—alfalfa culture. Second, he became one of a relatively small number of agriculturists who found that he could secure from the very poor irrigating system upon which he depended a reasonable volume of water part of the time—though not all that he needed part of the time, nor a modicum all of the time. The lack of water at the critical moment has been a serious drawback to him, though perhaps not so serious as in the case of farmers more remote from the source of the heretofore limited and very uncertain supply.

In 1893, at the age of twenty years, a year before his graduation

from the New Mexico College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, with borrowed money, Mr. Snow leased a small tract of land—about one hundred acres—on part of which he sowed alfalfa. In 1896 he made his first purchase—one hundred and six acres—all of which he irrigated and put under alfalfa. Some years he cuts four crops of this staple from each acre, some years five crops. The average total annual cutting per acre is from five to six tons. This, it should be borne in mind, has been the result of the employment of the very uncertain waterflow of the Rio Grande. Sometimes he could secure sufficient water for his needs—oftener he could not. When the supply was abundant, a yield of two tons per acre at the first cutting was the result.

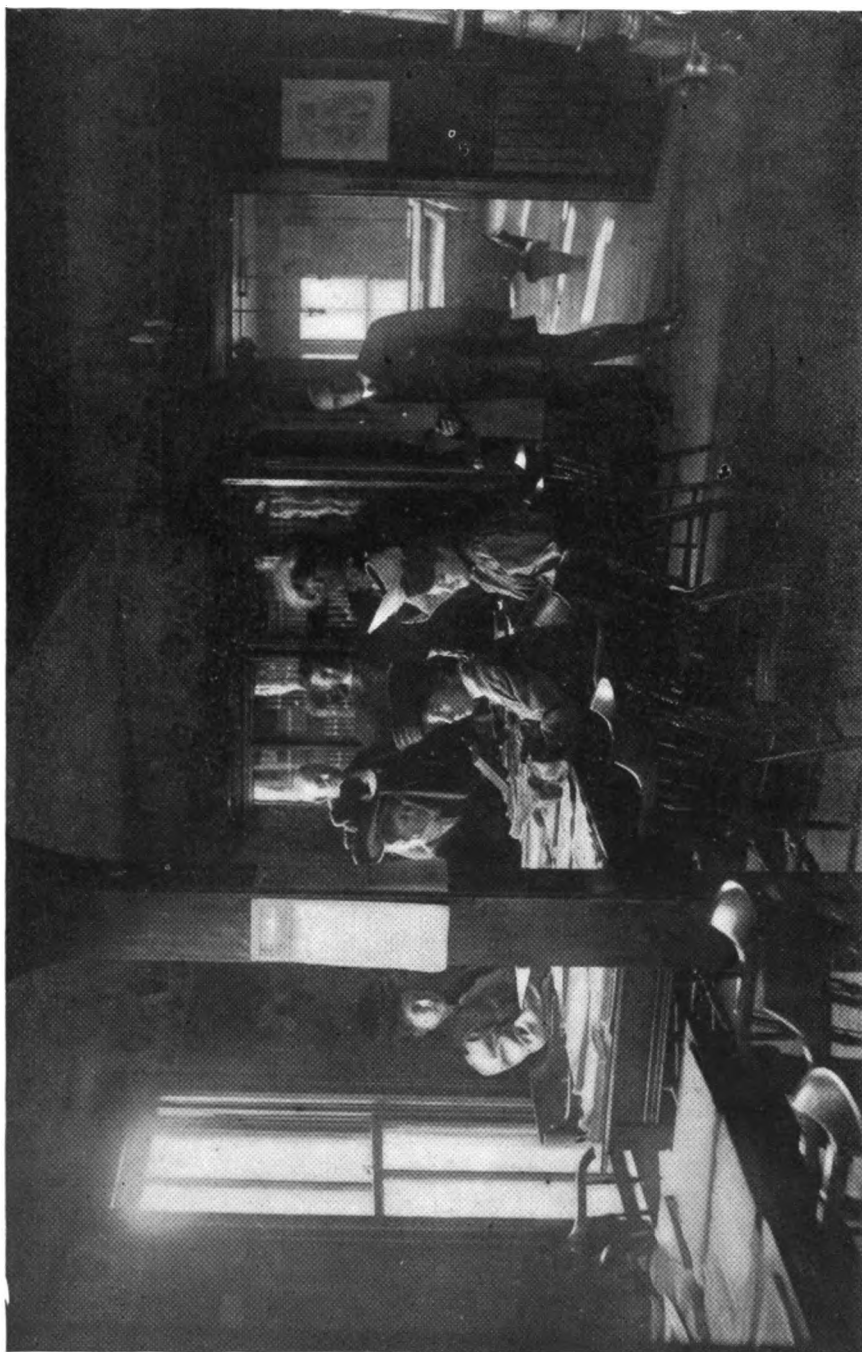
Starting with a trifle over one hundred acres in 1896, Mr. Snow purchased an additional hundred acres in 1897, with the profits from his alfalfa culture, another hundred in 1898, and another hundred in 1899. Nearly every acre of the land he purchased was "wild"—arid, uncultivated, desert land, with its only value for agricultural purposes in the prospective. He has thus cleared, cultivated and irrigated about eight hundred of the thousand acres he owns, and is preparing to place under water as much more as he is able to purchase. At a conservative estimate his property is worth, at the current market rate, upwards of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

A remarkable showing, you say. Yes, it is. But there are hundreds of opportunities equally great along the banks of the "American Nile."

At the request of the Department of Agriculture, Mr. Snow has made experiments with other products, notably with macaroni wheat. In 1900 he sowed eleven bushels of the seed of this wheat furnished by the government, on about twelve acres of land. With imperfect irrigation the yield was above forty bushels to the acre. In 1905 he made a similar experiment in dwarf milo maize (commonly known as Kaffir corn), and the results attained (not yet made public by the department) lead him to believe that this product will ultimately be even more valuable than alfalfa as a general stock feed.

Experiments have proven that in addition to the products to which reference has been made, most varieties of grain, sugar-cane, sugar-beets, cotton, potatoes, sweet potatoes and many varieties of fruit can be grown most profitably in the Rio Grande valley. With agriculture still an infant industry, no man can accurately gauge the full possibilities of the country. But such definite knowledge as has been gained as the result of years of experiment has demonstrated the fact that in that portion of this great valley lying under the proposed irrigation system, thousands of people will soon find not only a pleasant abiding place, but abundant opportunities for laying the foundations for generous competencies for their offspring. And without the aid of the government, a durable basis of this future wealth would be impracticable of accomplishment.

Albuquerque, New Mexico.



SWEETHEARTS AND WIVES USING THE READING ROOM AT CHANUTE, KANSAS

SANTA FÉ READING ROOMS

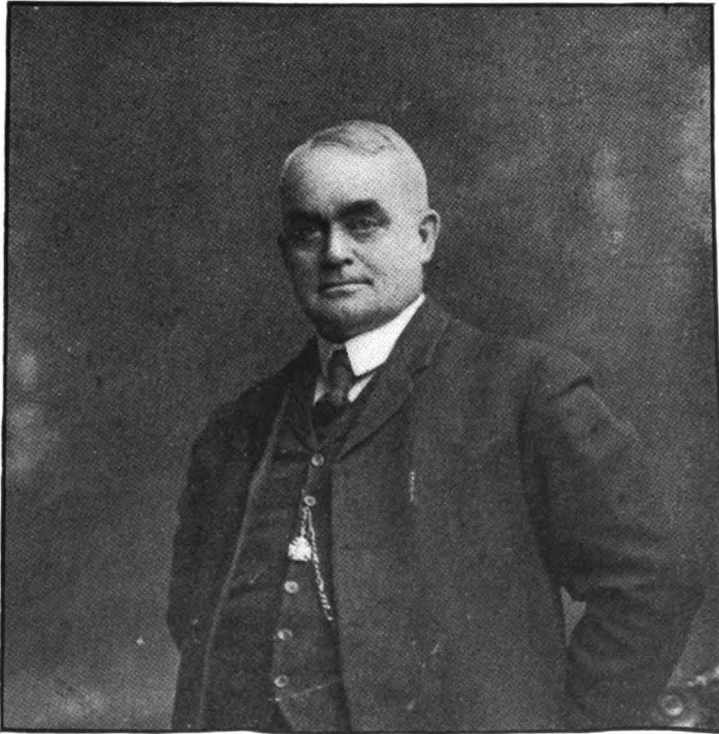
By S. E. BUSSEY.



TO ESTABLISH a quasi-university on a great railroad system, at which employees may pursue special studies, and come directly in contact with the forces of higher education, seems at first thought to be a dream of Utopian fancy, but this is what is being accomplished on the Santa Fé.

Our common word, "opportunity," means standing at an open door. Its Latin root is the same word we apply to a harbor opening out into the sea. These Reading Rooms are given to our employees as doors opening into a larger world. Railroad work necessarily becomes monotonous after a time. There are the same track to run over, the same scenes to look at, the same machines to handle, and the same rules and methods to follow. It is easy to get into a rut and stay there; easy to become mechanical in thought and character, as well as daily work.

For example, an engineer begins his trade as hostler and wiper in the roundhouse. Then he must serve several years as fireman



S. E. BUSSEY
Superintendent Santa Fe Reading Rooms

before he gets an engine. He becomes an expert in his line, but he has had little time for outside studies. After work-hours he must sleep, and after sleep he must work. So it is every day and all the time.

Yet with all this pressure of duties and necessity for rest, every railroad employee has considerable time at the end of his runs, which might be used to advantage, if he had the opportunity and stimulant to attract and move him. Naturally, in these spare hours, he feels inclined to go to a show, or to "run against a game" of some kind, or to seek for almost any kind of a good time. At this point in his life the Reading Room comes to him as a godsend. It is literally an



READING ROOM AT WINSLOW, ARIZONA, IN WINTER

open door to him, a splendid opportunity for self-development, a teacher ready to instruct, an answerer of difficult questions, and an inspirer for the acquirement of handy and useful knowledge. It enables him to correct his deficiencies in early education. By becoming more proficient, his work grows easier, and he has more time than formerly for such pursuits. He enters a new world of intellectual pleasures and discovers that mind may control matter.

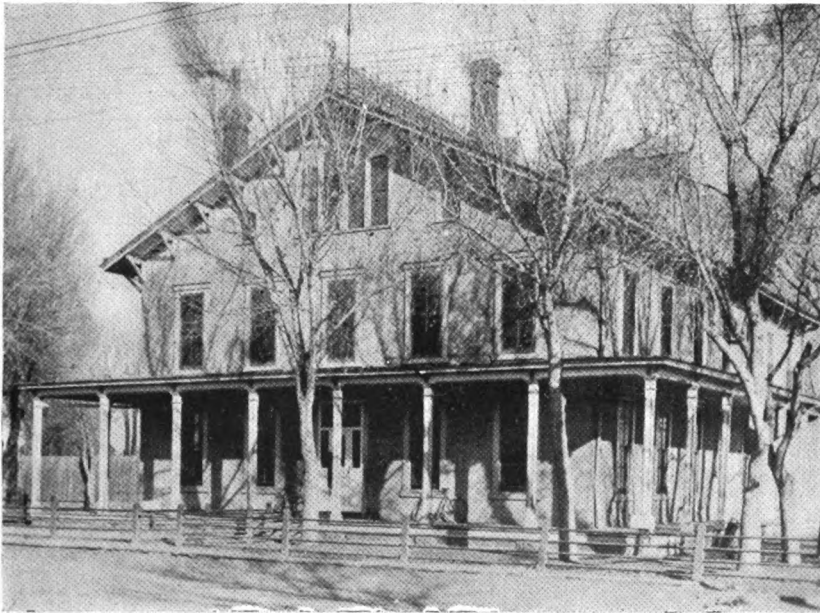
His mind is awakened. He is out of the rut. He has sources of enjoyment that he never dreamed of before. The solution of one hard problem leads to the solving of another. When a *brain* is at the shovel, lathe or throttle in railroad service, the company is to be congratulated and seldom has trouble.

We have a number of methods and considerable machinery aiming

at two results—the self-development of the employees, and the stimulation of them to use the privileges provided. At each Reading Room there is a carefully selected library. The International, the Universal, and Johnson's encyclopedias, are found in the book-cases, and the latest and best technical works are provided. The test of these libraries is, that they must answer any question on Science, Literature, History, Biography, or Railroad Mechanism.

Every one of them will stand the test. They are none of them very large, but no employee has yet brought a problem that could not be unfolded from the shelves of research volumes.

For lighter reading, we have nearly all the great novels. Not all



READING ROOM AT ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO

of Dickens, but the five best he gave the world. And so of all authors—only the truly great books are there.

As one agency for drawing the men around this intellectual center, we have established a lecture and entertainment bureau, and several times a month, we give them the opportunity of listening to the men and women who are molding the thought of the age. Many of these entertainments are musical. Some are lighter than others, but all are aimed at the enlargement of the intellectual horizon—to help them see farther by opening doors.

As a further stimulant, the employees are asked to assist in the selection of books and lecturers. They bring to the Librarian lists of books they would like to read. They are asked to name eminent teachers they would like to hear. In this way, it is known just

what lines of thought the employees are following, and correct provision can be made for their wants.

The use of the books is something phenomenal. While fiction is, naturally, the first choice, heavier works are not neglected, and biographical writings are in considerable demand. "The Making of an American," by Riis, has been worn out at some places.

Gibbons, Grote and Hume have been in constant use. Motley's works are quite popular. Works on German philosophy have many readers. Among technical works, treatises on Engines and Engine Running are most popular. Strange to say, there is little call for poetry. Occultism has some followers among railroad people.



SANTA FE READING ROOM AT PURCELL, INDIAN TERRITORY

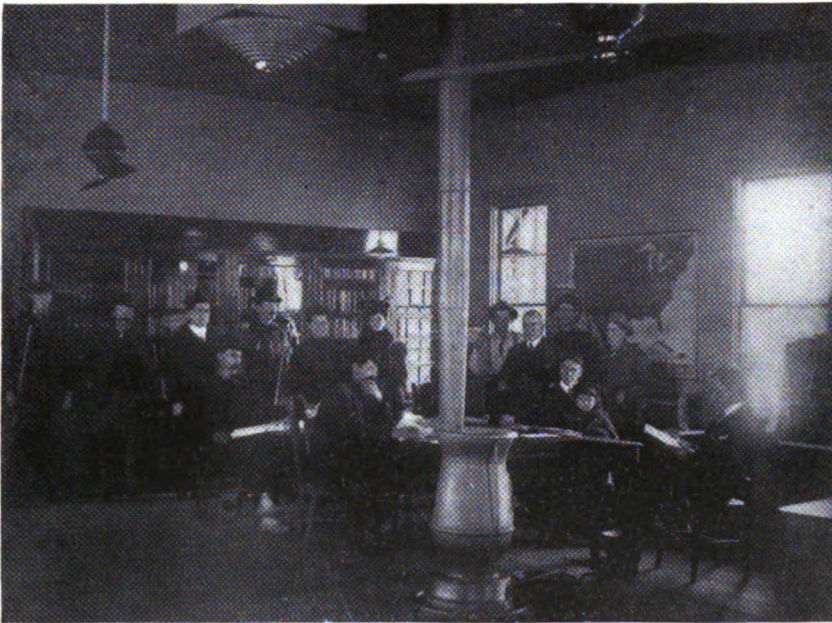
We have no use for printed sermons, but religious novels have many readers.

In this manner the inquiring and aspiring mind of our employees is appealed to, and we have many rich results to show that the method is practicable and successful. It has been truly said by an apt scholar and a man of influence in letters, that "any employee on the Santa Fé may acquire a liberal education, if he applies himself to these agencies and earnestly uses these means." As an illustration, one of our engineers will deliver an illustrated lecture at all the Reading Rooms on the system. By the use of these books and by contact with these scientists and scholars, he has learned the art of platform speaking, and has prepared a lecture that will be considered

as good as any other, by thousands of his co-laborers who will hear him.

Railroad men are generally healthy and strong. It is not a business for "lungers," dyspeptics, or invalids of any kind. They do not need football games to keep them in good physical condition. Their work requires nerve, energy, quickness of action, and marvelous powers of endurance. Being obliged to possess such bodies, it is evident that rich blood will course through their brains and their minds be bright and active.

It is surprising what talent may be found among this army of employes. I know one man who led a band larger than Innes's Band all through Europe. We have men who paint, write for the press, and many who are expert photographers, geologists, chemists,



RAILWAY READING ROOM AT NEEDLES, CAL.

A new building, costing \$60,000, will soon be open

and even astronomers. I have had eminent lecturers on our rostrum—teachers in Eastern colleges—who were floored by questions from some employee, who knew as much about the subject as the lecturer did.

The standard in music and literary productions has been raised so high, that it is difficult to find entertainers who can fill it. Rag-time music will have more followers in Chicago than in a Santa Fé entertainment hall. A very prominent actress of New York, who was accepted to give entertainments, asked me if it was necessary to appear in her best costumes. If she had slighted them in her dressing, they would have left the room. Railroad men are trained to consider a beautifully gowned woman as a result of the highest art, and they never grow weary of looking at it. It is easy to organize a quartette, or secure talent for any kind of entertainment, from

among our employees, which would be acceptable and successful in any opera-house in the country.

The intellectual influences of these Reading Rooms on the Santa Fé reach also the families of the employees. The wives and daughters have a standing in this quasi-university. They read the books, attend the lectures, organize clubs for which the Company buys literature, and are calling for special teachers in every department of study.

While the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railway System is not a member of "The Federation of Woman's Clubs of the United States," I am frank to say that it ought to be; for it has one of the best club systems in the country. It is doing more for the elevation and development of woman, surrounding her by the very best in-



READING ROOM AT NEWTON, KANSAS

fluences and aids, than any hundred of the leading organizations of the land. If I should publish some of the letters I have received from officials of the Santa Fé, asking me to provide a place for the widows of employees and approving expenditures for their happiness and comfort, the eyes of the world would open wide in a beautiful surprise at the sweet and lovely sentiments and almost sacred motives that govern the management of what a harsh and unjust criticism calls a "soulless corporation."

But not only in intellectual matters are these Reading Rooms on the Santa Fé centers and suns of influence; socially they are doing just as great and important a work, and, in fact, at many points they constitute about all the society there is. The management is spending considerable money upon this feature. Women are being sent out to spend days among the families of the employees, teaching

them how to adorn the home, the best sanitary laws and methods, and to give them the purest ideals of domestic and social life. We have been criticised for having dances at the Reading Rooms, but the social results are very satisfactory and beautiful. They afford opportunities for the women to be brought together and to become acquainted, and the Company provides the best music, and that is helpful.

At Needles, California, in the center of the great desert, some time ago the Division Superintendent invited all the children of the town to the Reading Room and gave them a good time with ice-cream, cakes and games of all kinds. He paid the bill and was the happiest man on earth.

Women don't run engines, but they come pretty near to running the men that do run them. When the love of a pure, good woman handles the throttle of an engine, the passengers on the train can feel assured that they are as nearly safe as it is possible to be.

The Reading Rooms are part of an attempt to solve some of the darkest and most difficult sociological problems of the age. How may we close the chasm between the employer and the employed? How may we cause the employee on the line to realize what the executive official must do to keep the institution that brings him bread and butter intact and productive? How may we convey a realizing sense of what the employee on the line must endure of hardships, toil and sacrifice, to the executive officials in their comfortable offices?

When President Ripley inaugurated the Reading Room Department on his lines, he said: "I wish the brotherhood idea to prevail—that we are all one family with common heartbeats, sentiments, and objects." His theory was to let our employees have the same centers of life that we have. Let them get inspiration from the same books, the same entertainments, and similar opportunities of relaxation and recreation with ourselves. By surrounding them with books, magazines, lectures, and illustrated science, they do have the same opportunities for self-development as the high officials living in the great centers. By making these Reading Rooms intellectual and social centers, no employee can wander very far away into the dark. The results already attained in this work on the Santa Fé prove that it is a correct and successful solution of this problem.

From a moral standpoint these results are still more in evidence and certainly more interesting. The unit of responsibility has been placed in the individual. An employee so treated will become proud of his reputation as an intelligent and refined citizen. From his obscure position on the desert, as hostler, engineman, or trackman, he has come forth into the eyes of the world, and is openly acknowledged to be a factor in the achievements and glory of his age.

To treat a man as a man is to develop manhood. Take all the superstition out of religion, and you have left only bare manhood, and after all, manhood is the salvation of the world. We had nothing to do with our coming into this world, and we expect to have little to do with our going out. The Santa Fé solution is to get all you can out of this existence, and not worry about some other.

"Act in the living presence; hearts within and God overhead."

Emporia, Kansas.

AN ARCHÆOLOGICAL WEDDING JOURNEY

By *THERESA RUSSELL*

CHAPTER VIII.

THE NEXT STATION

"With me along some Strip of Herbage strown
That just divides the desert from the sown,
Where name of Slave and Sultan scarce is known,
And pity SultanMahmud on his Throne."



WHEN we awoke next morning, after a night spent in the open, we found a lonesome-looking camp. The horses had both deserted us this time, so Sliver explained, and Erminio had gone to hunt them.

"Good for Bill!" I could not but exclaim. "He has at last discovered that he might as well go along in the first place and have some fun out of it himself. Miles are so much shorter when you travel them in freedom and gay vagabondage."

"Bill is just catching on," rejoined my breakfast vis-à-vis, "that martyrdom is out of date. But this belated discernment, in its reflex action on us, leaves us the choice of waiting on time, or going on ahead—and afoot. Which shall it be?"



"A STRENUOUS AS WELL AS A SHINING WAY"

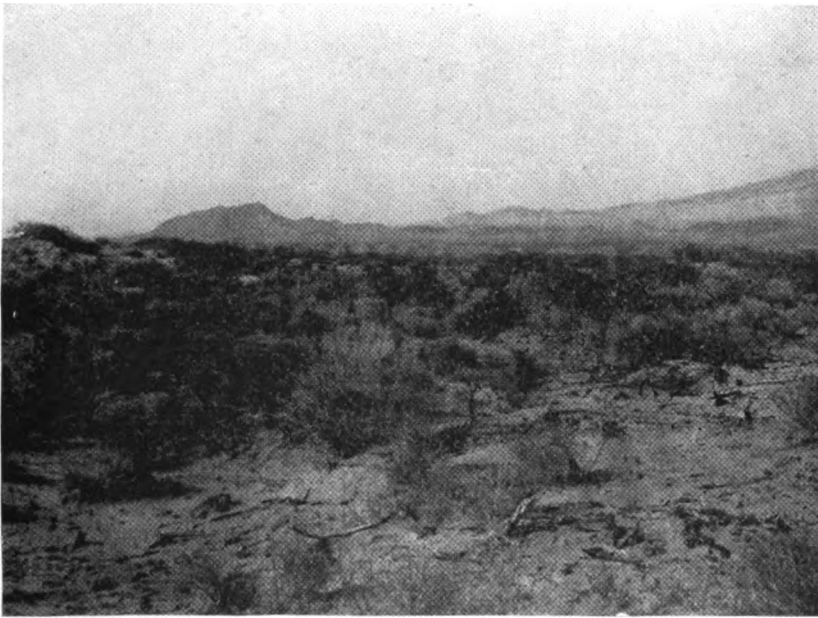
"The standing-and-waiting sort of service never appealed to me. Let's vamoze."

"By taking a straight line over the mesa, we can shorten the distance. It can't be more than eight or ten miles across, though of course much farther around the point by the wagon road."

So leaving Sliver to welcome the wanderers home, and appointing a rendezvous on the other side, we vamosed.

"Seems to me even the Man-in-the-Boat would enjoy this," I said, as we swung out into the long-distance stride, breathing deep with the exhilaration of six A. M.

"Why shouldn't he?"



"FORGOT TO HAVE A TRAIL ENTIRELY "

"Well, he has a prejudice against this time of day, you know. Don't you remember his complaint about early risers, that they are conceited all the forenoon and stupid all the afternoon?"

"He'd have a glorious time travelling with our outfit, wouldn't he? By the time he would get around to his toast and English breakfast tea, the place that had known us at coffee and flapjack time would know us no more."

"Worse yet. He never could have his toast and tea at all."

"Pourquoi"

"A Britisher to breakfast before he has tubbed! And how much of a plunge could he extract out of a canteen?"

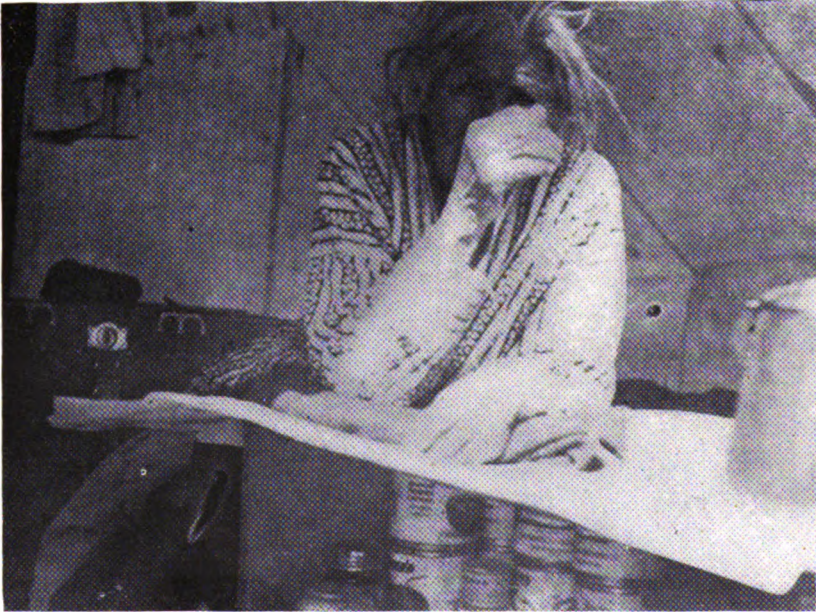
"Oh, well, people sometimes learn new tricks. I've known a young

woman, for instance, whose natural devotion to water leads one to suspect an amphibious ancestor, to scrub her shining morning face with the damp corner of a towel, and feel dressed up."

"Maybe so. But she wasn't born on an island. In any case, though, the sunbath you get out here without extra charge does help to keep your cuticle clean and your temper sweet."

"Sweetness and light being linked in fact as well as by the happy phrase of one who had his share of both. And it truly is a defunct sort of a day that is beheaded of its sunrise."

"Although one observes that the remaining part sometimes proves a sprightly corpse. Still, when I write an epic I shall sing of suns and the morn."



"ME SLEEPY"

"Good enough. But don't begin on it now, please. One should never construct poetry as long as he can enjoy himself in any other way."

"Might one quote a little piece, then?"

"If one can't help it."

"Oh, that line just came into my mind—'The soul partakes of the season's youth.'"

"If it were only of the season's youth, and the poor soul had to wait for an annual freshening up, along with the spring house-cleaning, we would be an even more jaded set of mortals than we are. But thanks to the system that gives the sad old earth a twelve-hour

shift of ageing day and rejuvenating night, the soul is enabled to partake of the dayspring's youth. And if it would make the most of its chances, it might learn to laugh in the face of Time."

"So you wouldn't regard the 'sulphurous rifts of passion and woe' as 'burnt-out craters healed with snow?'"

"Snow melts; and is cold comfort besides. I should prefer to have mine healed with sunshine."

"Well, if you happen to have any along with you, they ought to meet with speedy repair under the present dispensation."

For our morning had by now become a full-grown day, rioting with insolent abandon over our path. It was a strenuous as well as a shining way, for it led either up hill or down hill, or it was filled



"DOWN TO THE DIGGINGS"

with plenteous, soft sand, or it forgot to have a trail entirely. But time and perseverance wore it out, and the descending sun looked down upon a re-united family building its rag-house upon the sands of old Awatobi.

The discovery next morning was not of loss but of increase. We had a neighbor. He had come, as do angels and thieves, in the night, and his white tents now shone with startling glare against the unscreened sand. For the First Arrivals had coolly (meaning, in an attempt to be cool) appropriated all the shade there was. From preceding rumors, however, we knew our neighbor, who he was—neither an angel nor a thief, but just a plain scientist, like ourselves, and on the same business bent.

Wherefore, Fair Harvard, as became the oldest inhabitant, made a fraternal call upon Field Columbian and invited him to dinner. F. C. would have been pleased to accept, but that he had already

planned to go to a festival over at Mishonganovi. So F. H. had to drown his disappointment in the extra cup of tea and mitigate his regret by having pickles for dinner just the same.

Yet was our camp not without company. Early in the afternoon, a calico-clad old dame, bare as to head and feet, sauntered complacently into my tent, seated herself with deliberate composure, and watched with passive interest the white squaw at her sewing and writing. Being presented with a paper of pins and some coveted scraps of cloth, she wrinkled up her withered face into a somewhat grudging smile, and toyed with them until they seemed to have a hypnotic effect, for presently she ejaculated in plain but astonishing



"ROOFLESS BITS OF WALLS"

English, "Me sleepy!" put her grey mop of a head down on my table and took a nap. When she awoke she accepted a cup of coffee and an invitation to go with me down to the "diggings."

When I took up my little trowel and went to work, she gazed intently for awhile, then took a silent and somewhat speedy departure. Knowing the abhorrence of her race for "los muertos," I supposed she was fleeing from the devil and all his works; but in a moment here she came marching back, armed with a shovel and an air of determination. Then she proceeded to assist. She would uncover the buried treasures and point them out to us, being very careful not to touch the evil thing. But as she warmed to the work, enthusiasm must have unconsciously outweighed superstition, for



" WHERE ONCE WERE DOORS AND WINDOWS "

she did actually pick up some of the bones with her own fingers. If, as a Wise Man says, we are convicted of sin by our religious training rather than by our judgment, this woman was a terrible transgressor and probably paid the utmost penalty. But now, having once yielded to temptation she seemed bent on making an orgy of it and seeing to it that the crime should fit the punishment, which, of course, is good economy.

When Erminio explained to her that she must not break up the bones and pottery, she went off again and this time returned with the fire-stick, with which mild implement she punched industriously. The Mexican "jollied" her, she talked to him like a grandmother, and I enjoyed the nimble repartee as well as though it had been intelligible. Altogether it was quite a successful social function, inasmuch as everybody stayed late and nobody was bored.

Our new ruin had more of the picturesque effect above ground than any we had yet encountered. But this part was not aboriginal. The roofless bits of walls, with yawning holes where once were doors

and windows, were pathetic monuments to the Jesuits—those pioneer missionaries, who threw into their pious work among these remote heathen a full measure of that unreflecting ardor that most of us reserve for our own secular affairs. The end of their years of faithful labor came one night, when the Indians, in a sudden revolt against the half-accepted but totally unassimilated religion, did away with it by the simple, direct expedient of pitching the priests over the cliff and tearing down the church.

And now, two centuries later, on these ancient parapets flutters the family wash, and around them cluster the fancies of these Anglo-Saxon visitors, who, alien to Indian and Spaniard alike, can give to each an equal share of pity and of justice.

And yet, with all our open-mindedness, it is perhaps easier, in these days of *laissez-faire*, to comprehend the motive of the murderers than to realize the incentive of the martyrs. The beauty of freedom appeals to us more poignantly than the holiness of crusades. And with all reverence for its high purpose, we find ourselves saying to the mission-fevered soul, "How is it possible that you can suppose that what another man believes is of such consequence that to induce him to discard his own interpretation of life in favor of yours is worth the sacrifice of your own life?"

"You haven't touched bottom yet," said the Man of Science, as he reloaded the kodak. "The real undercurrent is not a matter of belief or unbelief. It is the principle of conquest, the joy of wielding influence and dominating another's thought. And, moreover, it touches the innate human passion for accumulating. Some choose to collect dollars; others have a fancy for wreaths of laurel; still others prefer souls. And may not a man have what he wants, if he is willing to pay for it?"

"He is prone to take it, anyhow. And is he thereby justified in any kind of choice?"

"Justification of others is not a human prerogative, any more than condemnation. But the wise man will pray for an honest ambition and the grace to use it independently and unselfishly."

"Supper all leady!" sings out Sliver, and in a trice all our philosophy is plumb forgot.

Stanford University, Cal.



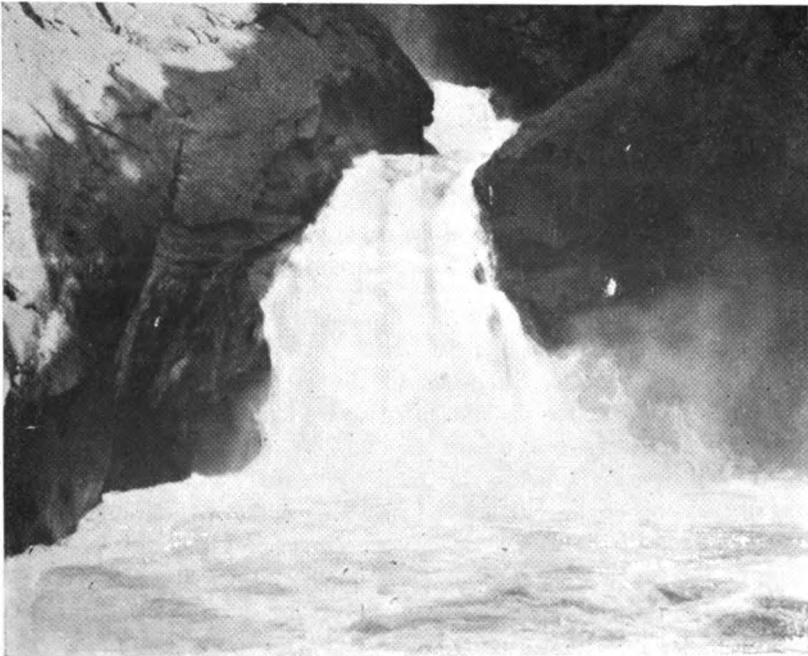
KING'S RIVER CAÑON

By THOMAS T. WATERMAN.



EARLY in post-Pleiocene times, when the uplifting of the California Sierras had just been completed, the valley we now know as King's River cañon was in all probability very much like any other cañon of the familiar Sierra (V) shape, differing only in size, perhaps, from its neighbors. It possessed one distinguishing feature, however, in the great rock basins—ten thousand feet above the sea—which center still around its head, and into which its higher levels still merge. The striking and individual characteristics of the cañon, which leave it almost alone in the whole range, seem to be due to the action, not of water, as we might expect, but of ice. The glaciers which carved it took their origin, as they do the world over, in these rock basins. Primarily, it may have been a fold in the crust, as the other cañons are, but to heavy and age-long glaciation are ascribed the precipitous cliffs which constitute its greatest glory and its most typical feature.

One can follow the path of any glacier for a thousand miles, if it goes so far, by the perpendicular paths it cuts in the mountains. If the glacial action is of much magnitude, the "troughs" it leaves are great abysses. Stream erosion, however, does not make gorges except in solid rock or clay. In the Sierras especially, where the



ROARING RIVER FALLS

mountains are earthy—witness the grand forest which clothes them literally to the summit—abrupt cañons are a rarity. The glacial cliffs of King's River cañon, then, are doubly impressive, towering, as they do, in a uniformly unscarped country; the more so that they stand out among gentle slopes and timbered ridges. Looking up at them from within the cañon, their majesty is enhanced by the formation of the floor itself—a level valley hemmed in with vertical crags—and the whole dominated now and again by some scarred, towering promontory. Even the shifting sunlight on the scored and fluted heights—titanic witnesses of the vast advance of the glaciers—adds



"A LEVEL VALLEY HEMMED IN WITH VERTICAL CLIFFS"

new and majestic grandeur with every changing view. Where the walls break down to the entrance of some side valley, a broader and still grander view is opened, clear back among the amphitheatres and *cirques* in the bases of the peaks and the eternal snowpeaks above—the fastnesses whence the ancient glaciers came. In places, up the moraine-strewn valleys, gleam the dying remnants, the final ruins, of the old-time snow-fields, the great Quaternary névé. It is a matter of pleasing doubt whether the frowning cliffs of the cañon, or the vaster sweep of the snowy wilderness above, give the keeneer pleasure, or the greater inspiration.

The first evidence of the glacial nature of the cañon's formation meets one where the trail enters. Here the river encounters the



THE HIGHWAY OF THE GLACIERS

first of a long series of moraines which choke the lower end. For a descent of some 600 feet, the river, pouring over the conglomerate material deposited by the disappearing glacier of a former period, churns itself into a mad whirl, gleaming like untrodden snow among the cedars, which have advanced to cover the wreckage of the ancient ice-river. Year by year the torrent has undone the work of the glacier, until now it shows only in its broken and troubled stream, the traces of the once mighty pile it surmounted. Lower down, however, the massive piles of rubble and debris and scoured and furrowed boulders have prevailed, and the clogged-up cañon of the stream is impassable. When the river next emerges into view below, it is as a mild, willowed, plains-stream, with no hint of the fury and headlong rush it exhibits in the wild mountain gorges.



"SHIFTING SUNLIGHT ON THE SCORED AND FLUTED HEIGHTS"

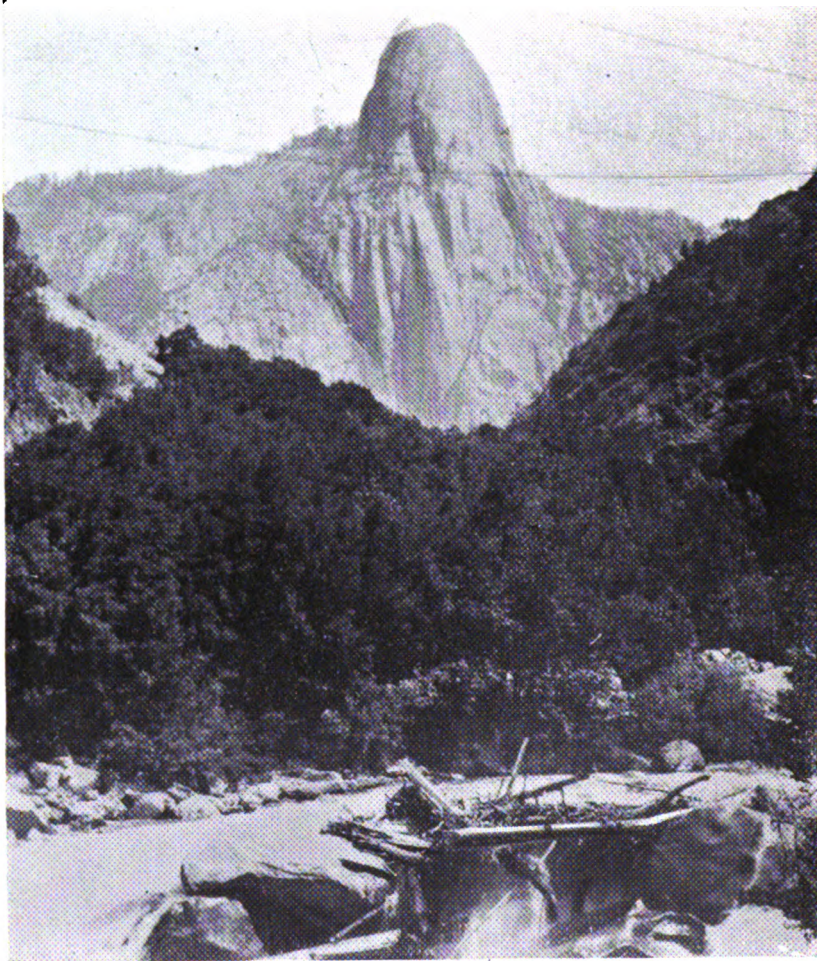
In its eastward course, toward the central peaks where the glaciers first appeared and last disappeared, the cañon walls become steeper and steeper, the crags higher and higher. At the same time the marks of the ice advance become more and more pronounced. In places, the great cliffs tower to the magnificent height of 3,200 feet, or twice as high as the average of Yosemite. In the latter place the bluffs are smooth—the result of local subsidence. Here we see on every hand the scars of the warring forces of a bygone age—in the scored and grooved rock composing the massive walls, the carved and polished headlands, the smooth side-cañons choked with terminal and lateral moraines. The marks of the ice advance become yet more distinct as we follow back its ruined path up the higher levels of the cañon and into the *cirques* of the great altitudes,



"THE RIVER ENCOUNTERS THE FIRST OF A LONG SERIES OF MORAINES"

where the lonely peaks, bitten by frost and blanketed on their lower slopes with eternal snow, tower up in solitary grandeur. It is possible to trace back step by step the dying action of the glacier, finding up the whole length of the gorges an inverted succession of late moraines on old and worn slides, where the disappearing ice released the boulders and debris worn from the mountain-sides above.

It is among the gigantic amphitheatres of the peaks, however, that we find the most stupendous relics of their reign. The *cirque* itself is a great basin of vertical cliffs, sweeping around in a huge horseshoe of a mile or more. Why the incipient glacier carves such a formation (or rather formations, for a dozen or more center about the origin of a glacier) remains a mystery. When the gulf was formed, however, and the glacier vanished, the action of the frosts and wind crumbled away the sides until often only a weathered



"THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAINS"

"knife-edge" intervenes between one and the next, a precarious footing for the invading student. Here the mighty forces of the ancient winter made their final stand before the advance of sunny recent epochs. The culminating moraine, close within the jaws of the cliffs, is invariably a barrier of huge proportions, giving one the impression of being part of the solid mountain beneath. The frayed edges of the tempests which sweep into the basin behind collect in a little steel-blue lakelet in the solid rock. It is a curious sensation to look down upon it from the rim of the circling cliffs half a mile above. In the clear, sharp air every stone and pebble—the naked rock of the dizzy precipices, or the fringe of rubble fallen from above—stands out insistently, as if painted. The motionless, chilly tarn, gleaming alone in the vast wilderness of primeval rocks, seems

unreal itself, like the memory, the wraith, of the vanished ice-river of long ago. Far away above the level of the *cirques* tower still for many hundred feet the great crags of the mountains proper—vast piles of solid rock, with rags and patches of snow. Far and near there is nothing to break the silent, frost-bitten repose of snow and rock, rock and snow.

The view down the cañon from the desolate altitudes (eleven or twelve thousand feet) is almost astounding and quite beyond power of pen to describe. The basin of the glacier appears as a mighty gulf, gaping down through the heart of the heaving mountain



“ROCK AND SNOW, SNOW AND ROCK”

shoulders, with mile-long rents and grooves of glacial sculpture, and to mortal ken, bottomless, for the river on the floor is out of sight and hearing. Overhead—I am tempted to say around—is the vacant sky. Not a sound comes from below to echo on the frowning brows of the hills and the empty vastness between. To quote Clarence King, the godfather of this land of desolation: “Something there is pathetic in the very emptiness of the old glacier valleys, these imperishable tracks of vanished engines. I have never seen nature when she seemed as little “Mother Nature” as in this place of rocks and snow, echoes and emptiness. It seems the ruin of a by-gone geological period, a specimen of chaos which has defied the finishing hand of time.”

Berkeley, Cal.

A BENEFactor OF THE STATE

By WILLIAM E. SMYTHE.



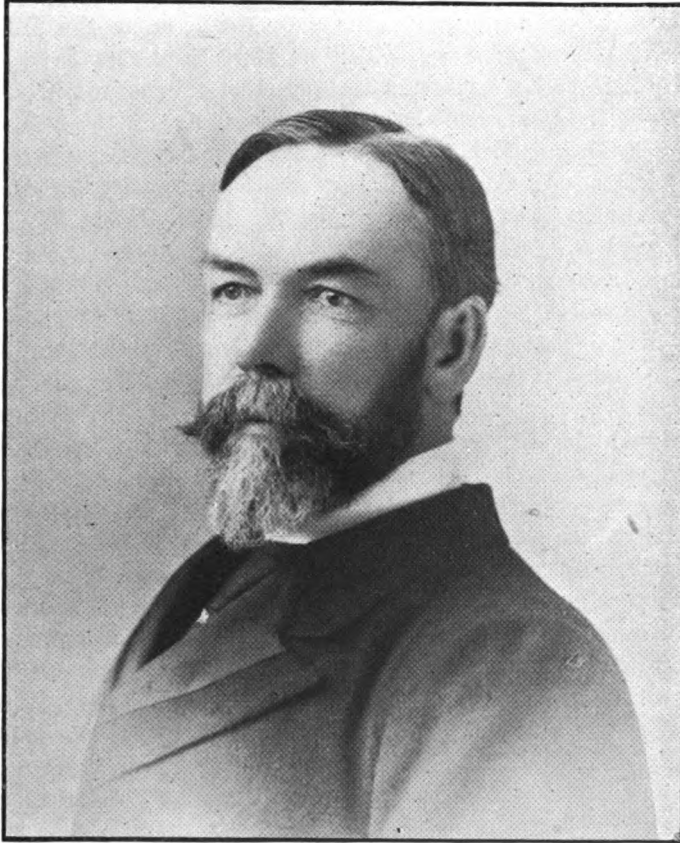
FOUND myself in Fresno, the center of the great Raisin District, on a memorable day four years ago last winter. The day was memorable because it brought a crisis in the affairs of thousands of small landed proprietors who were trying to work out the great experiment of brotherhood as applied to commercial affairs. They had developed the raisin industry to undreamed-of proportions, alike in the matter of quality and quantity. But the problem of selling their product to the best advantage—which is the problem of realizing the highest standard of living for the masses on the soil—was unsolved. For years they had been struggling to prove that it is better for men to work in co-operation than in competition—better for men to work with each other than against each other. They had known periods of high hope, which were followed by periods of failure and gloom. They had learned by bitter experience that the individual grower is no match for the packing house, the commission-man, the banker, and the railroad. They had learned that only organized and associated man can hope to hold his own in the struggle for existence with the wealth represented by these other necessary factors in getting their valuable crops to market. But how could they realize their dream of solidarity? While everything went well they joyously pulled together; when things went ill they quickly fell into contending factions, and their contentions were shrewdly encouraged by the interests which desired to exploit them.

The day of which I speak was memorable because it was to witness the fall of a leader from his place of power. M. Theo. Kearney had been the Strong Man of the situation. He was by far the most extensive producer, as he was also in every sense the man of largest affairs. Under his leadership the industry had known days of riotous prosperity, but under his leadership, also, it had known days of loss, disappointment, and resulting hardship. In prosperous times his star shone resplendent in the Fresno sky, but when prices fell below the point of profit, when goods accumulated in the warehouse, when the burden of debt pressed heavily on the producers, his star went low down toward the horizon, and was finally obscured by black clouds of criticism, of recrimination, and even of hatred. Then men cursed him for a fool or a knave, or a vicious compound of both.

The day of which I write saw thousands of raisin-growers coming into Fresno to meet at Armory Hall and give formal expression to their dissatisfaction and distrust. All believed him incompetent, many believed him dishonest and in league with the enemies of the producers for the deliberate purpose of coining wealth for himself through the betrayal of his neighbors. Some said he would not dare

to face the storm, but would sneak away and hide his diminished head.

I had known Kearney for years as an enthusiastic champion of co-operation. Naturally, I believed in him. His own interests were so large that he could have got along without the growers much better than they could get along without him, and it seemed to me that if he were governed by the lower selfishness, rather than the higher,



M. THEO. KEARNEY

he would all along have stood with the packers against the growers and thus made sure of his own prosperity, while lending a powerful influence to the demoralization of the co-operators. This had not been his policy. He had fought the battle of the whole and taken his chances with the rest, instead of shrewdly allying himself with the powerful interests who opposed the organization of the producers. At least, he had done this if his professions were genuine, and if he were guiltless of secret collusion with "the enemy."

If there was a man in Fresno who believed that Kearney was a

lover of his fellows on this gray day of which I write, that man was mute. Surely he was not in evidence in the hotel lobbies, in the throngs along the sidewalks, nor in the multitude who crowded into the big hall as the time for the meeting drew near. There was not one word in the newspapers or in the air which expressed faith in the head of the Association. There may have been a few people who hesitated to denounce him as disloyal, but the conviction of his incompetency or cold-blooded selfishness was universal.

An hour before the meeting, Kearney drove up to the Hughes Hotel, and I think mine was about the only hand that gave him a really cordial grasp. I was a mere spectator with no unsold raisins staked upon the issue, and could afford to indulge in the luxury of believing in an old friend when he was under fire. Moreover, my father told me long ago to "stand up for the under dog," and there was no question as to who represented the under dog on this occasion. I went aside with Kearney, told him he was marked for overwhelming defeat on this critical day, and advised him to bow gracefully to the storm. "Don't make the speech you have prepared," I said to him. "Say only a few words to the effect that you have fought for these people to the best of your ability, that the future will vindicate your contention about the necessity of having the growers own the packing-houses in order to control the situation, that you recognize the hopeless unpopularity of your position, and will therefore resign."

He thanked me for the advice, but declared that he was right and would not retreat. He said he could have made sure of his own prosperity by turning his back on the growers and allying himself with the other interests, and that he could do so now, but that he intended to persist in his course, regardless of consequences. He assured me that he was absolutely loyal to the growers, that nothing was so near his heart as to secure for Fresno and its people a high and abiding prosperity, and that the day would surely come when those who now reviled him would rise up and call him blessed. I did not know what he meant, but supposed his idea was that events would prove that he was right in demanding that co-operation should go forward, and acquire a stronger and larger control, rather than go backward and be satisfied with less.

The great hall was crowded when the time for the meeting arrived, and President Kearney took the gavel. If ever a man looked upon a sea of unfriendly faces, he did so as he began to speak. His address contained no word of apology, no suggestion of departing from the course he had advocated. But in all that audience there was no one to applaud, while there were many to hiss and shout angry questions. Every suggestion of dissatisfaction or distrust which came from the floor was enthusiastically cheered. The meeting resulted

in crushing defeat for everything Kearney wanted, as all knew must be the case, but Kearney himself was not crushed. Proud, arrogant, arbitrary (as his enemies charged) he was never more so than when he walked out of the hall with shouts of derision ringing in his ears. I shall never forget him as he drove through the streets of Fresno that afternoon to go to his lordly ranch. He sat on the high seat of his spider phaeton, holding the reins over a nobby span, the long-lashed fashionable whip in his hand, and looked disdainfully upon the plain people who lined the sidewalks—the very picture of a scornful aristocrat defying the populace. I asked myself: "Can it be true that Kearney loves these people and is fighting their battle in good faith?"

Much has happened in the four years that have since elapsed, and events have largely justified Kearney's views. I do not want to speak of that, however, at this time, but of something far more significant, far more conclusive, in revealing the character of the man and his attitude towards his fellows.

It was Mr. Kearney's habit to go abroad every year and take the baths at a famous German resort. His neighbors said this was only more evidence of his self-indulgence—that he always went away when he might accomplish some good at home in order to hobnob with millionaires. He was a big, stalwart man in appearance and no one thought him really ill. "He goes over there to soak his head," a prominent raisin grower explained to me. Democracy distrusts the man who flits annually to Europe at the fashionable time of the year, but perhaps Kearney knew his condition better than his critics.

He sailed again last May. Just as his ship reached the Irish coast, he was found dead in his stateroom. It seems, after all, that he was not the healthy man he appeared to be, so that there was a reason for his annual sojourn at Bad Nauheim.

In due time, his will was opened in San Francisco, and lo! M. Theo. Kearney had left his entire fortune, amounting to nearly a million dollars, for the benefit—of whom? Of the raisin growers of Fresno. Every dollar which he had made in his life-time was dedicated to the purpose of solving the problems of the raisin industry in order that the men who had distrusted and reviled him, together with their children and their children's children, might realize a higher standard of living and go from prosperity to prosperity.

Death revealed the heart of the lover.

Who, now, believes that Kearney was selfish, cold-blooded, disloyal to his neighbors? Who will deny that he was a true friend of co-operation, a genuine lover of his fellow men? He made mistakes, of course. He was not a saint by any means. He was haughty and impatient of opposition to a degree which sometimes seemed intolerable. But on that black day when his fellows denounced him with

unmeasured bitterness he was perfectly calm because he knew that in a very short time he would be understood. "The day will come when they will rise up and call me blessed." Perhaps the day has not yet come—perhaps people are saying that his magnificent bequest is only another evidence of his vanity, and that even in death he was bound to assert his personality in an effort to dominate the life of Fresno. I beg to differ with such criticism now, as I instinctively differed with it four years ago. The newspaper account says:

"Mr. Kearney died in May, while on his way to Europe. His beneficent purposes had been unknown not only to the community, but to the University of California (which is to handle the estate) as well."

Unknown to the community, unknown to the University, but not unknown to the man who snapped his whip at the sullen crowds that winter day as he drove out to "Fruit Vale" and looked lovingly upon the beautiful estate of 5,400 acres. "There are 3,000 acres in alfalfa, 1,200 acres in vineyard, hundreds of acres in citrus and deciduous fruit trees of many varieties, ornamental grounds of more than 200 acres in extent, containing a wonderful variety of trees, shrubs and flowers, a fine dwelling which cost \$20,000, and a complete equipment of excellent packing-houses, shops, stables, poultry yards, and other farm buildings and appurtenances. The value of the bequest is between \$800,000 and \$900,000."

All this is left to the people—to the very people who refused to believe in him, to sustain him, to follow him!

No one can possibly estimate the value of the legacy to California in the long years of the future. It will enrich unborn millions, for it is to be used—this land and money, these facilities, and the expert ability which they will enlist in the struggle for human progress—to demonstrate the highest possibilities of our California soil and climate and to work out, patiently, persistently, regardless of time or expense, the problem of happiness for the masses of men.

No wonder Kearney could wait for his vindication. He had it within his power to strike the critics dumb by giving such an exhibition of social love and social service as few men have been privileged to give. And proudly he did it! His is a tremendous contribution to that better, greater, and nobler California of which the lovers dream.

San Diego, Cal.



SUMMER IN THE MOUNTAINS

By VIRGINIA GARLAND.



THESE are the days supreme; fulfillment of perfect Summer nights, of dawns transcendent, of heat surcharged, unstinting, unsparing, fervid, splendid, complete.

It is a bird which gives wings to my awakening, which lifts from me the heaviness of sleep—a bird singing in the dawning. Swiftly I climb an upland trail, breasting the gossamer strands stretched across, so fresh and unentered is my path—the same trail I came down last night, but leading each day to new and yet-to-be-discovered heights.

A thick, dense stream of fog follows the river below. The prick of the mist melts on my cheek. Great boughs are dripping, clasping the fog. The solid rise of mountains above are wiped out; tree tops swim, unburdened of their trunks, lifted, floating in mist. Silver grasses plumed in an aura of dew. Everywhere the happy holding of moisture.

Were we laved oftener in these morning mists, would we not catch the cool essence of the green kin, and drink, too, all night with these,—unfaltering, unchilled, rejuvenated?

It is the Grosbeak singing. Claspings the swaying tip of a spruce-spire, he swings in a dim, grey world. About him the fog drifts in wisping tangles, caught in the branches; but there is no fear of fog in his happy throat. His caroling spurs at the air, rings through the grey in golden sound.

The eastern ridge, rising sheer from the river, is not the eastern ridge, nor does it rise from the river. A strange land is hung there, dropped from some mysterious source, sprung from a fresh, vaporous play of creation. What cannot be done with mists, trees, rocks, steepes, shadows, before the day! Caverns are sunk that go through and far beyond the mountain; heights are there which tower vastly in a restricted space. The voice of the real river is muffled and faint, giving ghostly sound to running mist-cataracts above—long, falling cascades, vaporous torrents which the light will drink in one sunny lift. Rhine castles made of jagged, dead trees; bleak land in rising angles, blocked in. Dark cliffs of shadow; fierce, rolling tree-rounded rivers between. Weird pictures, forms that are nowhere but in fleeting mists, upheld a moment, swept down the valley.

The sun brims the ridge; long bolts of light break up the shadows; I know my trees and thicket-slopes and rocks again. A blood-red glow about the madroño; dark green spirals ascending the outstanding shafts of redwoods; pale green light enfolding

the tan-oaks. I name them all softly, and send a morning greeting across the cañon.

* * * * *

The sun is high; the tinnient whine of the cicada trails through the air in unceasing sibilance. The heat pushes into the mountain-gorge in great pulsations that find no way out. On baked stones the lizards are elate, lifting, lowering, lifting, lowering, or warming their scaled coldness, relaxed, prone, in the hottest places.

From the sun-stippled shade of sultry woods comes the bland song of the Barlow Chickadee; that small, seldom-heard, contented ripple, which in rare moods the bird intersperses into the lisping of his name. In tune with the palpitant heat, the Pileolated Warbler keeps up a spurt of monotonous song. A yellow butterfly drifts listlessly, catches at a leaf, hangs with closed wings in the brazen sunlight. A brilliant tarantula-wasp vibrates angrily over the hot ground where its prey is hiding. Blighting, hard blue in the sky—burning blue where there should be shadows. The ripened leaves of the madroño hang like heavy fruit in the erect, polished green. Far down the smooth, red body of the tree the old bark curdles, crinkles off in brown scales, leaving bright splashes of color to grow up into the copper-red limbs. A crackling passage of air runs up under the bark of the redwood, slipping it off in long, thick shreds. The eastern ridge is not good to look upon. Where have the trees gone? Unshadowed they shrink into background. Bare gashes of rocked soil burn out, strike at the sight. A furnaced bulwark of land, taking up too much space.

Hot breathlessness! The trees standing calm, uncomplaining, listening, intent for the afternoon breeze. And down the mountain comes at last the revelling summer wind, that in the midday hours had gone no man knows whither. It strikes full on a wooded slope, swirling the trees into tumbling masses; rushes against the redwood, pressing down an immense bough that springs again and swings the whole tree circling. Then the wind is everywhere; stealing up under branches; mastering and moving mighty boles; tempering its breath to tug at a thistle-seed; making gurgling dashes into the chestnut-oaks; pushing against the ruffles of the brook; twirling a grass-blade merrily; fingering a harebell softly; breaking the spell of the heat; blowing up motion, activity, joy.

Where it comes from, its far-off skyey source, I cannot know; but what the wind passed, in its journey down the mountain, it shall tell to me. This is a message from the yerba buena, where it trails aromatic, in shady tangles by the spring. This is the

odorous breath of spirea, given reluctantly. A sudden onslaught the summer breeze must have made in its thickets to carry its perfume away; for the spirea treasures its all to give to the wind of the night. That, I fancy, was the crisped memory of azalea; some last blossom, perhaps, throwing its farewell fragrance to the breeze. Now is the tang of fennel, wafted up from dusty roadside, meeting the balm of heal-all wandering down from high ravines. There has been long loitering with the winey spice-bush. This is the stimulant spirit of spikenard, the ginseng that grows in the West, of whose steeped uplift all Orient lands have learned to use. I do not brew a drink of its twisted root, nor mix an ointment of its flower, but I drink deeply, nevertheless, of the whole plant—know well its healing magic on heart and brain.

And so, one may inbreathe a spruce bough; the hazel's witchery; the elder's panicles; a pine branch; a bay leaf, or the hundred unfamed mints and salvias which our western winds play over.

* * * * *

Pulpy shadows hide the braided bark of one redwood; another beside it is struck with a long shaft of light that seems to come from within as well as from without, every crevice and crack sending forth tiny beams of response. Midnight gloom of forest depths; dazzling splotches of sunlight through an opening; piled up, palpable, heaped, blue hazes; vistas where green and gold lights mingle.

I know a cañon cool and deep; 'a rivulet-threaded dip in the hills. Heat burns over it, paces along with the fringe of lilacs beside it, falters and turns aside by the brim of the brook. By Woodwardias and sword-ferns the scorched air is waved away; dampened with mosses; lulled by the drip and run of the water. The dreaming gloom is starred with umbrils of mist-maidens—delicate saxifrages. The wild ginger droops to the water. A furtive wing winnows up stream, flashes down past me. The bird lights on the brim to drink.

* * * * *

The blue of the sky is softened; the voice of river and brook rises higher; the swell of the wind in the trees is more distinct. The evening change has fallen. A Russet Thrush whistles in the thicket, one tentative call note, just trying the air if it be of the right timbre to receive his evening song. An upward, slurred, questioning note—a long silence—the note again—not yet will he sing. He waits for the quiet, for lengthened shades to creep from the trees. Then the slurred note again, a trickling bell tone after. I cannot see the bird, but I know he lifts his throat to the long light, clasps his twig more firmly and peals his music

forth. Few are the hearts that can feel and express as well as he the glory of the earth-beauty.

Four balanced, rocking, resonant chimes, and he lets the rest take care of themselves. Up the cañon they go, floating higher and sweeter; break against the mossy walls; waver to a close. Perhaps he hears them soar higher, echo longer, with his bird ears; for there is always a pause before he rings the first rich notes again. I have seen him turn his head, look up, as if he saw the airy sounds melting and disappearing.

* * * * *

The wile of the twilight closes down. The sinuous toils of the dusk fall in shadowy circlings. The dark comes furling in. Faint, intermittent light of fireflies passes, fluttering, seeking. The large steady light of waiting, female glow-worms studs the roadsides, burns through the dark. The spent, undefined fragrance of night goes up to the twitching stars.

* * * * *

Sometimes, that I may love my mountains the more, I leave them awhile for the lowlands and the river-road that runs down the narrow valley. Warm little fields are here; open, humble farmsteads stretching with, nestling into, the hills. At four in the morning, a diaphanous world—part of it passive, dreaming, turning towards its deeper sleep; part of it passive, dreaming, stirring to its quick awakening. Ranks of great yellow night-blooming primrose, wide open still, but standing so hushed and remote you know their spirit has fled in sleep. And wait! a musky petal droops slowly; another comes down; one by one the flowers close, to hang all day in lax yellow. A sparrow slips from its nest in the grass, clears its throat with a morning trill, goes about its breakfast. A velvet moth drifts sleepily into the shrubbery. The silent wing of an owl seeking its hollow tree. A blithe lark, whirring up from its form in the meadow. Somewhere in the sky the cold sparkle of a star; then I cannot find it again. Quiet fields of corn; pale gold of hillocked hay-fields, new-mown, damp, fragrant. Steep vineyards meeting the hills, dark and heavy with oaks and night-shadows which have lingered there. A lasso of mellow music whips out on the air. This is what I have come to hear—the song of the meadow lark. High mountain thickets for the thrasher, bosky ravines for the thrush, but the lark must have meadow space to throw the coil of his music; he must hear it echo up and down the valley. He wants no trees in his way to entangle his melody. He must catch back the last joyous swing of it, to whip out again and again.

Before I am aware, I have taken ten miles at a draught, swal-

lowed, absorbed them as fast as my feet will travel, my eager eyes rove over—and must traverse weary miles back in the high sun over the same road, but an altered world. Hard hills; hot hayfields; staring country folk; shade-withholding trees; unheard birds; slack and tired nerves. My body is cross and unheeding, but my soul has closed over the undefiled early hours. In sere and poor moments I shall have the rich heart-beats spent and inspired alone with the dawn—wealth no man can take from me. By November fires I shall set spark to summer reveries with the golden, smoky mist that rose from yellow hayfields; with the snarled light caught in the spider's silver, swung between stalks of blossoming tansy; with all the warm grey fire of this summer morn. For our wintering and our summering are empty spans if they fail of open-sky memories, carried over from each season, intertwined, interchanged.

* * * * *

Oh, the fragrance of an early summer morning! No perfume so enduring and so pure; the incensed birth of rhythmic morn outlasting the hills. The twilight fragrance is heavier, redolent of the life and pleasure of the long day; but the dawning breath is so young, so sweet, so expectant, so vague and wondering. The starlight has brushed it in its sleep; the sky has bent over; all night the universe has brooded.

In the outside world of men the day will open to grief and joy, to battles lost and won, to evil triumphant, to good victorious. Here in the quiet hills the birth and the sleep comes and goes untroubled. The mighty Change evolves, unquestioned, inevitable, serene.

Brookdale, Santa Cruz.

TO THE MEXICAN IMMIGRANT

By ARTHUR B. BENNETT



SINCE first I knew the joy of Life beneath this balmy sky,
And touch of gentle com'radie toward what is still
this I—

The songs I sing within myself for comfort on the way
Are what he sings sometimes o' nights, whate'er his
jest by day.

For ah, the eyes he loved for long, those self-same eyes I knew;
The word I know to stir his soul, times past has stirred me, too;
The vales, the plains, the hills he loves, sweet breaths from outer sea,
Have borne alike the breath of Life, as unto him, to me.
So who like I can know the heart that throbs within his breast?
However skilled he think himself to hide that heart by jest,
When clanks the great machinery of gods of land afar,
Where, bent to unfamiliar task, my dark-eyed brothers are.
For ah, the stranger's heart I had, long, long in his own land,
But tender word they ever spake, with gentle look and hand;
So served they God who made them. Send some kindred spell
Be on our race, on mine own race, to deal with stranger well.

San Diego, Cal.

HERMIT HAGAN

By R. C. PITZER.



ELL, how's it going?" Doddridge asked across the talking camp-fire.

Lorin shaded his eyes with a sun-burned hand, and peered into the dusk. "Great," he said slowly; "I've read a lot about it, but I never thought it'd be as scrumptuous as this. Why, I don't want to go back again, ever. I'd never get enough of it. The pines, and the water, and the sharp air! Things talk to you! Something catches your throat; your heels dig down in the needles, and your head's drunk with pure joy of being here. It's the feel of the air—no, it isn't, either. It's the sense of being free, maybe; the smell of the pines, and the wet, earthy feeling, you know. It's just everything. It's getting home again. I could never have been a stranger to all this."

He rolled over on his blankets, and the pine boughs under him sagged and crackled. "I can't tell the feeling," he continued dreamily, as he dug pebbles out of the loamy earth beside him and tossed them into the twilight. "It's beyond words. Only, I feel as if this"—he waved his hand—"had always been this way, and I had always been part of it. I know, now, what it was that used to grip me in the Spring, and make me sick for a change. It was this. I wanted to come home to it."

Doddridge laughed, and choked as the wind changed for an instant and shot a puff of bitter smoke into his lungs. "It's the real thing, all right," he answered, "and I'm glad you're satisfied. It took me two years to get out from the coast, but we're on a big hunt at last, and, Man! I'll show you things! You've seen your last town for a good long month, unless you get tired——"

Lorin snorted indignantly, but did not reply. Doddridge left his sentence unfinished, and a long silence settled over the camp. The breeze whispered in the pines overhead, an unseen brook kept up a clear tinkling and murmuring, and now and again bushes rustled, stones slipped and struck together, a dead tree cracked, or two leaning pines creaked in unison. The air was sharp with snow, and the heavy scent of pine and spruce clung to the nostrils. Overhead the stars were coming out in the grey sky, and under the trees the red camp-fire leaped and danced, throwing sparks high into the dusk.

A burro stiffly hobbled across the flat below the camp, its deep bell booming as the fore-feet rose and fell together. Another bell replied in the timber and a horse snorted.

"Stock's getting nervous," Doddridge commented, as he sat up straight. "Coming up nearer the fire. Must be something in the woods, I guess."

Lorin moved somewhat nervously and fumbled beneath his glaring Navajo blanket. His hand touched chilly steel and his face lighted up with a new fire. He felt in himself a strange power, and looked out, half anxious, half impatient, nervously hoping that a new experience was coming out of the darkness.

"O-hoo!" cried a voice, suddenly, and both men sprang to their feet, Lorin's rifle being dragged up from beneath the blanket.

"Ho-oo!" Doddridge cried. "Hello, out there! Come up and palaver."

"Comin'," the voice responded. "Got a dawg?"

"No dog." Then, to Lorin: "Shove that thirty-thirty under cover, Harry. This isn't 1864, quite. He's a prospector. Camped somewhere near, probably; saw the fire, and came over to swap lies. If he's the real thing," Doddridge dropped his voice lower, "you'll be hearing things before long. They're a wild breed—and interesting. But don't be surprised if he chucks sulphur on the fire."

"Lorin nodded, and peered with growing interest. "I see him," he said. "That dark patch there, isn't he? Why doesn't he come on?"

"Sa-ay," said the voice in the dusk, "guess I'd better sorter prepare you men. I ain't in evenin' dress. Don't go to pluggin' me for a ghost or a guy."

"Eh?" Doddridge answered. "What's up? Why, bless me—oh, good Lord!"

The figure rapidly advanced, and there steeped into the firelight a tall, raw-boned man, hairy and red, whose bare, furred legs and arms stuck out and waved beneath a dirt-colored shirt. Another look, and the campers saw that their visitor was clothed in gunny-sacks.

"Kind-a loony lookin', ain't I?" said the newcomer, showing his black teeth in a propitiatory grin. "But I'm clear as a bell," he tapped his head. "I'm a—a-doin' penance." He laughed nervously and passed the back of his hand across his mouth. His filmy eyes had been wandering unseeingly up and down the new clothes of the men before him; but as he looked at Lorin's fancy mining-boots, the film suddenly faded. A fierce light sprang up from his soul, and he swiftly glanced at the surprised faces.

"Well!" he exclaimed, with a sigh of relief. "Why, you ain't prospectors! You're towrists!" Laughter flashed into his face, and he fell back against a tree.

"Where in the devil'd you come from?" Doddridge asked in wonder.

The man jerked his thumb over his shoulder, and straightened up with an effort. "Never heard o' me?" he asked. "I'm one o' the sights out here. All the towrists come out fr'm Sulphuretta just

to gas with me. I'm a hermit. Joey Hagan—that's me. Got a cave in that hill over yonder—Hagan's Hill."

"Crazy," Lorin whispered, half interrogatively, as he nudged his friend.

Doddridge nodded. "Never heard of you, Mr. Hagan," he said politely. "Squat down on the blankets there. Smoke?"

"Smoke?" Hagain echoed. "I guess yes, if y' got a extree pipe. My principles don't allow no pipe in my cave, so I don't smoke 'ceptin' when folks come to rubber. Don't allow myself no drink, neither."

Lorin reached under his saddle—placed for a pillow—and brought out a silver flask, while Doddridge filled a pipe.

"Here," Lorin said; "drink, man. A hermit! You live out here all alone—in a cave—with no clothes but sacking—why, why!" He bent forward eagerly. "Oh, it's out of a book," he cried to Doddridge. "This isn't the Western Divide; it isn't America. Man, those hills over there are the Pennine Alps. This is the fourteenth century. It's all out of Boccaccio. In a minute he'll tell us the story of his life—was it your wife?" he demanded. "Or whose wife? Which story is it? Do you keep her head in a flower-pot?"

Hagan's eyes grew round, and he leaned towards Doddridge. "Hey?" he whispered, loudly. "Is he guyin'? Oh, I see. You're his nurse, maybe? Poor devil! No? What's he talkin' about, then?"

Doddridge made a feint of whispering behind an outspread hand. "He's an artist," he told the hills. "They all go off like that. At the best, they're not responsible, you know. Take a drink."

"That," said Hagan with a long sigh, "is whisky! You're a bird, pardner. Must-a cost somethin'—that stuff." He glanced at the pack-boxes and sighed. "Whisky," he continued, "allers makes my mouth water for civilized grub. I don't allow myself no luxuries—live on flap-jacks an' sow-belly mostly; kill-um-quick bread, an' such."

"Acorns and berries!" Lorin murmured. "Wild fruits of the forest! Devotional gifts of the peasantry! A cask of wine hidden under the straw, pullets and chitterlings overhead in the dark! Acorns and manna!"

Hagan stared. "Say, pardner," he said, "this here's the Leather Pants Minin' District. They ain't no oak trees out here, ain't nothin' but pines, pines, pines, with a bit o' aspen an' cottonwood in the hollers. What's chitter—chitterlungs?"

"Chitterlungs," Doddridge answered, "are things that grow in Rabelais and Boccaccio. Niggers eat them."

"Oh, that Bocasso is a place?"

"Yes, a pretty big place. Top-notcher. Here's a bit of grub, if

you're hungry—bacon and trout left over from supper. Wade in."

"Wade? Well, I guess!" Hagan did "wade in," as only a famished man can. His jaws clicked with mechanical regularity, as he bolted his food. At last he sank back with a long sigh.

"There," he said, "I'm stocked up till the next towrists come. Much obliged. A man," he continued half apologetically, "who's wunst lived in luxury can't get over a mouth-waterin' when good things is near."

"But your vows?" Lorin inquired. "How about your vows, Dom Hagan? No, I'm not cursing you. But there, the flesh must have its little day. Acorns and—er—sow-belly will mortify the spirit. Take another pull at the Falernian, father, and begin the novel. 'I was born——'" he prompted.

"In Gawd knows where," Hagan began, comprehendingly. "I growed there an' elsewhere—elsewhere mostly—an' hit the hills a kid. Got tired o' hikin', an' so turned hermit, makin' my livin' by exhibitin' my legs to towrists."

"For the love of their holy lordships," Lorin murmured, "and a poor man's prayers. By the living God! 'tis a gold Florence! May you excellency follow Elijah. *Conjuro vos omnes, spiritus maligni*. Nothing personal."

Doddridge laughed. "Go on with your story," he said to Hagan. "You've left out all the thrills."

"Who was she?" Lorin demanded again. "Fiametta? Griselda?"

"Her name was Maggie." Hagan clasped his arms over his dirty knees and stared into the fire. "Met her in a dance-hall down in Sulphuretta."

"We'll call her that," Lorin interjected. "Go on. Sulphuretta of the Nimble Feet."

"An' fingers. She was a lu-lu. Me an' her hitched up, an' by-m-by her First come along. He drilled out o' that burg hell-for-breakfast, me hikin' along an' guardin' his flanks. We mixed up an' got chawed pritty considerable. Mag, she come by an' lit into me. I was out o' the game—cashed in an' quit. Didn't do no more minin'—what was the use? An' I make better stakes here, anyhow."

"No invention," Lorin sighed. "Naked facts. Why didn't you dress her up, Dom Hagan?"

"Hey? She had a plenty o' clothes. Got her a bran' new red velvet skirt, an' she took it along. Rings, too—jooled—di'monds an' a sapphir. Gold watch," he continued, slowly pursing his lips; "letterin' all over it; ostrich-plume hat, them fancy lace lingers—shirts, *sabe?* Silk stockins, trunks full——"

"Hold on!" Doddridge interrupted. "House and lot, eh? Florentine villa? Venetian palace? Any old masters?"

"Well, maybe not all them, but I done myself proud, now I tell

you." He yawned. "I hate to go back to that dam cave," he grunted. "Gets pritty cold o' nights, an' I hain't got no blankets nor clothes to keep warm in. Wouldn't do. Towrists 'ud spot 'em, an' my bus'ness 'ud go to smash."

"Take another drink," Doddridge said, shortly. "The alcohol 'll keep you warm. Good-night."

"S'long, pardners. See you in the mornin'." He stumbled out into the darkness, and the two men looked at each other and snickered.

"Fraud?" Lorin suggested.

"Certainly. At first I thought him crazy. It's quite a dodge, if enough tourists get up into this part of the country. Come to think of it, Sulphuretta has something of a reputation as a health-resort now, and a summer hotel was built last year. Must pay well, eh?"

Lorin nodded. "Mediæval," he mused. "It was worth the whisky. Ah-hoo! I'm sleepy. Suppose we turn in."

The fire burned low, slowly fell in on itself and glowed red under the shes. The stars stole across the sky, the wind rose and fell, and the voices of night and the forest now spoke, and now were silent. Lorin awoke and peered out from beneath his blankets. He shivered as the sharp air struck him, and scrambled up to replenish the fire. As he stood gazing out into the black forest, the spirit of the silence and the stars fell upon him. He was possessed with an exultant melancholy. He was all sensation, devoid of thought, drinking in the strange beauty of a night in the wilderness.

In the distance a low clatter broke out, retreating as he listened. Turning, he saw Doddridge sitting up.

"Sounds like a horse," Lorin said. "Could one of ours get out of its hobbles?"

Doddridge suddenly sprang to his feet with an oath. "My rifle!" he cried.

"W-what?"

"Where's your clothes?" Doddridge bellowed. "That fellow's rustled our horses. He's off in your clothes, with my rifle—and a pack-saddle, too—see? Good Lord! What fools!" He tore his hair.

Lorin solemnly turned and pulled a local paper from one of the pack-boxes. "Alas!" he sighed.

"Dammit all, let's do something!" Doddridge fumed. "Oh, the pirate! We'll have to walk!"

"'Lank Joe Casey,'" Lorin read in funeral accents, "'broke jail Monday morning. The boys were planning a pine picnic, but he fooled them. Lank Joe is as slippery as an eel. Marshal Wilders thought he had him safe, for he locked Joey up in the jail, and took Joey's clothes home to the Wilders' residence. The marshal still has the clothes. If Joey meets any tourists before he's caught, we will get the cheap reputation of owning a wild man in these parts. Better get out, boys, and round him up before he shocks anybody's feelings.'"

Lorin dropped the paper. "Yes," he mused, "thirteen something; Pennine Alps, and all the rest of it. Damn Sulphuretta—Dom Hagan, I mean."

Denver, Colo.

ORLEANS INDIAN LEGENDS

By MELCENA BURNS DENNY

II.

THE LEGEND OF THE AN-O-HOS



NE day, at the time when the Weasel, An-o-hos, was still a man, he began to think that he was tired of always staying in one place. So he told himself that he would start out and see the world.

Accordingly, he put a lot of arrows in his quiver, took his bow, and started out. The adventures of the Weasel would make a fair-sized book, as books go nowadays. But here are a few of them:

First, he walked and walked till he was out of his own country. Then he began to watch sharp.

Pretty soon he saw smoke. He walked up to it, and found a wigwam. Inside a man was sitting.

"Where are you going?" asked the man.

"Oh, I'm just going along this way."

"You'll get killed," replied the man.

"How? Who will kill me?"

Then the Indian told him of an old man who made lumber. No one was ever known to get by him. He caught people in the crack in the log his wedge made, and that was the last ever seen of them.

"Don't go that way. Come in and rest a while before you go back," urged his informer.

But the Weasel left the wigwam and went on toward the place where the old man made his lumber. Soon he came to a rat's house. He tore down the house, caught the rat, put it into his quiver with his arrows, and started on.

Pretty soon he saw the old man making lumber. He stopped to watch.

"Come see how I do it," said the lumberman affably.

So the Weasel drew near and watched him.

This is the way the old man made lumber. He selected a fine straight log, drove in his wedge, and hammered it down with his stone hammer until the log split. Then he put in the wedge again, always splitting from the middle, till he had reduced the log to boards.

While the Weasel was watching, the old lumberman suddenly seized him and threw him into the yawning crack. But the Weasel was ready for it and leaped clear through. But he left his rat in the crack.

The lumber-maker pulled out the wedge and went dancing for joy. He put his head under the log and saw a drop of blood oozing out, and then he went dancing the more.

"I kill everybody! I kill all the people! There will be no one left alive!" he sang, dancing and clapping his hands. Suddenly he turned around. There stood the Weasel.

"What are you making all this joy about?" asked the Weasel.

"Oh," whined the lumber-maker, "I was dancing for sadness! I thought another man had fallen into my crack."

"Well," said the Weasel, taking the wedge, "I did fall in, but I fell clear through. You can see if you can do as well."

"I don't want to. I am too old!" begged the lumber-maker.

"An old man ought to know how. Get ready now!"

"Oh, I am too old!" whimpered the old man, holding back. But the Weasel took hold of him and threw him in, and then pulled out the wedge. He looked all about and underneath. There was not even a single drop of blood, the lumber-maker was so dried up. Pretty soon, though, he heard a little voice in the log singing, "I like to stay here!"

"Yes, you stay there," said the Weasel. "You be that kind!" And he changed him into the white, flat-headed larva that the Indians call Oup-am-owan, the wood-eater. "Always be white and old, and always have the flat head, mashed between the logs. No one need fear you any more!"

So the wood-eater the old man has ever since been, and one can still find him, creeping about in the heart of rotten logs.

When An-o-hos, the Weasel, had killed the old man, he went on, farther into the new country. Soon he saw another smoke and another wigwam. He stopped, and inside were sitting three people.

"Come in," they said hospitably. "Where are you going?"

"Oh, I'm just going along this way to see the new country."

"Don't go that way. You'll get killed."

"Who will kill me?"

So they told the Weasel of a family of bad people that lived further along, who always sent their guests to fish, with spears that had pitch on the handles, so that when they speared the fish they couldn't let loose of the handle, and the fish always pulled them in and drowned them.

"Rest a while before you go back again," they concluded, "for you surely will not go on. No one has ever escaped the fish."

But the Weasel went on, and soon he came to the house where the bad people lived. They were very glad to see him, and asked him to come in. He went in and talked till it was time

to eat. Then they asked him to go down to the stream and spear a fish.

"The spears are outside the door," they said.

Now, the Weasel took dirt and put it on the handle of a spear so it wouldn't stick, and went down to spear a fish. Soon he saw a great fish in the water. He speared before he saw that it was no fish, but a long sea-serpent. The fish-snake swam with the spear in his side, and An-o-hos pulled, and he pulled and pulled, and at last he pulled the serpent on the bank dead. He had never seen so huge or so horrible a creature. It was too great a monster to drag the whole body to the wigwam, so he cut off a small bit and carried it up.

"Here is the fish," he said, laying it down.

No one said a word.

"I brought you some fish to cook," he repeated.

No one said a word.

So An-o-hos made ready to cook it himself. He got a basket, laid the fish in it with water, then built a fire and heated stones. All this time no one said a word.

He lifted a stone and carried it to the barket.

"Don't cook it!" said someone in a voice of fear.

But he dropped the stone in, and the water began to boil. He dropped other stones in, and the water boiled and boiled, and a great cloud of steam arose, white and big, and all the people disappeared, for the fish was magical. An-o-hos ran to the door and sprang outside just as the wigwam started to rise. It rose up with the steam, higher and higher, above the tree-tops, above the mountains, looking like a tent-shaped cloud, and he watched it disappear at the highest point of the sky.

Pretty soon he felt something crawling under his feet. It was the bad people, who had escaped the steam of the fish by burrowing in the ground. They were trying to crawl out, but An-o-hos stamped on their heads.

"You be that kind," said An-o-hos. "Live under the ground. No need to talk fish to trick your guests. No need to put pitch on spears." So he changed them all to Ach-a-las, the gophers, and they have dwelt under ground ever since.

When An-o-hos had changed all those bad people to gophers, he went on. He walked and walked and walked. Finally he saw another smoke. There was another house. He stopped at the door and saw two old people.

"Where are you going?" they asked.

"Oh, I am just going along this way," he replied.

They shook their heads.

"Better come in. Better go no further. You will get killed."

"Who will kill me?"

So they told him of a bad old man who had a swing, and everyone that passed his way he swung up into the sky. But the Weasel would not stay. He went on into the strange country. He went and went and went, and he came to another rat's house. He tore down the house as before, and caught the rat, and put him into his quiver. Then he journeyed on.

At last he saw the old man with his swing. An Indian swing is a see-saw, and this swing had the long arm extending over the lake.

"Oh, I am glad to see you," called the man. "I have been waiting for someone to swing with for a long time."

The Weasel came up, and the old man told him to take the long end and he would give him a fine swing. An-o-hos saw how it extended over the water, so he went out a little way, let the rat loose, and came back himself on the under side of the board. The old man's eyes were bad, and he looked and looked, and the rat looked so small he was sure it was An-o-hos away out at the end of the swing.

So he pushed down, and went up, and pushed down, and went up, and then pushed down with all his force, and the rat fell off into the water.

The old man began to dance and caper for joy.

"Oh, he's dead at last!" he sang. "I've waited for this Weasel Man, An-o-hos. He killed all my people, all along the way, and he came to kill me. But he's dead, he's drowned! He's drowned in the lake!" He wheeled about. There stood An-o-hos.

"What do you make all this joy about?" asked the Weasel.

"Oh, I'm so glad you are back to get another swing."

"All right. We'll swing again. You get on the long end."

"Oh, I'll swing on this end again. That one goes farther. I'll swing you fine this time."

"You go out," said An-o-hos, pushing him onto the board. "Go away out to the end."

"Oh, I can't," whispered the old man. "I can't see to walk the board!"

"Go on!" commanded the Weasel.

So the old man had to crawl clear out to the end that extended over the lake.

The Weasel pushed down, and went up, and pushed down, and went up, and then he pushed down with all his might. The old man flew high into the sky. He went up through the clouds, behind the clouds, on and on.

Nothing ever dropped.

The Weasel watched and watched.

After a while he heard a voice far up in the sky, singing, "Now-wood-adow! Cod-a-danima!" "I like to stay here! I see everything!"

"Yes, you stay there," said the Weasel. "You see everything. You swing up, and swing down, and see people you would like to kill, and can't kill. You swing and swing and swing, all alone. You be that kind. You be the sun."

So he changed the old man to the sun. And there he is, high up in the heavens yet, always swinging, swinging, swinging, swinging, up in the morning and down at night.

When An-o-hos had changed the old man into the sun, he went journeying on, farther and farther into the strange country. He had many other adventures that the Indians could tell about, but this is the one that ended them.

He had come at last into the land of the sunrise, where everything was more beautiful than all the rest of the world. There were mountains about, and in their midst a meadow of smooth green grass, fresh and moist. And in the midst of the meadow were seven girls watching him.

They were beautiful girls, with long hair that floated, and bright eyes that sparkled, and beautiful skirts of fringe tipped with shells that said, "Sh! Sh!" in a singing voice, when they moved. They stood there hand in hand, waiting for him.

"Where are you going?" they asked.

"Oh, I was just going along this way," he answered, "to see the new country."

"There is no more new country," they replied. "Better go with us."

"All right," agreed the Weasel, readily enough. "I'll go with you."

"But you'll have to do what we do."

"What is that?"

"Oh, we dance. We dance clear across the land and the ocean, all in one night."

"I can dance," said the Weasel eagerly.

"But we dance in the sky."

"I can dance in the sky."

So they parted hands and took him into their circle. Then they began to dance and sing. This is what they sang:



Ho-wina, Ho-wan-o! Ho-win-a, Ho-wan-o!

So they danced and danced, high in the air, they were so nimble, and for a long time the Weasel danced as happily as they. But after a few hours he began to grow tired.

"Let me rest a minute," he said.

"We can't rest here," they answered, dancing on.

"Only a minute," he begged. But they only sang and danced.

He tried to dance with them a little longer, but his feet hung and would not keep time, so they had to clutch him beneath the arms. On and on they danced, just as nimbly, just as happily, with the shelled fringe of their skirts making soft music, and their bright eyes shining. The Weasel could keep up no longer.

"Take me down," he pleaded. "We will soon be to the ocean."

"We can't leave our path," they sang. We must cross the ocean tonight!" And they went on singing their sweet, high song.

"Then drop me," said the Weasel, unable to lift a foot.

They didn't even pause in their singing, nor did their airy dance miss a measure. But they dropped him.

Down, down he fell, growing smaller and smaller, smaller and smaller, till he was no longer a man at all, but a Weasel. If you want to know how he looked when he struck the earth, just find him in the woods today—if you can. He has looked the same ever since, and he has hidden ever since, for the shame of his appearance. Sometimes he looks up and sees the girls that he danced with. But they are no real girls. They are the seven stars we call the Pleiades. Any night you can see their eyes, but they dance too far up in the sky for us to hear their song, or to catch the soft "Sh! Sh!" of the fringe of shells on their floating skirts.

Sacramento, Cal.

A DESCENDANT OF NOAH

By SOPHIA D. LANE.



ND all the days of Noah were nine hundred and fifty years; and he died." So the Scriptures tell us; but the generations of the sons of Noah lived after him, and the names of the early members of the family are recorded in the tenth and eleventh chapters of Genesis, from which survivors may be able to prove their direct descent. Some of the lines seem, however, to have become extinct, perhaps because they failed to beget descendants, and perhaps because the keeper of the family records could not spell their names. There remains, too, the possibility that they were blotted from the records because they had disgraced the family name through certain characteristics inherited from their ancestor.

Aside from the glory of begetting great patriarchs who made names for themselves, the fame of most of them remains unadorned, except that we are told that Nimrod was a mighty hunter, and Ashur seems to have been a builder of cities. The colonizing instinct was strong, too, and it is recorded that "of them was the whole earth overspread." The location and ambitions of the lost branches of the house would have remained unknown, had it not been that the strong traits of Father Noah were distinctly impressed upon his descendants even to the present generation.

The California branch of the family is located on an arm of the San Joaquin River that reaches up to the city of Stockton. Mindful of their ancestor, they have built them arks of whatever kind of wood they could get, and have moored them along the banks of the chan-

nel, where their picturesqueness is admired by visitors and artists, while their proximity to the city is deplored by the citizens, who periodically threaten to banish them beyond the city limits.

Each ark has its quota of inhabitants—for did not the Lord command Noah to "be fruitful and multiply?" Cats, coons, parrots, canaries, dogs—dogs of all descriptions, high pedigree, low pedigree, and no pedigree at all—find entrance there, the larger beasts of the field being debarred only by lack of accommodations. And the fear of the master is truly upon every beast in his possession, as the wail of many a beaten brute testifies through the night.

Though the ark-people form, for the most part, a community by themselves, and live by the fruits of their labor, yet it is known that an occasional member prefers to profit by the edict given to his forefathers: "Every living thing that moveth shall be meat for you; even as the green herb, have I given you all things." And so he makes no distinction between his neighbor's possessions and his own.

Such a member of the ark community was Big Noah. His patriarchal beard, and his huge frame—inherited from the days when there were giants in the world—together with his big family of children and pets, had won for him the name, and he was known by no other. He treated his neighbor's wood-pile and potato-patch as he would his own—likewise his neighbor's washing. If a flitch of bacon was left hanging out over night, the owner of it was sure to see a lively smoke coming from the pipe-chimney of Noah's ark on the following morning, and was forced to content himself with savory odors of fried bacon, while, through the window of the ark, he watched Big Noah and his family eating their breakfast.

Noah's love of his neighbor's goods often extended beyond the banks of the slough, and many a chicken-coop was visited by his dogs to furnish a meal for their master. At one time the old fellow was missing during several days, and rumor among the ark-folk had it that he had been sent to jail. His family were as faithful as his dogs and came to the rescue with bail and fine, so he was soon re-established on the porch of his ark, where he could tilt back in his chair and give orders to his wife and children to bring him his glass of beer—for he had not inherited the ancestral vineyards—and to attend to his various other needs. Here, with his hat pulled down over his eyes, he could smoke and snooze to his heart's content, undisturbed by the citizens' threats of banishment, or by the wrangling of his neighbors.

And there was serious cause of wrangling among them. In one arm of the slough was a sheltered spot overhung by a group of oak trees, which furnished shade from the hot summer sun, a shelter from the pelting rains, and a break for the troublesome winds. This place was coveted by every ark-dweller on the slough, but no one had been able to take and keep it. Occasionally some one did succeed in reaching the spot under cover of the night, but the next morning would find the ropes cut, and the ark in mid-stream.

The splash of an oar and the creaking of ropes were signals for the inhabitants of the slough to be up and to arms. Though on ordinary occasions each ark-man was his neighbor's enemy, yet when it came to the question of the proprietorship of the few square feet of water beneath the oak trees, they would stand together as one

man, against the offending party. The old inhabitants who had been ambitious and energetic enough to try for the place had long ago given it up and contented themselves with the next best.

But a stranger came among them one day, and, as he worked in the ship-yard on the opposite bank, noted the vacant nook and the many advantages it had over his present mooring place. It did not occur to him to wonder why this spot was not already taken, so, when the day's work was done, he made preparations for moving.

It was one of those short days in the late Fall when night comes early, and there had sprung up a stiff breeze, which threatened to become a gale before morning. The ark-men were out with their lanterns, and the ring of their hatchets could be heard as they hammered stakes more securely into the ground, and made their moorings taut; for there was danger, on such a night as his, that an ark might break loose.

The stranger was hammering, too; but unlike his neighbors, he was pulling up stakes, and loosening his moorings. One, who was watching him closely, finally ventured to call out:

"What 're ye doin' that for, stranger? Ye better tie up good an' strong where ye are, for these big winds is liable t' cast ye loose."

"That's just why I'm goin' over t' them oak trees," answered the unsuspecting one.

"Them oak trees!" shrieked the neighbor. "No, y' ain't. Them oak trees ain't fer you, nor none o' your kind."

"Who are they for, then?"

"Well, you just try t' git over there, and you'll find out pretty quick. Them oak trees ain't been moored under since I lived on the slough, and that's five years, and what's more, they ain't a-goin' t' be moored under, neither!"

"Well, I don't see anything the matter with 'em, an' I want t' git out o' this blamed wind, so I'm goin' over there anyhow," and the stranger kept on with his work of pulling up stakes. Then, tying his boat to the ark, he began to row it across the slough.

By this time some of the other neighbors, who had overheard the conversation, were ready for action. The hammering ceased and the lanterns bobbed from the top of the banks down to the water's edge, as word was passed that the stranger was pulling for the oak trees. At first, threats, curses, and oaths, mingled with tin cans and various other missiles, were hurled from all sides of the slough at the daring oarsman, who was making slow headway, with his ponderous tow, to the opposite shore. As these proved unavailing, and the supply of missiles gave out, the ark still moved on, although the oaths were redoubled in quality and quantity, and mingled with the yelping of curs and the barking of more respectable dogs, until it seemed as if all the powers of darkness and all the fiends of Hell were let loose upon the night. Soon the little boats with their lanterns began to put out from the shore toward the ark now in mid-stream.

"Hold that lantern so I can see his tow-line," called a voice from a boat close beside the stranger.

But a crackling of wood and a splash of water announced that the ark-pilot was acting on the defensive, and that the owner of the voice would have to get to shore as best he could.

All the boats now began to close in about their victim, and what could one poor lone man do in such a plight? His way was

blocked and the big ark in tow was tugging to get free, for the wind was blowing stiffly now.

"I've got his tow-line! Gi' me a knife!" cried a voice, near the stern of the boat. Snap! The ark swung free, and, whirling around, shot up to the bank—but a long way from the oak trees. The combined efforts of nature and the ark-people had taught the stranger that this haven of shelter was not for him, and he, too, learned to be content with the next best.

While the other ark-men were securing their dwellings for the night, Big Noah was enjoying his supper. The fact that his ark might break loose caused him no unrest. He had heard the commotion outside, but his peace-loving nature kept him out of the broil. He didn't care if somebody did moor under the oak trees. So Noah and his family went to their beds undisturbed by the quarrels of their neighbors.

But during the night the wind grew fiercer and stronger, and a furious storm arose. The arks creaked and tugged at their moorings. Several of the ark-people were awakened in the night by a banging and crashing, and those who looked out saw a big, white, spectral ark pass swiftly on and out of sight. No one ventured into the storm to find out more about it. But when morning broke, there, under the oak trees, was Noah's ark, and there stood Noah on his porch, wondering how he had gotten there.

Of course, stories of the night were told, and the security of the ark was investigated. But it was found to have been driven so hard against the roots of the trees, and held so securely in their embrace that it was impossible to dislodge it or cut it loose. So Big Noah found himself master of the slough, and no one attempted to dispute his possession of the coveted place.

A wet winter followed, with heavy snows in the mountains, and from month to month the rain-gauge showed the heaviest rainfall that had been known in years. The ark-people watched the rising and falling of the slough, and labored at their moorings accordingly. Some of them, to avoid the danger of drifting away in high water, propped their dwellings up on stilts, or had them hauled up high onto the bank. But most of them could not afford these precautions, so they remained on the water to weather the elements as best they could. Many an ark was swamped in the heavy rain- and wind-storms, the soaked bedding and furniture that were spread out on the banks of the slough on sunny days bearing mute testimony to the fact.

But Big Noah enjoyed all days alike, untroubled. His abode was held fast by the oaks, and high and low water, sunshine and rain, were alike to him in his sheltered haven. His neighbors swore at him for his good luck, but that did not change his position or his attitude of mind. The sun brought him out to his customary seat on the porch, and the rain drove him within. Those days of much extra labor for his fellow-men were days of ease and luxury for him.

Early in March there came the heaviest rain of the season. "The windows of Heaven were open," and it seemed as if another flood of forty days and forty nights was to be poured down upon the earth. The spring freshets came out of the mountains, a cloudburst deluged the foothills, and the San Joaquin River, already

freighted with the burden of previous rains, rebelled against the surplus waters.

All the waterways running through the country and town were full to overflowing, and the river was backing up against them. There was serious danger of a flood such as had been known in former years. Old inhabitants told of early times when the country was under water for days, crops were drowned out, and homes washed away. People wandered about in their rain-clothes, watching the slough and speculating on how many inches it would rise before night. Every communication from the country brought news of districts already under water, and Stockton was threatened with the overflow by the following morning. The people of the city were kept busy nailing down their wooden sidewalks and cleaning out their cellars, while the ark-dwellers hammered harder than ever at their stakes. Noah alone remained serene. He was still trusting to Providence, his ark, and the oak trees.

Early in the forenoon came the rush of water. It ran in torrents through the streets and surrounded the houses. Soon the whole center of town was under water, and there was no distinction between the ark-man and his fellow townsman—save that the former was better prepared to meet the situation.

By afternoon the rain had ceased, except for an occasional light shower, and all the inhabitants of the slough—Noah and his family included—were out on their porches, watching the row-boats and the launches as they busily chugged about, and wondering what was to become of it all. Friendly advice was exchanged from ark to ark, as one man would tighten his moorings, or another loosened up a bit, for a close watch was necessary.

As Noah's ark rose higher into the branches of the oak trees some one ventured to shout out across to him:

"Tie up t' yer trees. Yu'll let loose there in a minute, and smash into the whole blamed lot of us. Tie up, I tell yu!"

Noah saw no need of being urged to cling to the oak trees, since they had clung so devotedly to him; and there was no evidence that he intended to break faith with them. But a lurch of the ark and a scraping of branches on the roof made him look up and around. What had happened? He was sailing away from them, and at too lively a rate to grasp at the receding branches, even if he had tried to do so. The ark struck into the current, and, in dignified state, sailed away between the lines of arks on either side, without so much as touching the side of one of them. Due west it steered toward the open sky-line, leaving the wondering ark-people staring after it.

Toward evening, when the water began to recede, Noah found his ark grounded high and dry on a chosen spot of land. He brought his chair down with a thump, pushed back his hat, and looked abroad. There was peace in his soul, for he was without the city limits, his quarrelsome neighbors were left behind, and he noted that his new neighbors, not far away, had wood-piles and chicken-coops.

As the flood abated, his wife called him and he went into the ark to eat his supper. Just then a break in the western clouds sent forth a ray of sunshine pointing to a glorious bow set in the East. Truly the descendant of Noah had found grace.

MIGUEL OF THE WOOD-TRAIL

By GERTRUDE B. WILLARD.



MIGUEL knew very well if he lashed out with his wicked sharp heels upon the long-suffering Lucia he would get no carrot as he passed the little *cabane* nestled under the hill at the turn of the trail, for Sancho would put his at once on the end of the line, and pretty Rosa Maria only gave carrots to the lead-donkey, when Sancho lingered to sweeten his labors with a bit of love-making, before attacking the straight-up steep and the open sun.

It was green and cool under the buckeyes and madroños of the bottom, and the train of little, grey, long-eared, beasts was nothing loath to steal an extra moment under no more load than the big hook-saddles. Also, the leader liked the carrot—or sometimes it was a sweet turnip—from the slim, brown fingers of Rosa Maria. But Miguel never could resist the temptation to set the too-patient Lucia to squealing and backing, thus throwing the line into confusion.

"'Tain't wise to put them two less 'n two rod apart," old Bill, the boss, used to say with a grin.

Besides, Miguel had not been a wood-carrier—shifting the heaviest loads, on account of his superior skill and weight—for seven years for nothing. Bear Creek was lying in the shadow now, although the sun, sinking toward the Pacific, beamed with undiminished ardor upon the denuded heights, fain to draw a veil of blueberry and chaparral over the nakedness uncovered by the hand of man. Miguel, knowing that this would be his last trip for the night, was minded also to make of it the shortest. The rear burro would be the first one dropped on the upward march, at the 'royo, where Salvator and Dominick were cutting into cordwood the battered giant whose honorable scars had saved him from the millmen all these years. Perhaps if Bill had realized how matters stood between Salvator and Dominick he would not have put them to work together on the grandfather redwood. But he was more in the habit of knowing the foibles of his donkeys, who stayed with him year after year, than of his "Dagoes," whom the Company sent out to him season by season.

The pair labored, for the most part, in silence—a desperate sign among youth of the gay nationality. They sawed, and wedged, and split so fast, on their perilously angled foothold, that now and again the train-driver had to leave them an extra pack-bearer, cutting off old Pedro, who worked alone high up among the small stuff, until the next trip.

To the other choppers scattered over the slopes, Sancho commented freely on the volcanic state of things below, and finally went to Bill about it. Old Bill pushed back his hat and pulled his beard. "The

deuce you say!" he remarked, slowly, "I'll separate 'em tomorrow." Sancho had come back to him several summers now, and he knew him for a careful man, whose advice had proved valuable more than once in settling strained conditions among his black-browed henchmen.

"That girl'll be the death of me yet!" he growled, half to himself. "She'll have the whole camp by the ears, they're all so cracked after her. You'd think there warn't another young foreign female in the county." At which the driver sniggered, sheepishly self-conscious.

"Can't have no ructions right away, anyhow," his superior finished decidedly. "The Comp'ny's got a big contrac' for the City to get out this month"—San Francisco is "The City" thro' the second tier of counties around the bay and far beyond them—"an' the stuff's all got to be in Boulder by the twenty-second."

He was not, however, reckoning on Miguel.

As Salvator laid his last stick over the load, and buckled the straps fast, he saw by the sun's dip that before many minutes all the distant saw-mill whistles would be screaming their signal to quit. Giving the little beast the word to go, he turned to start a few wedges ready for the morning.

Miguel stepped out gingerly, feeling his way with a careful fore-foot, his great pack rocking like some small schooner on a wintry sea, as he sidled this way and that among the brushes, down the ragged arroyo to the lesser steep, and then, still slanting down, across to the heavy fringe along the creek-trail. Here he dawdled, deliberately. None of the other burros were likely to come down to crowd him from behind, just yet, and he was pleased to enjoy the moist woodiness of the bottom, snatching here and there a mouthful of young leaves, before he passed the *cabane*, with its tempting garden stretching up behind. He clattered over the narrow bridge, and clambered to the cart-track that eventually brought him to the main highway and the unloading ground.

So intent was he upon his enjoyment, stolen under burthen, that when Rosa Maria trod lightly up behind him, coming with her *olla* on her shoulder from the trail's end, where the spring-branch leapt into the Bear twenty feet below, he refused to budge to let her by. The girl, well akin to the wilful creature in her love for the wild and her own sweet way, was quite content to loiter lazily in his wake amid the green. And thus it was that Salvator, swinging rapidly down toward supper and the evening hour's relaxing, came upon her safe from old Juana's maternal eye, and bade her set aside the great jar to hear his heart's desire.

Ever since the big Fourth-of-July dance at Boulder, when the sons of the old Spanish settlers of San Lorenzo vied with the sons of Italia from the wood-camps for her favor, and certain offspring of Uncle Sam, from the mills and the team-gangs joined with unaffected heartiness in the general attempt to turn the pretty head of the little Mexican maid, Dominick Nicola had been mad for a smile from Rosa Maria. All the black blood in his mighty body seethed and churned when her laughing eyes lit upon some meaner fellow. As well for his handsome, open face as for the distant taint

of vendetta between their bygone peoples, his hate had fastened on Salvator as his likeliest rival.

It had been bad enough while they were working over beyond Bear Creek. Then, to his jealous soul, every evening's absence from the loafing-place before the bunkhouse meant a stolen interview, and Sunday was a day of torment unless he knew the youngster had struck out for town. But since the Boss had determined upon clearing the hill above the squatter's homestead, and the twain had been forced to skirt the little *cabane* in company four times a day because he dared not risk Salvator's luck alone, his life had been a hell.

For two days the big man had been struggling with a mania to destroy. Not necessarily to the death, he reasoned cunningly—a slip of the axe, or an aggravated misstep would be so easy—and, the boy packed off for repairs, perhaps he could make good with his *carissima*. The thing that held him back was a sudden blind hope sprung from a dropping glance. Tonight he would put it to the test, and deliberately he let Salvator start alone when the whistles blew, apparently set on conquering a certain knot before the stopped working.

If only Miguel had not kicked at patient Lucia, if only Sancho had left him in the lead, he would have been far up among the chaparral yet, and pretty Rosa Maria would have been baking crisp *tortillas* on her mother's American cook-stove—bought with the proceeds of turnips, and carrots, and salad, fresh from the garden—instead of dallying with her water-jar along the wood trail. With head bent and cheek aflame under the young Neapolitan's outpouring of passion, how could she see the distorted face bent above them from the manzanita thicket?

The truant burro brayed blatantly at some goading sound behind him, and broke into a joggling trot that carried him rapidly over his road until he met old Bill on his stout brown nag in the cart-way. Bill pulled to one side respectfully for the burden-bearer to pass, but the little grey beast's spectacle-ringed gaze fell upon him with open disfavor, and, wheeling suddenly in his tracks, he made off across the creek again, calling vociferously as he went.

"That blame jackass's got one of his pesky spells agen!" grumbled the Boss aloud. "He ain't a-goin' to run far with that load on—but if he sh'd happen to meet up with another jack in one of them narrer streaks he'd raise Ned! Guess I'd better head him off." Putting spur to the small mountain mare he scurried up the grass-grown track a few rods, flung the rein over Lady Betty's nose, and tramping with a sure foot upon the spray-dashed boulders in the rushing stream, scrambled hastily up the further bank among the bay bushes.

"If it hadn't been for that damn fool Miguel," he said to Sancho, anxiously kicking his heels on the corded piles, an hour later, "them two innocents cou'd 'a weltered the life out of 'em up there on the trail, an' no one known nuthin' of it, mebbe, till they was cold. That dirty Dominick's knife was sharp! Salvator's got to be sewed up consider'ble, I guess, when the boys get the doctor out here. But the girl ain't so bad!"

"Good for go to Boulder Sunday, you t'ink?" his train driver questioned, eagerly. "Tonight I spik ol' Ramon an' Tia Juana. Sunday I go for marry Rosa Maria."

San Jose, Cal

THE FIRST MAIL ROUTE IN CALIFORNIA

By W. J. HANDY.



THE first regular mail-route in California was put in operation by the following order:

Arrangements for transporting the Mail between San Diego and San Francisco.

To commence on Monday, the 19th April, 1847.

To be carried on horseback by a party to consist of two soldiers, starting every other Monday from San Diego and San Francisco, the parties to meet at *Capt. Dana's Ranch*, the next Sunday, to exchange Mails.

Then start back on their respective routes, the next Monday morning and arrive at San Diego and San Francisco on the Sunday following and so continuing.

The mail will thus be carried once in a fortnight from San Diego to San Francisco and return.

From San Diego the mail will arrive at San Luis Rey Monday evening, at the Pueblo de Los Angeles Wednesday noon, at Santa Barbara Friday evening, at *Capt. Dana's Ranch* Sunday evening, at Monterey Thursday evening, at San Francisco Sunday evening.

Letters and Papers carried free of expense.

By order

BRIG. GEN. S. W. KEARNEY.

The carriers, or couriers, followed the road or trail laid out from one Mission to another, known as "Camino Real."

The order does not mention all the Missions en route, but there is no doubt that a stop was made at each one; for it was only at these places that there was any settlement, hamlet or miniature village.

The arrival of the mail-carrier brought messages and news from Alta and Baja regions—what ships had arrived, what passengers, what was doing at San Diego, Los Angeles, Monterey, San Francisco, at the Missions and along the road; for under his broad sombrero was carried the contents of a weekly newspaper, to be read for the asking and without a subscription.

This being the first regular mail-route in California, it must also be credited as the first free rural-delivery route in the United States. But think of mail taking fourteen days in transit, when the same journey is now made in an equal number of hours, and complaint is made if the expected letters or daily papers are delayed even a short time.

The meeting place of the two carriers was at *Dana's Ranch*, and a brief description of this place will be interesting. I am indebted to Mr. H. C. Dana, son of the captain, and born and brought up at the ranch-home, for information concerning most of this article. He tells me he remembers the arrival of the mail and knew the carriers.

It was an event of greater interest to him than boys of today take in the daily visits of the mail, and, boy-like, he wished the day would come when *he* could ride and carry mail.

William G. Dana was born in Boston, 1797. Having a good education, he was sent, while a young man, by an uncle who was engaged in trade in the Pacific waters, on a trip which took him first to China, where he remained two years; then to the Sandwich Islands, where he remained some time as a buyer and shipper. From there, in command of his own ship, he arrived at Santa Barbara in 1820. So delighted was he with the country that, disposing of his vessel, he engaged in business and became a permanent resident.

In 1828 he married Josepha Carrillo, daughter of Governor Don



CAPT. WM. G. DANA From an old print

Carlos Carrillo. In 1835 he applied for and came into possession of the Nipomo Ranch, which was afterward patented to him by the United States.

It was a lordly domain of 3,800 acres. (If you are curious as to its limits, figure it out—640 acres being a mile square.) This ranch extended from the ocean to the mountains. Not all agricultural land, but surely enough in those days of early living. The dwelling house, large and roomy, two stores, with the usual court or *patio*, was built in the early thirties, and, while its material was of adobe, it stands today in excellent condition.

For many years it was the only dwelling between San Luis Obispo and Santa Barbara, the stopping place for all travellers—for Captain Dana was widely known with his kind, courteous manner and open-

hearted hospitality. And what a place for a rest, with its large herds of cattle and sheep, and horses running wild and uncounted! The house was so situated that a view was had for miles in either direction. There were servants to anticipate every possible want, and all was contented and happy.

The Mexican Governors and their escorts, revolutionary leaders of either party, Mission fathers, Indians, no matter who came, all were welcome and no charge made. The latch-string hung out day and night, for Captain Dana was an American and neutral as to political events.

Frémont was several times a guest. Army officers en route between stations were often there. At one time a party of English scientists made a home there for a month, exploring and collecting specimens.

On one occasion Frémont, on one of his rapid rides, came to the ranch with a company of about sixty men, and, being in a strenuous hurry, made known his need of a change of horses, dismounted, turned his own jaded horses loose, and with lariat captured others from Captain Dana's herd and rode on—all in a few moment's time.

In 1848, the steamer Edith was wrecked nearby. Captain Dana took officers and crew to his home, entertaining them for a considerable time. Just before their departure, knowing their needs (for the wreck had left them sadly destitute), he put a sum of money in each room, sufficient to meet their expenses to their homes. It was done so politely it could not be taken as an act of ostentatious charity. A guide and horses were furnished to take them to Monterey, where a vessel could be found to carry them to their destination.

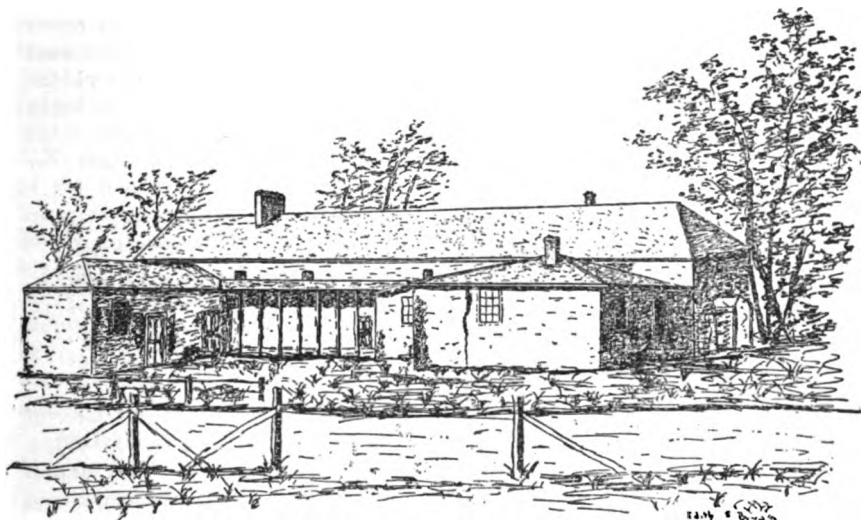
An amusing story is related of a band of Tulare Indians who stopped at the ranch on the way to the beach to gather strawberries. They were fed and had the use of the barns for lodging. On their return trip the Indians were in breech-clouts, having filled their trousers and shirts with berries for Mrs. Dana. The thank-offering was accepted with courtesy and *Muchas Gracias*, as the narrator says, "No matter what she did with the gift when they were gone."

Casa de Dana was one of the houses where a welcome was without limit in the good old *ranchero* days, when the great land-owners were lords of the country. Old settlers delighted to recount the good times they used to have with *El Capitan Dana*, and his equally hospitable wife and family. For a visit in those days was not simply a formal call, but was often extended a week or more, and, with hunting, fishing and other entertainments, made an occasion to be remembered and a repetition of it wished for.

In 1828, when in need of a vessel for the coast trade, Captain Dana undertook to build one near Santa Barbara, where Elwood now stands. It was a difficult task in those days, for there was not

a machine-shop or saw-mill this side of the Missouri river. Mechanics were scarce, and so were tools. The timbers for the vessel were either hewn with an adze or sawed by hand. A long trench was dug; over this trench a log would be rolled and one man below the log and another on top would work with a long saw from end to end until the plank or timber was completed. Notwithstanding all these difficulties, and with the aid of sailors who had drifted to this coast, a beautiful schooner was built and named "La Fama." It was famous, for it was the first vessel built in California.

When ready to be launched, and a day set for the occasion, the neighbors from far and near came over with their oxen, to the



THE DANA HOMESTEAD

number of forty or more pair, under the belief it would require that many to move the vessel to the water. Their offer was declined with thanks, and when the natives saw the schooner sliding on the ways built, and liberally tallowed for the occasion, right into the stream, they could not help admiring the Yankee ingenuity and gave vent to their wonder and appreciation with cheers and Mexican expressions, impossible to be put into print. A dinner followed and *El Capitan Dana* was called *Bueno Americano*.

This article could easily be extended many times its length with matter relative to this historic place and its princely proprietor.

Captain Dana died in 1858, leaving a large family, many of whom still reside within the limits of the old farm.

Pasadena, Cal.



As a comprehensive, readable and usually accurate summing-up of recent progress in scientific agriculture, W. S. Harwood's *The New Earth* is of some contemporary importance. The note of enthusiastic interest rings in it throughout, and the author's drag-net has been cast into many waters, with the result that some of the catch, as served up, is rather remotely connected with the main subject. But it is all interesting and most of it reliable. The more is the pity that there should be repeated stumbles, caused sometimes, apparently, by a desire for picturesqueness which has led to overstatement, sometimes by sheer carelessness. The first paragraph of the first chapter is a fair specimen of this sacrifice of accuracy to the desire for effectiveness. Mr. Harwood says:

Dust-blown and blizzard-swept, with a lean, weed-grown soil on which scrawny kine and stunted crops were raised, the Old Earth was far from paradise. The cheerless, desolate home, often untidy and usually cursed with food unfit to eat, the ever-growing mountain of debt, the deadening desolation, the lack of opportunity for cultivation, the steadily growing dislike of it all, not infrequently deepening into hate,—these were the things of the Old Earth.

Unless this is intended for a fair picture of the average American farm of forty or fifty years ago, it has no particular meaning. If it be so intended, it is entirely misleading. Certainly it bears slight resemblance to my grandfather's farm, which I knew pretty well thirty-five or forty years ago, nor to the great majority of those which I have known since then.

A little later on he speaks of glacial action in the formation of soil, as follows:

. . . the soil of the earth was valueless until the all-wise Ruler put his great ice-mills to grinding, throwing into the mighty hopper boulders and hills of stone, and here and there the huge slice of a hoary mountain. When the mills had finished the grinding and had discharged their product over the earth, there appeared the beginnings of the soil of today.

Impressive this may be, but only fractionally true—and a small fraction at that. So far as the evidence goes, the "great ice-mills" played no important part in the formation of soil until a comparatively recent geological period. The richest and most profuse vegetation in the history of the planet covered the earth countless centuries before the Glacial Age, and a considerable part of the most fertile soil today is in sections where there is no evidence of glacial action at any time.

"In 1700, under the great impetus of Linnaeus, father of modern botany," says Mr. Harwood. Karl von Linné was born in 1707, and the impetus which he had given to anything in 1700 is probably negligible. The proportion of carbon dioxide in the air is not one to twenty-five thousand, as stated, but about one to twenty-five hundred by weight. Protoplasm is neither "the high-

est attribute of [vegetable] life," nor is it "very life itself." Four degrees Fahrenheit is not the equivalent of one and eight-tenths Centigrade, but of about two and two-tenths.

Mr. Harwood speaks of "the greatest lemon orchard in the world, full thirty thousand acres," the context making it clear that he refers to the vicinity of San Diego. San Diego raises a good many lemons—and fine ones—but there is nothing which can be reasonably described as a lemon orchard of 30,000 acres there, or anywhere else in the world. In describing the work of the Reclamation Service, he says: "The amount of money each settler pays is small—twenty dollars, in ten annual installments." He probably intends to say twenty dollars per acre, though nothing in the context assures this. Furthermore the amount to be paid by the settler will vary quite widely in different districts, depending upon the cost of the particular project and the acreage benefited. The lowest actual cost-estimate so far made is \$18.50 per acre—for the Klamath Lake project; the highest is about \$45. Neither was there a fund of thirty million dollars accumulated for this work "to begin with." The amount available under the Reclamation Act, June 30, 1902, approximated \$7,745,000. Four years later the aggregate of moneys expended or available had reached nearly \$32,000,000.

Thes description of the part played by the Blastophaga in the production of the Smyrna fig is not only singularly incomplete but inaccurate, while the clear implication that the increase in the cured-fig output of California from 360,000 pounds in 1891 to 5,000,000 to 7,000,000 pounds annually at present has been wholly or mainly due to the successful experiment in caprification is far from sound. The average pack of cured figs in California in the five years ending 1899 was 3,000,000 pounds. The total pack of the California Smyrna fig in 1900—the first year in which it was of much importance—did not greatly exceed 12,000 pounds. It is considerably larger than that now, but is still nowhere near to being the larger share of the total product.

One more quotation will serve to illustrate a certain weakness for purple patches which, for my taste, disfigures Mr. Harwood's style.

If but during one generation of the New Earth, in which man in the mass has learned more about these enemies than he had ever known before, there should have been a universal abandonment of this concerted effort to keep down the weeds of the globe, the gaunt figure of Famine, arm in arm with Disease, and both overshadowed by Death, would today stalk unmolested across the earth and men would rapidly approach the same extermination he now must wage against this tireless foe of his race.

I do not wish to be understood as condemning this book, nor even as "praising it with faint damns." On the contrary, its very interest and value have led me to call attention to these faults—which can well enough be removed in future editions. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.75 net.

No one "series" on my book-shelves has yielded larger and more constant dividends of satisfaction than the Doubleday-Page "Nature Library." Without a single exception these volumes are accurate, entertaining and beautiful. To the list is now added Julia E. Rogers's *The Tree Book*—a popular guide to a knowledge of North American trees, their cultivation and their uses. The warmest words of praise are none too warm for this superb manual. The greater part of the book is occupied by such exact, yet interesting, descriptions, aided by several hundred choice illustrations, as will help any intelligent reader to a swift and sure acquaintance with any of the

A SURE
DIVIDEND
PAYER

"People with the Green Heads" to whom his path may lead him. There are added parts on Forestry, including chapters on profitable tree-planting and the pruning and care of trees; on the Uses of Wood; and on the Life of the Trees.

Ungracious though it may seem, I must call attention to two slips of the very few I observe. One is a contradiction between the text and the appendix, one setting the age-limit of our "Big Tree—*Sequoia Wellingtonia* or *gigantea*—at above 5,000 years, while the other cuts it down to a paltry 2,000 years. The former statement is the correct one. Similarly, the appendix limits the height of the Redwood—*Sequoia sempervirens*—to 325 feet, while the text correctly allows it to reach 400 feet. Neither is it a fact that the Petrified Forest of Arizona has been "nabbed by a syndicate and cut up into paper weights." It is true that a syndicate did attempt this operation and did remove a considerable quantity of the fossilized wood—some hundreds or thousands of tons, perhaps. But this was stopped before the gentlemen with commercial minds had even "made a dent" on the millions of tons that are scattered over many square miles; and the whole tract is now under the protection of the National Government. These minute flaws, however, are hardly worth mentioning, and I repeat that the warmest praise is none too warm for this book. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. \$4 net.

SCHOLARSHIP

MADE

ENTERTAINING

At the forefront of Ernest Ingersoll's *The Life of Animals* stands this quotation from Elliot Coues:

It is possible to make natural history entertaining and attractive as well as instructive, with no loss in scientific precision, but with great gain in stimulating, strengthening, and confirming the wholesome influence which the study of the natural sciences may exert upon the higher grades of mental culture; nor is it a matter of little moment so to shape the knowledge which results from the naturalist's labors that its increase may be susceptible of the widest possible diffusion.

This book is itself a distinguished illustration of how to do that which Dr. Coues declared could and should be done. It limits its field to the lives of mammals, and covers that field discriminatingly and as thoroughly as is possible in 500-odd pages. Its scholarly accuracy is everywhere enlivened by anecdote, incident, curious observation, and sometimes quaint error. Here is a very brief sample:

Among the strange conceptions of the animal which furnished the [fossil] ivory that arose among people ignorant of elephants was that of the Chinese, who said it must be a mole ("mammoth" is derived from a Tatar-Russian term, meaning earth burrower), because its remains were always found underground. This was not so illogical as the pious hypothesis held in Europe that these bones were those of St. Christopher.

What an enormous quantity of material must be gathered and digested to produce such a volume as this is evidenced by the list of "Authorities Cited," which numbers up to 273, while nearly as many more (I should say offhand) are referred to in the text though not included in the index. The illustrations are numerous and interesting, and include fifteen colored plates, twelve of which were drawn by the author's daughter. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$2 net.

A VERY

PROPER

HERO

The first glimpse of "Monsieur Maurus Tolna" allowed us by Bertha Runkle reveals him upon the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House, as *Lohengrin*, and this is the way he looks:

Tall, slender, straight, his silver armor against the dark curtain gleaming with unearthly radiance, his outstretched hand grasping his shining sword, his great, grave eyes looking not at, but past the audience, like eyes that see visions—he was the very incarnation of the militant angel, heaven-sent to champion, to right distresses

Off the stage, with his "pale distinguished face" bearing "the indefinable but mistakable look of race," his "extraordinary personal beauty," and his "pleading eyes, almond-shaped under wide, level brows and grave as with all the sorrows of the world," he is even more interesting. Add to this that he is accredited with being "as shy of the world, as much out of sympathy with our life, as much wrapt in his ideals as a young monk," it is small wonder

that he makes fifty thousand a year and is adored by the Matinee Girl. If *The Truth About Tolna* proves to be less romantic and more amusing than might have been anticipated from this introduction, that is not my fault but the author's. The Century Co., New York. \$1.50.

Herbert Quick's *Double Trouble*, to which the author has given the alternative title of *Every Hero His Own Villain*, was quite sufficiently amusing as the rather intricate farce-comedy for which it was intended. It adds a new zest to my enjoyment of it to find it reviewed in a "Twentieth Century Review of Opinion," as "a popular study of one of the latest assured results of modern psychology—the subliminal self or double personality." The reviewer closes his appreciative and learned summary and comment by assuring us that, "The author has made a faithful study of known cases of double personality and has followed the revelations in such cases with laudable fidelity." Which I can best cap with the final words which the author allows to "Professor Blatherwick, expert in hypnosis, suggestion, clairvoyance, occultism, and the rest.

WORKING
THE
PUBLIC

"Packing, Clara?" said he. "Vell, vere shall ve vork te hypot'esis ant te public next? I shall pe glad vunce more to hit te pike. Dis gase, vile supliminally great stuff, is pretty vell vorked out; not?"

Of a truth, it is to laugh. Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis. \$1.50.

The political "boss" of today is commonly the paid servant of some one or more of the great "interests"—the public utility corporations—and his function is to carry into effect the decisions of minds more powerful and subtle than his own. In the elder days he was of another breed, now almost extinct. His rule was a mater of personal prowess, and he exacted tribute instead of drawing wages. It is a politician of this more virile, if no less dangerous, type, whom Winston Churchill has made the central figure in his *Coniston*. "Jethro Bass" is avowedly drawn from life, or rather from the memories of men yet living of the remarkable personages who was his original, and Mr. Churchill, in an afterword, declares his purpose of depicting conditions which he "belives to be typical of the Era over a large part of the United States." It is a penetrating study of method, motive and character—with a charming girl and a happy-ending love story to help along the interest. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.50

Prescott F. Hall's *Immigration* appears as the first of a series on American Public Problems. The publishers announce their intention to extend this until it "covers the field of controverted topics in American political, economic and social affairs, in which there is any wide-spread public interest," devoting each volume to a single, definite question and handling each question exhaustively and impartially. This would seem to be a pretty large order and one which—since new questions arise at least as rapidly as old ones are disposed of—is not likely ever to be entirely filled. However that may be, each such volume as the one with which the series is introduced is worth while in itself. Its studies of the racial, economic, social and political effects of immigration are of particular value. Henry Holt & Co., New York. \$1.00 net.

I am inclined to define Arthur Stringer's *The Wire-Tappers* as a moral story about immoral people. It deals with the meeting of a young man and woman in the "world of graft" of New York City, into which each has been pushed by circumstances too powerful for them; with their love at first sight; and with their efforts to gain by "crooked" means enough money to enable them to live "straight." The tale of their adventures is swift and thrilling. The book has been objected to as liable to lead innocence astray by its fascinating pictures of criminal life. I cannot regard the point as well taken. This is no alluring picture of the triumphs of a brilliant and all-fascinating Raffles, but one with gnawing tragedy shown clearly at every turn. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$1.50.

I should be inclined to agree with the publishers of Edwin Carlile Litsey's *The Race of the Swift* that the animal-tragedies included under that title, "although intensely exciting, are kept strictly within the range of probability," were it not for the yarn about the "Ghost Coon." "The lore of the wood-kind," so runs the account, "taught that this place was haunted by the ghost

of a big coon, and that death awaited the invader into his precincts. By a secret telegraphic code, by purrings and by barks there was not a denizen of the wild but knew the fact." Which would be intensely exciting to students of Animal Psychology, if it could be made to appear within the range of probability. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$1.25.

There may reasonably be differences of opinion as to who has been the best among American actors; as to who has been the best-beloved there is no doubt whatever. In the preface to his *Joseph Jefferson* Francis Wilson disclaims any intention of writing either a biography or a critical appreciation of the friend who was so long dean of his own profession, but offers the volume solely as a collection of personal recollections arising from many years of friendly association. Nevertheless one might gain a very fair idea of the real Jefferson, both as artist and personally, from this book alone. It is well illustrated and altogether entertaining. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$2.00 net.

No one writes about fishing more enthusiastically or more readably than Charles Frederick Holder, and he is besides a sound scholar. The combination makes his *Log of a Sea Angler* quite irresistible. It is drawn entirely from his own experiences on many seas. His "Golden Rule of all true anglers" is worth noting—"never to kill a fish that he cannot use." Second only in importance comes the rule of giving the fish fair play. On this point it might be interesting to get the fish's opinion of what fair play really is. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; Stoll & Thayer Co., Los Angeles. \$1.50 net.

Better stories than Andy Adams writes of the old cattle country and the robust breed of men to whom its adventurous hardships were but the commonplace of the day's work have not yet appeared—nor are they likely to appear. Those now gathered under the title *Cattle Brands* cover all the range from farce-comedy to the grimmest tragedy. Most, if not all, of them are actual reminiscences from the many years during which Mr. Adams earned his living on the cattle trail. Houghton Mifflin & Co., Boston. Stoll & Thayer Co., Los Angeles. \$1.50.

Given a youthful but learned English Dean and his conventionally-minded wife as the sole survivors of a wreck in the Southern Seas, living on a Polynesian island for twenty years alone save for the beautiful daughter born during the first year, then let a small but very much mixed company be marooned by mutineers and reach the same island—there you have the situation in *The Seamaid*. Ronald Macdonald handles it very cleverly, blending romance, adventure and humor. Henry Holt & Co., New York. \$1.50.

Sixteen humorous stories in a string have usually a distinctly cloying effect upon one's appetite for that special form of literary effort, but I did not find that to be the case with those told by Nelson Lloyd under the title, *Six Stars*—the name of the little Pennsylvania town which furnishes the actors for Mr. Lloyd's little comedies. He may very well be a modest man, on the theory advanced by one of his characters that "generally speaking, only them is modest as can afford it." Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.50.

My only criticism against *The Words of Garrison* is that the quotations are too brief and there are not enough of them. The compilers say that the "Words" seem to them "still vital with spiritual insight, strength, catholicity, consolation, and cheer, and worthy to wing their flight anew." And so they are. The volume includes a biographical sketch and sundry interesting appendical matter. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; Stoll & Thayer Co., Los Angeles. \$1.25 net.

Tuxedo Avenue to Water Street is the story of the almost miraculous transplanting of a fashionable church from the aristocratic neighborhood where it was of no use to the near-by slum which needed it, the *deus ex machina* being an eccentric English noblewoman. In the result, the transplanting proved quite as profitable to the church as to its new neighbors. Amos R. Wells tells the story. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. \$1.00.

CHARLES AMADON MOODY.

SANTA CRUZ

The Home City of the Pacific Coast

By H. R. JUDAH, JR.



THE reader will turn to page 462 of Hittell's "History of California," Volume I, he will find the following words: "He found the spot chosen by Lasuen a beautiful location near the ocean, not more than a musket shot from the San Lorenzo river, with considerable level land of great fertility and capable of easy and plentiful irrigation, and within a mile or two of the mountains, which were densely covered with redwood and pine trees. Within a league there was timber enough to build many large towns. Springs abounded, and there was limestone near by. Throughout the whole length of the country from San Diego to San Francisco, as Sal reported to Governor Romeu, there was no other place so well supplied with natural advantages."

Such was the location of the City of the Holy Cross, now a modern seaside community of twelve thousand people, possessing a mild and equable climate, embowered in flowers, surrounded by beautiful mountain and ocean scenery, and having all the requisites of the ideal site for the health-seeker and the home-builder.

Santa Cruz lies eighty miles directly south of San Francisco on the northern shore of Monterey Bay, and is surrounded on the east and north by the famous Santa Cruz Mountains, while on the west a spur of the same range projects a sheltering arm protecting the city from the full strength of the summer trade winds. Thus it will be seen that the Surf City is endowed by the Almighty with natural attractions rare in quality and of two kinds—the mighty ocean at her feet and the shaded depths of the mountains at her back. The onward march of civilization has made it possible for



Western End of Cliff Drive, Santa Cruz



Photo by Mission Art Co., San Jose

Fishing on the San Lorenzo River near Santa Cruz

the pleasures of her famous beach and the attractions of her Big Trees to be accessible one to the other by rail or carriage the year round. Santa Cruz challenges the world to show like conditions anywhere, that are of such delight and interest to the traveler within her gates and to her own people.

An added charm of Santa Cruz is her climate; and why is it charming? Because the air is exhilarating, because it is healthy, because it makes you feel as though you can go, go, go and never be tired, because it is crisp. There are three hundred cloudless days in a year. It is never too hot and never too cold. The thermometer rarely registers more than eighty-five degrees in summer, and the average winter temperature, figured on a basis of fifteen years, is fifty degrees. There is an average rainfall per annum of thirty-three inches. There is fog in the summer-time, and despite any



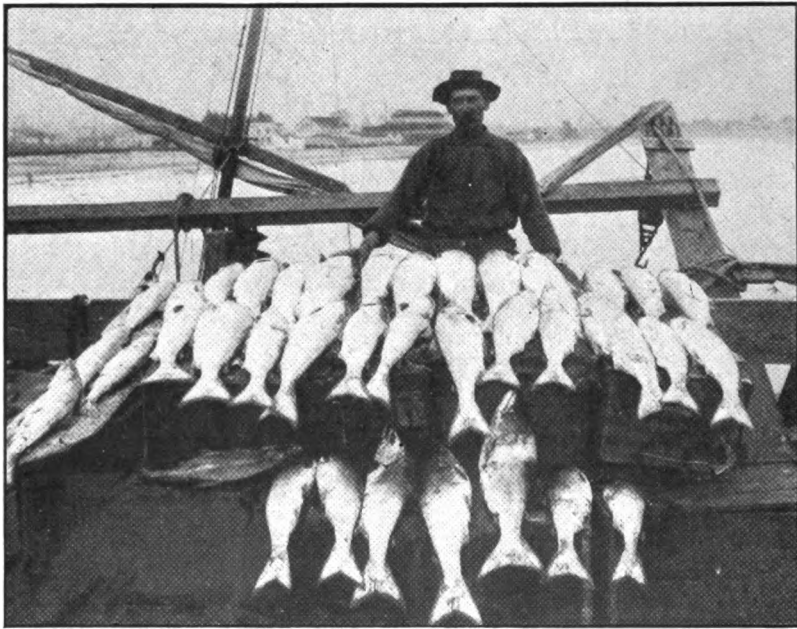
Starting Point for a Salmon Fishing Expedition
Sea Beach Hotel in Background

statements to the contrary, it is of great aid to Santa Cruz, as well as to any other coast city of California. There are no strong winds at Santa Cruz, except in winter; in summer the trade winds dispel the fog, and in winter they blow up the rain from the south, sometimes with great force.

Who would love to fish for salmon on a bay in the morning, and whip the streams for trout in the afternoon? Let him come to Santa Cruz. Prof. David Starr Jordan has decided that no American body of water contains a greater variety of fish than the bay whose waters lap the shore of the City of the Holy Cross. The Santa Cruz County Fish Hatchery at Brookdale, in the San Lorenzo Cañon, twelve miles north of Santa Cruz, is owned exclusively by the county and maintained by the Board of Supervisors working in conjunction with the Southern Pacific Company. This hatchery once a year stocks the two hundred linear miles of stream in the county with four or five varieties of American trout and salmon. Next autumn four million

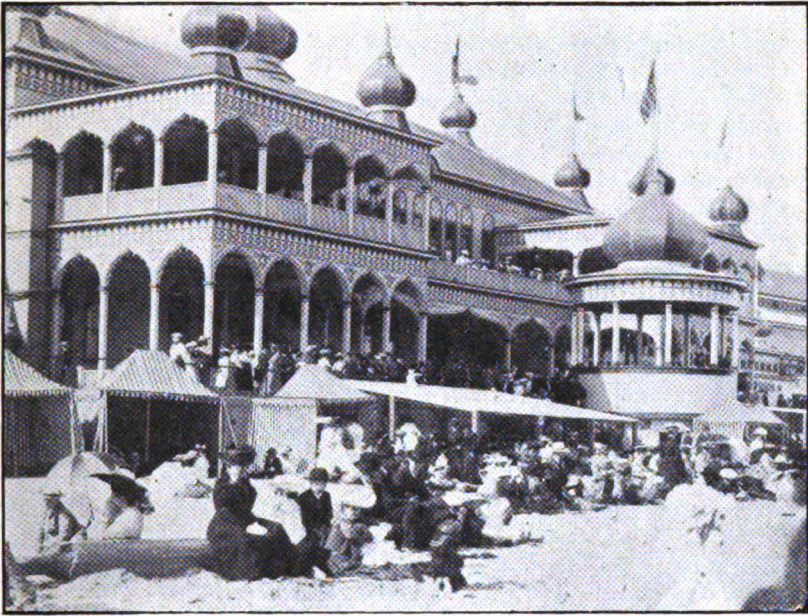
salmon will be "planted" in the San Lorenzo river. Within two years Santa Cruz must be recognized as the fisherman's choice the world over. There is good reason—she has *quality, quantity and variety* of fish, second to none; and she has stream and deep-water fishing, the one directly adjacent to the other.

Splendid drives, horseback excursions and automobiling tours are popular forms of enjoyment for thousands annually. The Cliff Drive skirts the southwestern side of the city for a distance of three miles, and an afternoon spent in whizzing along next to the booming breakers as they crash unceasingly against the well-worn cliffs, sometimes throwing the spray in your very face, is the acme of exhilarating and healthful enjoyment. Or, if fancy dictates, an excursion into the mountains over the world-famous Big Tree



One Man's Salmon Catch
Made with hook and line, Jan. 10, 1896, in front of Sea Beach Hotel, Santa Cruz

Drive may be in order. Your road leads directly north from Santa Cruz, following the San Lorenzo River Cañon for twenty-three miles, and the most gorgeous panorama of mountain scenery unfolds itself. The first five miles brings you to the Big Trees, twenty acres of giant redwoods, the largest being 306 feet in height and twenty-one feet in diameter. Tens of thousands of travelers from every corner of the globe have visited these trees and stood in their perennial shade, awe-stricken, gazing at their vastness. Continuing onward, your road leads through Felton, supported by the workers of the Holmes Lime Co.; Brookdale, the site of the Fish Hatchery and absolutely the most picturesque mountain-home settlement in California; Boulder Creek, rich lumbering town; finally reaching the California Redwood Park, familiarly known as the Big Basin. Here are found 3,500 acres of redwoods of the same species as the giants of the Big Tree Grove family (namely, *Sequoia sempervirens*), and it might be well to add that there is no place in California outside of the Big Basin where so many large trees



Band Stand and Casino, on the Beach at Santa Cruz



The usual Sunday Crowd at the Beach, Santa Cruz

can be seen at one time. The park being a permanent reservation of the state, all Californians have the pleasure of knowing that their great, natural and native monuments, the redwoods, and the plants which grow with them, will be saved for their descendants.

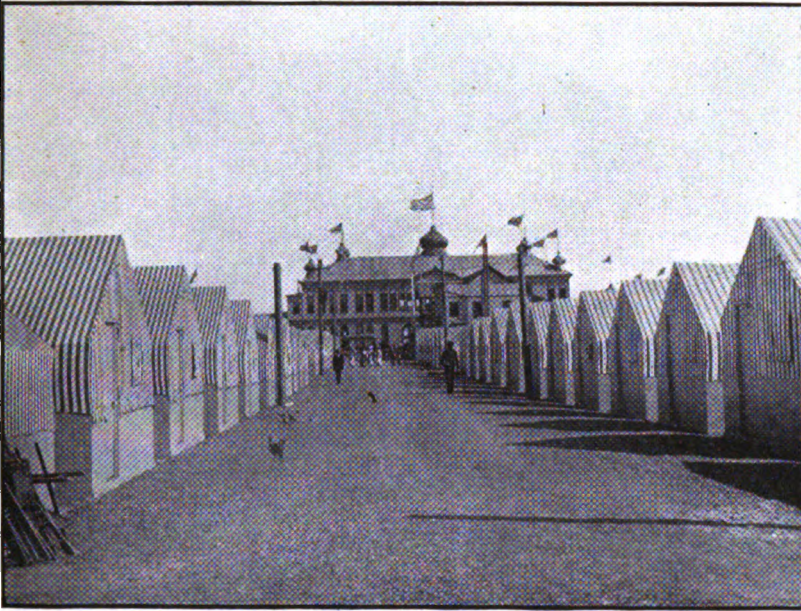
There is every reason why Santa Cruz should be proud of her beach, and its improvements which cost \$250,000. The beach, composed of the finest white sand, is a half mile in length and slopes gently for its whole length, thereby eliminating all danger of undertow. Sting-ray does not exist, and in fact an accident of a serious nature has never occurred at Santa Cruz due to conditions on the beach or in the water. Surf-bathing is superb and is indulged in the year round. The beach is protected on the west by a point of land running due south from the western extremity of the beach for a quarter of a mile. The improvements on the beach consist of an



The Brookdale Fish Hatchery Photo by Mission Art Co., San Jose

immense casino, which houses a penny arcade, curio store, barber shop, bar, surf bathing-rooms for ladies and gentlemen, band stand, grill rooms, offices and a large ball-room; plunge baths, the water in which runs in and out continuously; skating rink, having one of the finest floors on the coast; tent city, possessing over two hundred tents, scrupulously clean and very well managed; merry-go-round, electric pier, board walk, and a fine, hard, electric-lighted esplanade approach to the casino.

Santa Cruz has electric and water power, as well as oil, gas and wood for steam power in abundance. Oil for fuel is cheaper on the Bay of Monterey than at any other point on the Pacific Coast. There are wells at Watsonville, twenty miles distant, the product being shipped by rail, and the oil shipped by water to Santa Cruz comes from tide-water twenty miles south, from the pipe-line which supplies the product from Coalinga, in Fresno county. Raw materials for manufacturing purposes are: Fine woods for furniture, cement rock equal to the best European product, clay for fire-



One of the Cleanest and Best Managed Tent Cities in the United States
Santa Cruz Casino in background



Surf Bathing at Santa Cruz

brick and pottery purposes, sand for glass, and fruits for canning and processing.

Climatic and soil conditions are rare for the cultivation of seeds and bulbs. Viticulture is predominant amongst the fruit industries in the northern part of the country. Small berries of all descriptions and apples grow well near Santa Cruz. Strawberries are served on the tables for ten months of the year. Dairying is carried on extensively west of Santa Cruz. There are hundreds of sheltered locations with warm, sandy soil and abundance of water admirably adapted to the raising of poultry. A net income annually of one dollar and a half per fowl has been made by a Santa Cruz poultryman.

Situated near Santa Cruz are the following thriving industries: The California Powder Works, which manufactures the government smokeless powder; the Bituminous Rock Mine, exporting forty thousand tons of bitumen



Typical Cliff Drive Scene, Santa Cruz

annually; Kron's Tannery, shipping leather daily to the Orient and eastern cities; two lime companies, whose rock and the wood for its burning are found on the same hillside; and the Santa Cruz Portland Cement Company's plant (in course of construction), which will turn out from 6,000 to 9,000 barrels per day.

In addition to the industrial activity of Santa Cruz, her transportation facilities are unsurpassed. Two lines of railway and a line of steamers now connect her with the outside world, and upon the completion of the Ocean Shore Railway, with San Francisco and Santa Cruz as terminal points, transportation conditions will be as nearly perfect as could be desired.

The schools of Santa Cruz are fully accredited in the state universities and bear an enviable reputation for their standing and efficiency.

The City of the Holy Cross is well governed and is proud of its well-paved streets. Santa Cruzans drink the purest water in the world, and the management of the supply is a departure of the city government. A first-class



Big Trees Five Miles from the Famous Santa Cruz Beach



A Santa Cruz Residence Street

electric street-car service and excellent lighting facilities, both gas and electricity, are adjuncts to the pleasure of living in the Surf City. Many picturesque homes and an artistic Carnegie Library add materially to the beauty of the city. Shopping in Santa Cruz is a pleasure. It is not necessary to patronize larger cities to obtain satisfaction in buying any class of goods.

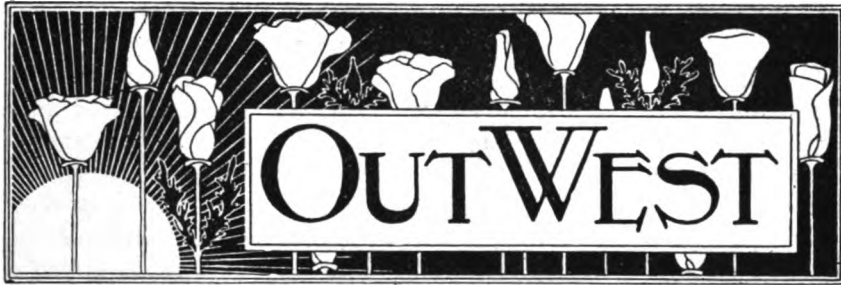
Hotel accommodations are absolutely first-class in Santa Cruz, and in addition to that fact there is an old saying, "It is cheaper to live in Santa Cruz than to stay at home," which means that full value for his money is given by Santa Cruz to the stranger within her gates.

And now, gentle reader, your patience is exhausted, but not your enthusiasm and determination to some day see the most priceless gem of California's array of jewels—fair Santa Cruz by the sea.





ROOF GARDEN OF THE LOS ANGELES PUBLIC LIBRARY AS SOON AS PLANTED
The Library is to the right. On top will be the second roof garden



Vol. XXV. No. 3

SEPTEMBER, 1906

BOOKS IN HARNESS

By CHAS. F. LUMMIS



BOOKS were first begot of the same instinct of self-preservation which has kept animal life going since the world began. It was to Save the life of Thought. Very soon after he had knocked two idle rocks together, and cradled the spark of their impact in a nest of leaves, and warmed therewith his stark body, man began to make literature to the warming of his mind. For ages this literature was printed only with his lips upon the page of his listener's ear—though it is well known that the original human memory was as lasting and as literal as our modern ink and paper. The enormous unwritten volume of literature still orally preserved by a half-savage tribe like the Navajos has probably fewer "misprints," and has been less likely to get "out of print," than our modern editions.

But so long ago that what we call history merely gropes for its period, the thinker of thoughts invented the Long Thought—a posterity for his mind, the saving of his immortal part. That desire to live after death which has given us all our creeds, was likewise the corner-stone of all our literature. And even in the infancy of the record of man, the devices for this intellectual immortality were competent. This might be expected; since every invention of the first magnitude was made by human beings long before the invention of civilization. The oldest books in the world are those which will still last longer than any made today—even as the oldest bound volumes printed with movable type, in printers' ink, and on paper, will now, after more than four centuries, outlast any book made today.

Within a reasonable definition, it is fair to call that a "book" which recorded in legible symbols, upon permanent material, the thoughts and the doings of men, to be read for the information of

men thereafter. There are few studies more fascinating than this of the development of the science of Saving Thought. It is truly, in phrase familiar by its modern development, "the art preservative of all arts." But this is not a monograph. It will be enough to "hit the high places" of that immemorial path, one of whose chief modern stations is the public library. The slow graduation from the pictorial to the graphic, from symbolism to record, to alphabets—the first of which walked a letter at a time, while the modern alphabets run in current script, and even so fast as to shorthand—the first multiplication of the individual record by slaves trained to copy; the enormous stride of chopping a sample copy on a block of wood, and teaching one iron slave to do the work of a hundred human ones; then the inevitable (and less ingenious but infinitely more fruitful) improvement of cutting the wooden block up into adjustable pieces (for the letter and picture-blocks with which our children still play, are only a "sport" of that 15th-century Xylography of the first printed books); the discovery (by probably the original ancestor of the first editor) that "manuscripts should not be rolled," but that the same amount of paper folded on the square was easier to handle and easier to save—there are ten thousand beautiful studies in the evolution of the book as we know and abuse it today.

The first development that we can reasonably call a book was in the clay tablets, "written green" and made permanent by baking, of the Chaldeans. These were what we would call, today, hymn books and prayer-books. Those which Dr. Peters has dug from the ruins of Nippur are believed to be of about the year 6000 before Christ. This considerably antedates any other thing produced by men which we can fairly call a book. As has been said, these "volumes" of well-nigh 8000 years ago will outlast any book made within the last thousand years. The Egyptians, the Chinese, the Persians, the Hebrews, the Greeks, and others, began making books in various forms far before the Christian era; and that gifted pessimist who wrote the book of Ecclesiastes (probably Solomon, the greatest "paragrapher" in history) some 2800 years ago, already complained that "of making many books there is no end." It is probably as good for his comfort as for ours that there is no Solomon today to put in one unforgettable verse his opinion of the modern Deluge. The first step toward paper was probably the use of a goatskin dressed on one side; much later followed by the familiar parchment. Between came the first paper—a tribute to the ingenuity of ancient man, but below his average invention in endurance—the fabric made of the pith of the papyrus. In a technical sense this was not paper at all—though our word "paper" comes from it—but it was the first manufactured article for the uses paper now fulfills. The first real paper was made by the Chinese very far back—we don't know when.

It was unknown in Europe until the Moors brought it to Spain in the 12th century. In 1150 the first paper-mill on record in Europe was started in Italy, at Fabriano, where the industry has been continuous ever since. Here again is a wonderfully interesting field in tracing the characteristic industry by which some vegetable fibre is felted by hand or machine to make a sheet which may tie up a piece of beefsteak or carry Shakespeare's thoughts to posterity forever. But again, "that is another story"—and so are the evolutions from the flint, the stylus, the quill, the xylographic block, the movable type through all the ingenuities which man learning from his predecessors has devised—for the perpetuation of our own desire, and incidentally for the instruction of those who come after. The only point in all this record of eight thousand years, and all its infinite variations, that I would be tempted to write a monograph upon is the somewhat disconcerting fact that with all our modern conveniences we are "progressing backward" in the essentials. Not only we *do* not make as good paper, ink, press-work and binding, as were used 400 years ago—we *can't*. Mr. Harriman, the railroad magnate, who is publishing a sumptuous set of volumes on an expedition to Alaska, financed by him and led by foremost scientists of this country, gave carte blanche to one of the most competent of Americans to make a lasting edition. A chapter of this editor's experience in trying to have paper made (at any price) that would last one century, not to say four, would make rather remarkable reading. This is all worth remembering; for there is a visible increase of consciousness as to the dignity of good workmanship and the artistic qualities of a book as against the natural modern tendency to produce books with a threshing machine, both as to speed and as to workmanship—and also as to proportion of the chaff-pile to the wheat. And of course the average literary and ethical value of books has been diluted enormously by the ease of production and the introduction of money-making and amusement among the factors which influence literature.

Nothing in all human history has changed more than the relation of the book to the people. Begun as a personal effort for perpetuity, as non-altruistic as the getting of children, the consciousness of not only its power but its responsibility as to others grew with the growth of its own mechanical improvement. The greatest book of all time is, more than any other, devised for the good of all people, and less for the personal gain of its many authors. Chronologically, it is not one of the oldest books; but in terms of use and universality it may fairly be called the first and the typical book. And we *do* call it *the* Book. Probably all other books put together have not done so much to cheer people, to give them hope—even to teach them, by unconscious example, the fit use of language. It is the foremost Rhetoric of the world. It is also the first and the greatest book,

even up to date, to acquire that function which is today recognized to an extent that involves billions of dollars, tens of thousands of professional workers, and hundreds of millions of readers. The Bible is the beginning of the public library—the book with which, and for which, was born the idea of actual universal circulation.

Many volumes have been written to trace the development of use from the individual book to the Book in Harness for the greatest good of the greatest number. A good many more books will have to be written to this wonderful and beautiful development of the idea which began:

“When our father, Adam, sat under a tree,
And scratched with a stick in the mold”:

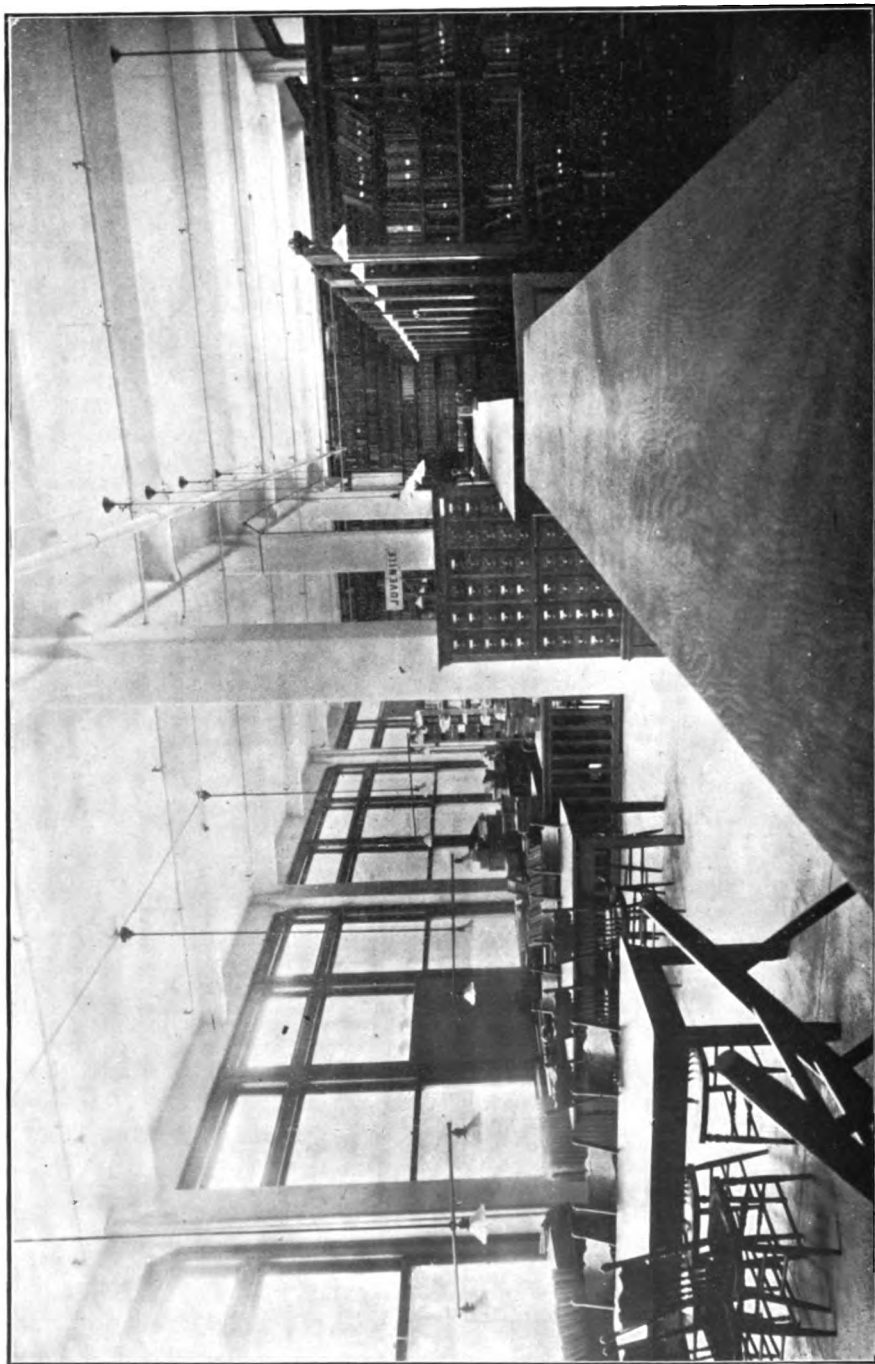
for no adequate presentment has yet been made. Not only the making but the assembling of books began exactly as the foundation of property began—namely, for personal possession. As man's horizon expanded, with realizing not only his rights towards the rest of the world (which even a chipmunk understands pretty well) but his obligations as toward that world, by degrees the use of these valuable records was passed to be shared by the family, the clan, the tribe and the nation, and all nations. The invention of the idea of sending a certain literature to the world probably began with the foundation of the Christian religion. Other bibles, entirely comparable in ethics, did not, after all, have the universal altruistic out-push and that “missionary spirit” which, for all the mistakes and worries and sorrows and wars it has made, has changed the geography, the politics, and even the domestic details of what we call, today, the civilized world. The foundations of the public library idea (which is, in its simplest terms, the spread of reading that will do good) may fairly be dated back to the Bible. This is true not only on the spiritual side; it is true as to the relations of this one book to the history of manuscript reproduction and of printing. A collection like that in the Lenox Library, New York—which has the foremost collection of bibles in America—is not only a marvellous treat to those who care for and understand good typography, noble binding, and the spirit which lies back of both; it is also enough to intimate the fact that this one book has done more than any other, or any dozen others, to evolve that development of printing upon which the world so largely depends today. Neither they themselves, nor any of their readers, would be likely off-hand to remember the fact; but even the yellow newspaper owes more to the Bible than to anything else. Some of us are occasionally sorry that it is professionally bankrupt as to its first debt!

The first assemblage of books into what can reasonably be called a library was probably that at Nippur, of these same fictile volumes. About as much clay or chalk is put, now-a-days, into the calendered

pages of a volume—so here, again, history repeats itself, and we are reminded that there is nothing new under the sun; except that the old clay has lasted 7900 years, and the new clay won't last 50. The library at Nippur was a reference library, and did not circulate. The same is true of the most important libraries in the world today. It is only in acute civilization that the very same process by which the mind of the world has been enriched for 500 years is now so largely used for the world's time-killing.

Up to within 400 years all libraries—and there were thousands of them—were solely for the improvement of the mind. It was a mistake natural to the medieval economies to believe that the only people with minds (or at least the only ones fit to be trusted with the minds they had) were the privileged classes. Relatively few people cared to learn. This was largely because only a few were given the chance. Whether the contented "ignorance" of the futile peasantry who knew enough to take care of their homes, and have children, and live by their lands, is really to be pitied by a society in which contemptuous familiarity with books has become an acute disease, while at the same time children are prevented, and neglected, probably no one, however wise, would be able to decide until several centuries shall have thrown their perspective on our own era. The only thing we can do wisely is to take our age as it is, and make the best of its tendencies and its requirements. The attraction of gravitation, however, has not been "adapted" to modern times. It remains exactly as Old Man God made it some time ago. It may be probable, likewise, that the utility of books still depends not so much on the number read and gabbled about as upon their nutrition converted into the bony structure of such minds as we have.

The discovery of America, which made over scholarship, religion, politics and literature for the whole world, is perhaps to be credited with doing more for the unguessed foundation of the Public Library idea than any other one event in history. Up to that time—and indeed far beyond it—the enormous collections of books (and so long ago as Antony and Cleopatra, in the century preceding Christ, the Library of Alexandria had 200,000 volumes; and the same sort of thing has been going on ever since, a useful lesson to such of us as fancy that all good gifts are of new origin) were for "scholars." In that day scholars were mostly church men. Every monastery of the Middle Ages had its Library; and the first Library of any sort in England was established by the Benedictines 1400 years ago. Then came the university Libraries. The first National Library was perhaps in Spain. Already by 1437, Italy had a Public Library by bequest of the "Florentine Socrates." For obvious reasons, throughout a thousand years, all the collections of books were almost exclusively in church hands and for church purposes and for church students. Broadly speaking, these were about the only students there were.



LOS ANGELES PUBLIC LIBRARY, CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT (LEFT) AND PART OF FICTION STACKS (RIGHT)

For thousands of years the wider utilities of books were steadily misconceived. Beginning with the personal desire, they grew slowly to admit use and benefit by limited classes. The finding of the new world in 1492 did more to increase the number of books, and their horizon in geography, geology, natural history and many other sciences until then unknown, than any other event before or since. The first wholesale democratic experiment in the world, that of the United States, had a similar structural influence in extending much further the responsibilities of the printed page. Until then, there were no newspapers, no public libraries, no public schools, in our present sense, in the world.

Since, and largely because of, that great unheaval of experience and of thought brought about by America (slowly in fact, for centuries, but steadily, and of late with a rush) the larger potentiality of books has been discovered and put to use. At last books are harnessed. They are systematized to draw our train of thought farther and faster; they are even organized on an enormous scale for mental outings. While not taken away from scholars, they are fairly forced upon Everybody. The vehicle which was once only for the painful few, and had an almost sacred exclusiveness and authority, is now for every one and every purpose.*

*In 1903 there were six libraries in the world of one million volumes or over, and none of them circulating libraries. The Boston Public Library came ninth in size and leads all circulating libraries. The New York Public Library was eleventh, and no other public library anywhere till the fifty-third rank (Chicago). Provincial pride is never fattened by cold statistics; and it is useful to remember that France, England, Russia and Prussia have each a greater library than any in America; that Bavaria, Austria and Alsace surpass all our libraries except the National—incorrectly called "Library of Congress"—and that the United States is represented only eight times among the fifty largest, and only seventeen times among the one hundred largest libraries in the world. Japan had already a larger library than any public library in America except those of New York and Boston. Spain had the thirteenth largest library in the world, surpassing any public library except those in Boston and New York. Even Siberia has twice as big a library as Los Angeles.

There were in 1903 121 libraries in the world with more than 200,000 volumes each; 59 of over 300,000; 35 of over 400,000; 22 of over 500,000; 12 of over 600,000.

A list of the fifteen greatest libraries follows; for the full list see the New International Encyclopedia, under "Libraries." This article is the best summary of the whole topic up to date:

LIBRARY.	CITY.	COUNTRY.	
Bibliothèque Nationale	Paris, France		2,600,000
British Museum	London, England		2,000,000
Imper. public naja biblioteka.....	St. Petersburg, Russia.....		1,330,000
Königliche bibliothek	Berlin, Prussia		1,200,000
Library of Congress	Washington, D. C.		1,000,000
Kän. Hof-u. Statts bibliothek.....	Munich, Bavaria ..		1,000,000
K. u. k. Hofbibliothek.....	Vienna, Austria		900,000
Universitäts-u. landes-bibliothek.....	Strassburg, Alsace		814,000
Public Library	Boston, Mass.		812,264
Publicniji Rumjancooskij musij.....	Moscow, Russia		800,000
Public Library	N. Y. City, N. Y.		787,775
Bodleian Library	Oxford, England		600,000
Biblioteca nacional	Madrid, Spain		600,000
K. k. Universitäts Bibliothek.....	Vienna, Austria		596,525
Harvard University Library.....	Cambridge, Mass.		575,888
Det store kongelige bibliothek.....	Copenhagen, Denmark		550,000

The oldest city free library in the world, of continuous history, is that of Norwich, England, founded in 1608. Seven years later, one was established in Bristol. But it was only in the last century that the real development of this great idea began. By 1849 we find a Select Committee of the House of Commons making a careful investigation of Public Libraries, and reporting that at that date there was "Only one free Library in Great Britain equally accessible with these numerous Libraries abroad;" and that the United States "have already anticipated us in the formation of Public Libraries" and have already more than 100, the greater part entirely open to the public.

Since 1850 the movement has become epidemic in many lands. The United States still leads in number, and probably in average efficiency.* It is the accepted thing now-a-days that any American town of 10,000 people shall have a collection of books, supported by taxation and available and free to all people. Mr. Carnegie has founded (up to April, 1905) 671 Libraries in cities and towns of this country, at a total endowment, by him, of \$29,807,000. The total number of books in libraries now available to the public in the United States would probably reach sixty million volumes. In 1903 the books in Public Libraries in the United States numbered 68 for every man, woman and child. This, of course, includes the reference libraries.

The most important step toward developing Public Libraries in a scientific way was the foundation 30 years ago of a national organ-

*The extraordinary development of libraries in the United States, both as to extent and as to distribution, is indicated by the following table of the number of libraries of 1000 volumes or upward in each state. The figures are up to 1903:

New York	718	North Carolina	57
Massachusetts	571	Georgia	55
Pennsylvania	401	Nebraska	51
Illinois	309	Alabama	43
Ohio	266	Louisiana	40
Minnesota	223	South Carolina	39
California	202	Washington	31
Connecticut	197	Mississippi	30
Michigan	193	Arkansas	28
Wisconsin	165	South Dakota	26
Indiana	164	Oregon	24
New Jersey	154	Oregon	24
New Hampshire	143	West Virginia	23
Missouri	139	Florida	16
Maine	111	North Dakota	16
Kansas	104	Montana	14
Vermont	96	Delaware	13
Rhode Island	82	Utah	13
Maryland	80	New Mexico	11
Tennessee	77	Idaho	9
Kentucky	76	Wyoming	8
District of Columbia	74	Oklahoma	8
Iowa	72	Nevada	6
Texas	69	Arizona	5
Virginia	64	Indian Territory	3
Colorado	60		

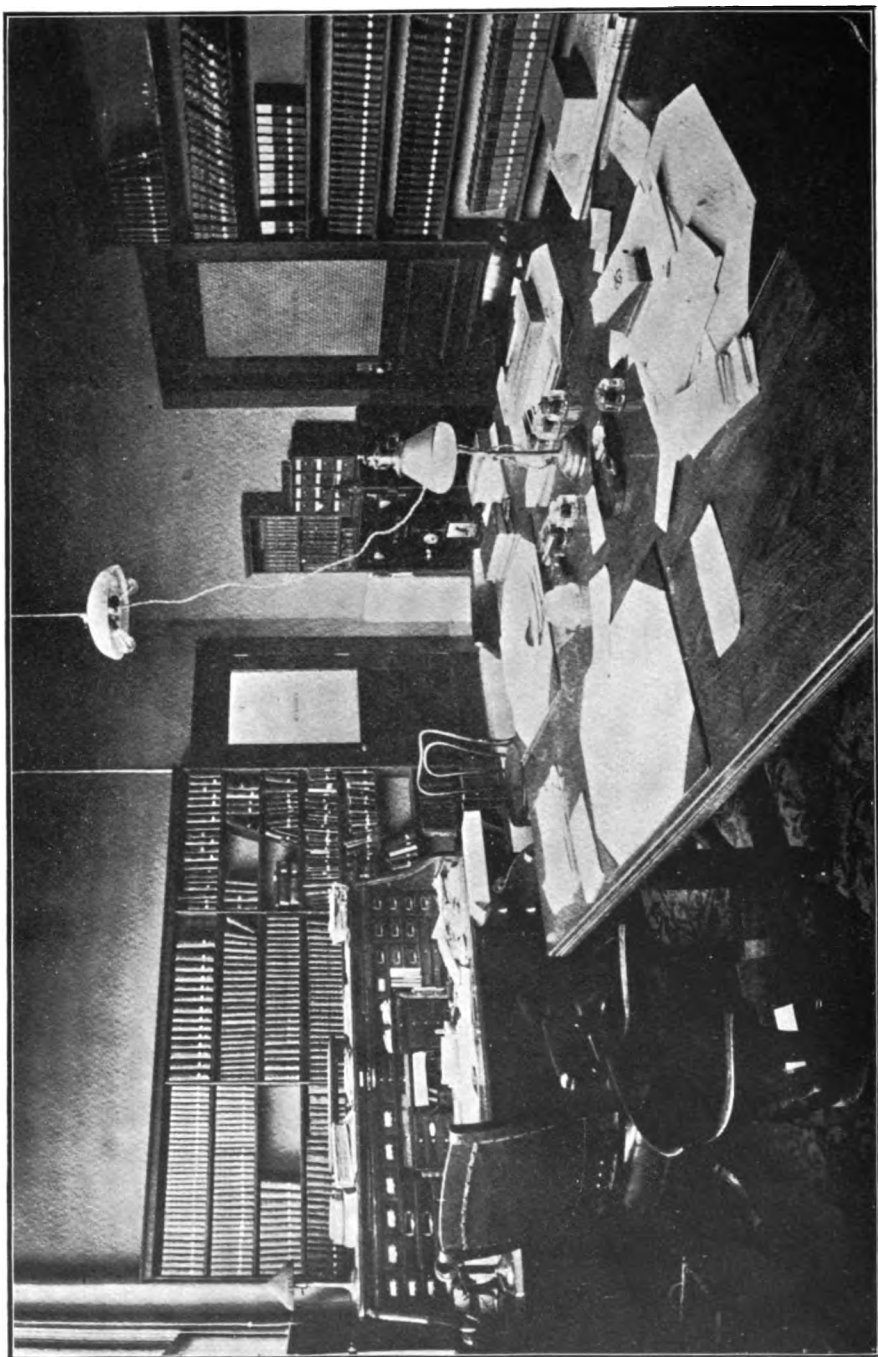
ization of librarians—the American Library Association. Annual conventions are held in different cities of the country, where librarians foregather for the discussion of questions difficult of solution in any trade or profession whose responsibilities and requirements are multiplying so fast. At the latest of these conventions, over 900 delegates were present. As happens in any such guild, there is a certain tendency to “unionism;” but this feeling does not go far beyond the smaller members. The leaders, who have made this crusade of education, are scholars. A natural result of this national coming together for acquaintance and consultation has been the organized attempt to make librarianship a profession. Library



LOS ANGELES PUBLIC LIBRARY—MAIL ROOM.

schools have sprung up in connection with State Libraries or Universities, and some of them give a real academic course. There are also State Library Commissions in many States; and State Library Associations; library publications in great number; clubs, conventions, etc. There is a far larger number of training classes maintained by public libraries, in and for themselves, to fit young women of their own communities in the complicated routine which has become a necessity less from the number of books than from their activity. The Los Angeles Public Library was one of the first in the United States to establish such a training class; and its 18th class graduated this summer.* A large proportion of its own staff, and of

*These training classes have had 150 members. Of this number 108 have graduated, and 57 are now members of this staff, the six graduates of the 18th class having just now been certified by the Civil Service Commission. It is interesting to note that out of 108 graduates, 26 have resigned positions in this library to marry.



LOS ANGELES PUBLIC LIBRARY—DIRECTORS' ROOM AND OFFICE OF LIBRARIAN

the librarians in smaller towns in this region, are from this school.

The first Library School in America was opened January 5, 1887, by Columbia College, New York, with a three-months course; the second at Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, in 1890; the third at Drexel Institute, Philadelphia, in 1892. Between these second and third foundations in the rich old institutions of the East, Miss Kelso, then librarian, had opened (in November, 1891) a training class in the Los Angeles Public Library, with six pupils sifted from twenty applicants.

THE STORY OF THE LOS ANGELES PUBLIC LIBRARY

There are some of us who remember when two public institutions whose potency was not then fully realized were housed in the old Downey Block, corner of Temple and Spring—now torn down to make room for the proposed federal building. The "Los Angeles Times," then the youngest and smallest newspaper in the city, had its habitat here; and here, in four dark little rooms, about as unfit for the purpose then as were the later quarters later, was the Los Angeles Public Library. When I first saw it, it had something less than 5,000 volumes—though it had that most important of all assets of a library, an interpreter.* Miss Mary E. Foy was the first person in this city to grasp the privileges and the responsibilities of librarianship. So far as actual interest and use go, perhaps this public institution, now a great one, never had a more useful activity than it had in the hands of one who was a girl graduate from the Los Angeles High School of that day.

There had been several prior attempts to found a public library in this city; but the real birth of the institution was December 7th, 1872, at a mass-meeting in the old Merced Theater, corner of Arcadia and Main Streets. There and then the Los Angeles Library Association was organized. This meeting included a large number of the leading pioneers and foremost citizens—such men as Gov. Downey, Harris Newmark, H. K. W. Bent, W. J. Brodrick, Judge Sepulveda, Col. G. H. Smith, "Tom" Temple, and Gen. Stoneman. Committees were appointed to canvass for funds; and J. C. Littlefield† was ap-

*This is not my guess, but the expert estimate. See New International Encyclopedia, "Libraries," page 231.

†Librarians of the Los Angeles Public Library from foundation to date:

J. C. Littlefield, December, 1872, to January, 1879.

Patrick Connolly, January, 1879, to June, 1880.

Mary E. Foy, June, 1880, to January, 1884.

Jessie A. Gavitt, January, 1884, to January, 1889.

Lydia A. Prescott, January, 1889, to April, 1889.

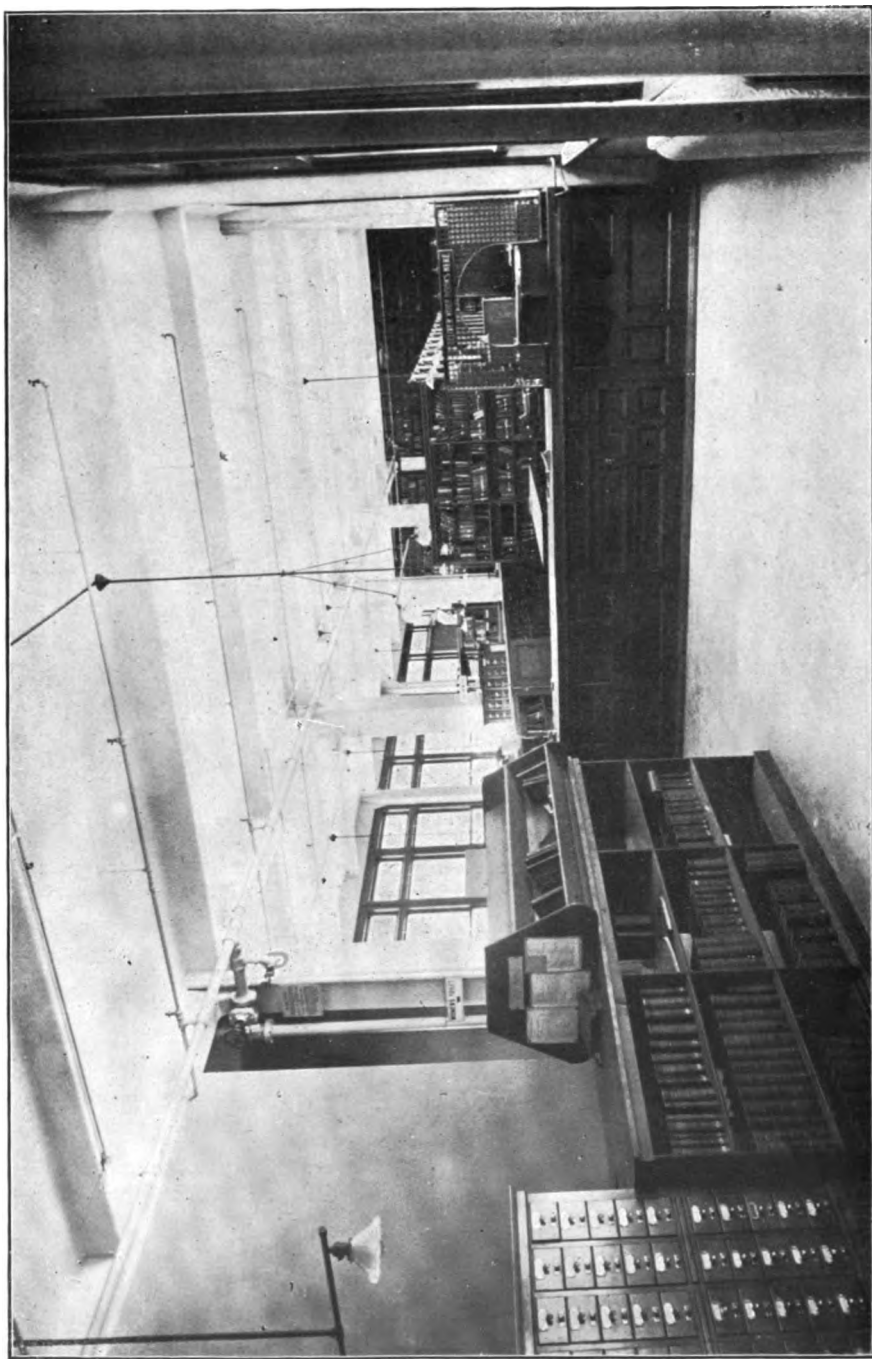
Tessa L. Kelso, April, 1889, to May, 1905.

Clara B. Fowler, May, 1895, to June, 1897.

Harriet Child Wadleigh, June, 1897, to May, 1900.

Mary L. Jones, May, 1900, to June, 1905.

Chas. F. Lummis, June, 1905—



LOS ANGELES PUBLIC LIBRARY—FICTION AND JUVENILE (LATTER LEFT AND REAR)

pointed librarian. It was the usual encouraging American story of the growth of such things. Practically all good citizens lent their hand. Not only were quarters, books and care provided, but work was at once begun to secure adequate legislation; and in 1874 the State Legislature passed an enabling act for a public library in Los Angeles. This act was modified by successive necessary steps; and May 20th, 1878, under state authority, the first Board of Library Regents was appointed by the Mayor. All this time the library had been supported by subscription, loan and donation.

In 1876, the citizens subscribed again liberally; and in 1877, 1880, and so on, entertainments were given for the benefit of the library.

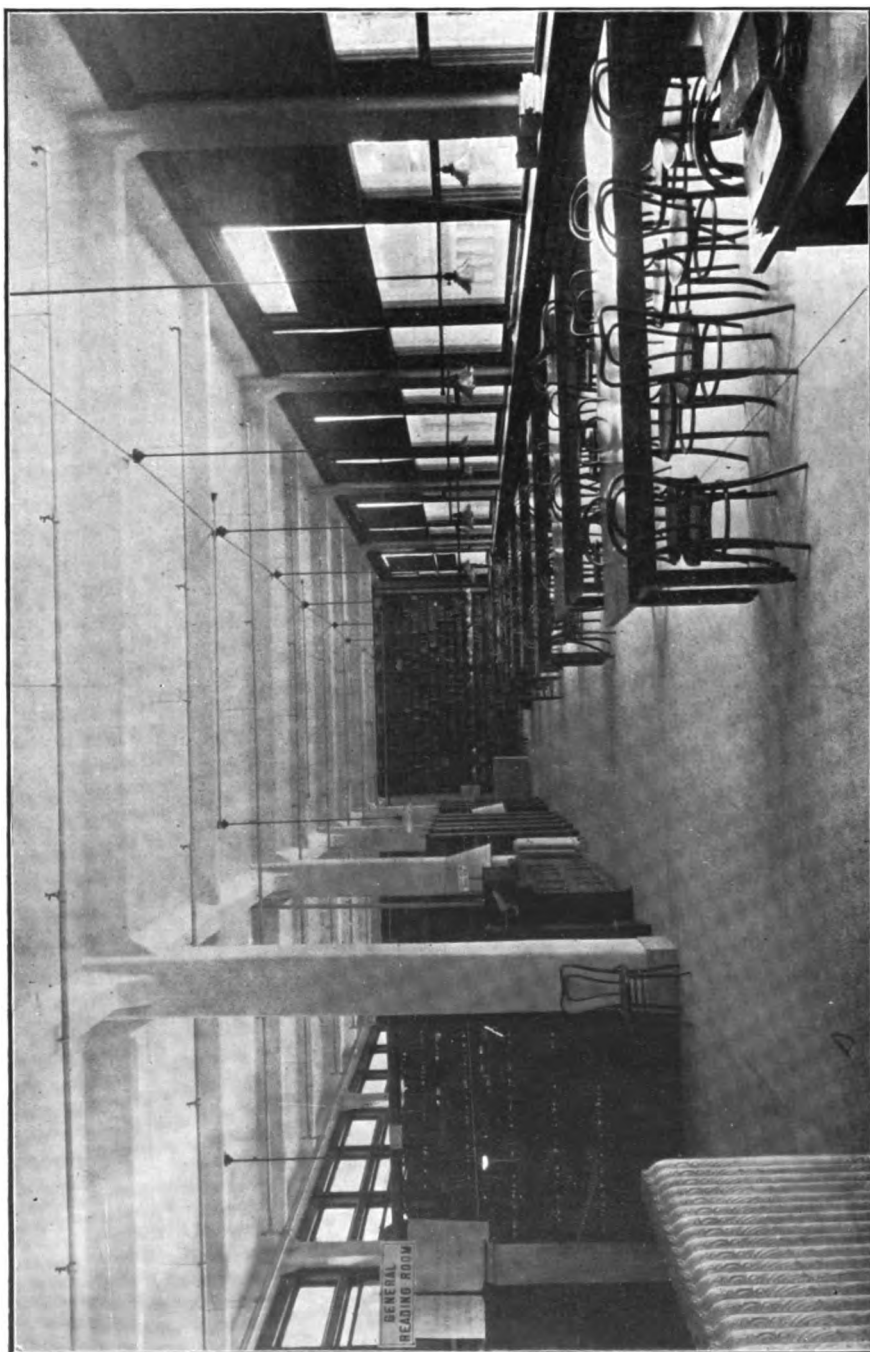


LOS ANGELES PUBLIC LIBRARY—GENERAL READING ROOM AND REGISTRY

In 1889, a new city charter was adopted; and, among other changes, provided for the Board of Directors to be appointed by the Mayor. In July, 1889, the library was removed from the Downey Block to the present City Hall, and was closed for the summer in order that the books might be classified. There were then just 6,356 books, and 132 members.

The first Board of Directors (appointed by Mayor Hazard, March 25, 1889), included G. A. Dobinson, President; Major E. W. Jones, F. H. Howard, J. Mills Davies and H. J. Hanchette. Now, for the first time, a municipal appropriation was made on a reasonable scale (\$10,000 of it to be applied to the purchase of books), and Miss Tessa L. Kelso was appointed librarian.

To whatever proportions it shall grow, the Los Angeles Public



LOS ANGELES PUBLIC LIBRARY—GENERAL READING ROOM, 120X140. THE LIBRARY HAS FOUR SUCH ROOMS

Library will always owe a fundamental debt to Miss Kelso, who took charge of it with its removal to the City Hall, in 1889, and began its real expansion along modern ideals. A woman of extraordinary business ability, quenchless energy, and great executive force, and also of touch with the young science of libraries, she gave the institution a character and impetus which brought it into national prominence. In the six years of her incumbency the number of volumes was multiplied by more than 7, the circulation by about 10, and the registration of members by almost 160. Her predecessors had not had a fair chance nor free hands for the making of a public library in the modern sense of the word. Though the



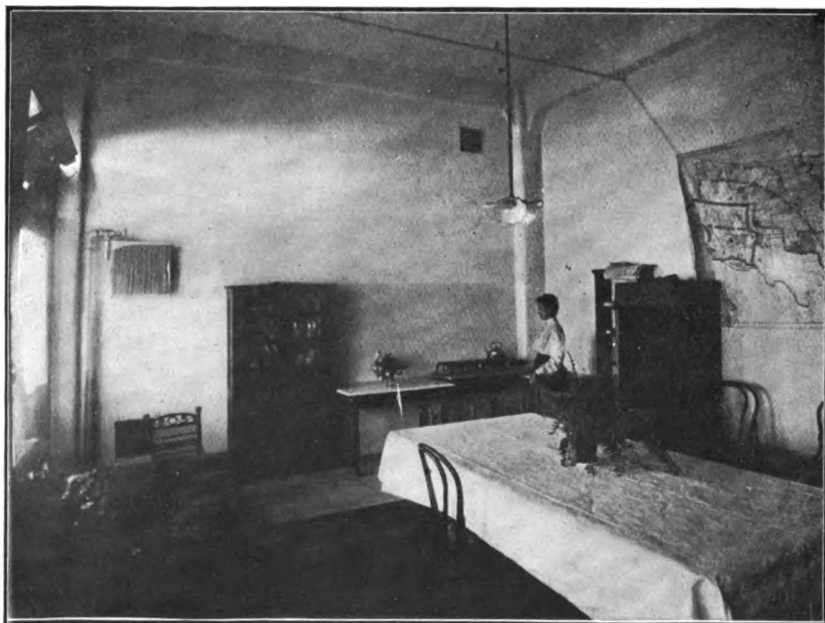
LOS ANGELES PUBLIC LIBRARY—WOMEN'S READING ROOM

institution was still greatly handicapped by insufficient funds, the public consciousness was really awakened; and Miss Kelso made the most of her opportunity. The library has never grown so fast in books, circulation, membership or scientific methods in any equal period since as in the six years during which she raised it from 6000 to 42,000 volumes, from 12,000 to 329,000 circulation, and from 132 members to almost 20,000. Among the public servants whose names deserve remembrance in this city, Miss Kelso must always be counted high. She is now with the publishing firm of Baker & Taylor, New York; a prominent figure in book and library work throughout the country. Under her administration, also, there developed the most famous woman in library service in America today, Miss Adelaide R. Hasse, now of the New York Public Library.

Miss Hasse's great work, begun in the Los Angeles Public Library, and completed in a larger field—the indexing of Public Documents—has made her known and respected throughout the world.

When the Los Angeles Public Library was established, the most roseate estimates could not give the city a population in excess of 10,000; and the assessed valuation was less than two and a quarter millions. The library was a subscription one, with an annual fee of \$5—and this assessment remained for nearly 17 years, being reduced in 1889 to \$4. In 1891 the library was made free.

Life is as we take it. If we look at the deaths, bereavements, robberies, sorrows, meannesses, that we all see in the world, it is a



LOS ANGELES PUBLIC LIBRARY—LUNCH ROOM FOR YOUNG WOMEN OF STAFF

rather shabby job. If we see it as it is fair to assume it is seen by the God that permits it to continue, it is a mighty good proposition. Life and love and hope and endeavor go on, in spite of the fact that there are jackals. That such a republican institution for the diffusion of knowledge should have its ups and downs is not strange. The meanest institutions have also theirs. The thing that cheerful minds—whom the dictionaries call philosophers—observe, is that a good thing wins. The history of such an institution is a type of the persistent vitality of a good cause. This library has never yet had, in any year, enough money nor enough popular understanding. But every year, for more than a third of a century, it has gone on growing in grace.

It was a great step to move the library from its dark, ill-smelling,

inconvenient, rented quarters in the Downey Block, to the then new City Hall, which had, at the time, a better architectural reputation than it will ever have again. But the very first report ever printed by this library (which was the report issued in the same year with this moving) prophesied the insufficiency of the new quarters.*

If Los Angeles—being a city with a larger proportion than any other of people who were not born here, did not go to school here, and have not as yet fully learned their privileges as toward the community—has had more than its share of library squabbles (and they have, indeed, recurred with every modern change of librarians), probably no city in the country has a handsomer record of growth in its public library in spite of the lack of money and the over-abundance of mentally unemployed. This was one of the first libraries in the country (if not the first) to establish a training class of its own (see above); it was one of the first to circulate music (see report for 1890, p. 13). It was one of the first to establish a library Civil Service (see same report p. 15), about a dozen years in advance of the application of this merit system to the other branches of public service in this city. It was one of the first libraries in its class (by

The second annual report (1890) found the prophecy already fulfilled; and every one of the 16 annual reports of this library since issued has continued with persistent earnestness, urging the incompetency of the City Hall quarters for a public library. It is instructive to quote in the most compact form a few typical sentences from these cumulative protests:

1893, p. 22: "Thought one year ago that the sum of discomfort had been reached."

1894, p. 13: "Not an inch of space added for the convenience of the public, and the quarters were thought too small five years ago!" P. 32: "The present quarters of the library are so cramped and inadequate that the public are subject to crowding, bad ventilation, delays and confusion, which makes the drawing of a book a disgraceful scramble."

1896, p. 5: "Overcrowded condition no doubt keeps away entirely a most desirable clientele."

1899, p. 5: "Maintenance of library in its present quarters violates every idea of appropriateness and convenience."

1901, p. 7: "Demand for more convenient commodious quarters has become an actual and impelling necessity * * * cannot be satisfied so far as City Hall is concerned." P. 13: "Reading rooms are so small, ventilation so imperfect * * * that many who would prefer to read at the library content themselves with books for home use only."

1902, p. 18: "Daily work carried on at a disadvantage scarcely conceivable."

1903, p. 8: "Imperative necessity of immediate taking of steps to provide suitable quarters for the library." P. 8: "Floor space should be increased 250 per cent to meet the present needs."

1905, p. 40: "Never designed for a library; accommodation not merely inadequate, but absurd. We have room neither for our books, nor our workers, nor our public. It is disgraceful that a library like this should serve such a city under such conditions."

These are not a tithe of the official printed protests against the quarters which this public library occupied for 17 years; but they are typical—at once of the persistence of hope in the human breast, and of its vindication in the fact that the longest lane has a turning.

The quarters which have been so long and so justly reviled since they were found inadequate for 17,000 volumes and 50,000 people have been remedied when the volumes reached more than 120,000 and the population at least 240,000.

population, income, or circulation) to adopt most of the scientific methods devised within the last twenty years. It has been, for many years, prominent among the libraries of America* and of the world in relative circulation—the activity of its books per capita and per volume. Already by 1892 it ranked sixth in the United States in number of volumes circulated. So far as I am familiar with the public libraries of the United States, none has ever been more free from politics or graft. A large number of the best men in the city have served on the Board of Library Directors; and one woman has

*PRINCIPAL PUBLIC LIBRARIES OF THE UNITED STATES.

CITY.	POPULATION 1900.	NO. VOLUMES.	CIRC- LATION.	LIBRARIAN.
New York	2,050,600	1,088,391	3,566,453	Jno. S. Billings
Chicago	1,698,575	321,031	1,336,199	Frederick H. Hild
Brooklyn	1,386,602	476,969	2,579,068	Frank P. Hill
Philadelphia	1,293,697	293,183	1,775,429	Jno. Thompson
St. Louis, Mo.	575,238	190,395	962,538	Frederick M. Crunden
Boston, Mass.	560,892	871,050	1,303,946	Horace G. Wadlin
Baltimore, Md.	508,957	211,449	629,995	B. C. Steiner
Cleveland, O.	381,768	171,592	1,176,196	Wm. H. Brett
Buffalo, N. Y.	352,387	239,494	1,170,155	Wm. Ives
San Francisco, Cal.	342,782	136,395	330,225	Geo. T. Clark
Cincinnati, O.	325,902	251,309	722,755	Nathaniel D. C. Hodges
Pittsburg, Pa.	321,616	140,507	645,093	Anderson H. Hopkins
Detroit, Mich.	285,704	174,425	674,964	Henry M. Utley
Milwaukee, Wis.	285,315	147,236	614,114	Geo. W. Peckham
Newark, N. J.	246,070	78,798	465,744	John Cotton Dana
Washington, D. C. .	218,196	73,045	349,991	Geo. F. Bowerman
Louisville, Ky.	204,731	not reported	69,705	Wm. F. Yust
Minneapolis	202,718	122,461	519,475	Gratia A. Countryman
Providence, R. I. . .	175,597	140,000	131,192	Wm. E. Foster
Toledo, O.	131,822	49,153	246,433	Willis F. Sewall
Columbus, O.	125,560	82,928	203,008	Chas. B. Galbreath
Worcester, Mass. . .	118,421	135,762	257,395	Samuel S. Green
Syracuse, N. Y.	108,374	52,855	137,742	Ezekiel W. Mundy
New Haven, Conn. .	108,027	60,000	295,870	Willis K. Stetson
Paterson, N. J.	105,171	37,759	105,849	Geo. F. Winchester
St. Joseph, Mo.	102,970	22,180	149,210	Purd B. Wright
Los Angeles.	102,479	123,146	841,067	Chas. F. Lummis

CIRCULATION OF FOURTEEN CHIEF PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

In 1903 there were 22 Public Libraries in the United States circulating over 300,000 volumes each, and Los Angeles stood twelfth. In 1905 there were 14 Public Libraries which circulated over 500,000 volumes each. These are given below in the order of their circulation:

CITY.	POPULATION 1900.	NO. VOLUMES.	CIRC- LATION.
1. New York	2,050,600	1,229,383	4,116,750
2. Brooklyn	1,386,602	476,969	2,579,068
3. Philadelphia	1,293,697	293,183	*1,775,429
4. Cleveland	381,768	171,592	1,176,196
5. Boston	560,892	871,050	1,170,312
6. Buffalo	352,387	239,494	1,170,155
7. Chicago	1,698,575	321,031	1,336,199
8. St. Louis	575,238	190,395	962,538
9. Los Angeles	102,479	123,146	841,067
10. Cincinnati	325,902	251,309	*722,755
11. Detroit	285,704	174,425	674,964
12. Pittsburg	321,615	140,597	645,093
13. Milwaukee	285,315	147,236	*614,114
14. Minneapolis	202,718	122,461	*519,475

*Latest available statistics 1904.

been a member of this board—Mrs. C. M. Severance, "The Mother of Clubs," in 1891-1893. The presidents have been:

G. A. Dobinson,	J. Ross Clark,
Geo. H. Bonebrake,	C. J. K. Jones, and
I. B. Dockweiler,	J. W. Trueworthy.
Ferd K. Rule,	

Mr. Dobinson, the first president, had the longest service as such; in all six years. No other one member has ever served so long on the Board as Mr. Dockweiler. Besides these, such men as F. H. Howard, Major E. W. Jones, Geo. H. Smith, W. A. Spaulding, Senator Frank P. Flint, H. W. O'Melveny, Geo. H. Stewart, E. K. Foster, W. M. Garland, Earl Rogers, M. J. Newmark, Dr. D. W.



LOS ANGELES PUBLIC LIBRARY—THE WORKROOM, 100X40

Edelman, Willoughby Rodman, Rabbi S. Hecht, Sheldon Borden and S. G. Marshutz, have been members of this board. Only twice, so far as I can learn, have there been even irresponsible accusations of improper action by the Library Board; and in both instances, on judicial investigation, the Board was fully sustained.

The most important economic advance in the history of this library was that provision which insured it a reasonably adequate revenue based on the growth of the city. Under the present city charter, adopted January, 1903, Mr. Dockweiler secured the provision of an appropriation of 4 mills on the dollar for library purposes, thus insuring a revenue bearing some fixed relation to the material progress of the community. Last year this provision yielded \$62,000 in round numbers; this year it will yield something over \$81,000. While the

extraordinary character of this community as to intelligence and the reading habit demands a larger apportionment, this stands well for a beginning. It does not reckon either with rent for adequate library quarters, for which we are now paying for the first time (at \$900 per month) nor a sinking fund for a library building worthy of a city which does not, in other things, feel or practice the like modesty nor the necessary growth in books, staff and the many activities being devised to serve the public better.

Already by 1899, our boards had learned the modern wisdom which was already crystalized in the formation of the American Library Association and its annual national conventions; and sent to the convention of that year, at St. Louis, the librarian of the Los Angeles Public Library, with a grant of \$250 for expenses. There were only 106 delegates present at that convention. Now, the attendance yearly is about 1000. The ordinary practice of this library for the last sixteen years, as of all other progressive libraries of the country, has been to send delegates to this national conference of trained librarians. Miss Kelso, Miss Mary L. Jones, Miss Celia Gleason, and other members of this library staff have been sent by Boards of Directors at public expense to attend these conventions in the Far East.* The most progressive modern library administration now proposes even to make such attendance by librarians compulsory (see New International Encyclopedia, article "Libraries").

LOS ANGELES IN THE LEAD.

Los Angeles surpasses in actual circulation the following cities with larger number of books: Baltimore, San Francisco, Cincinnati, Pittsburg, New Orleans, Detroit, Milwaukee, Newark, Washington, Jersey City, Louisville, Minneapolis, Providence, Worcester, (Mass.).

By the last census Los Angeles was 36th city in the Union in population; it is now probably somewhere between 17th and 21st. Probably no other city of its size circulates half as many. No city of twice its size circulates a half more. No city of any size circulates as many books per capita of population. Only one city (Cleveland, O.) circulates more actively per volume. Only Philadelphia and St. Joseph come anywhere near Los Angeles in this "turning of stock." Boston, the home of culture, circulates less than one-fourth as much per capita and less than one-fourth as much per volume. New York, with its enormous civic resources supplemented by three

*In June and July, 1906, by instruction of the Board of Library Directors, I attended the 28th annual conference of the American Library Association, at Narragansett Pier, R. I., and later inspected 18 leading libraries in the East. Over 900 delegates from libraries all over the United States attended the conference. This national gathering will be held at Asheville, N. C., in 1907. In 1908 it can be held in Los Angeles if the city "goes after it" in its accustomed way.

royal "foundations" and by a whole nest of Carnegie branches, suffers about as seriously by comparison. The following table, from the latest official statistics, shows that Los Angeles will not need to be ashamed if it can maintain its present rank as the largest and the most active public library in America in proportion to population.

RELATIVE ACTIVITY OF PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

The following summary shows the circulation of 22 Public Libraries per



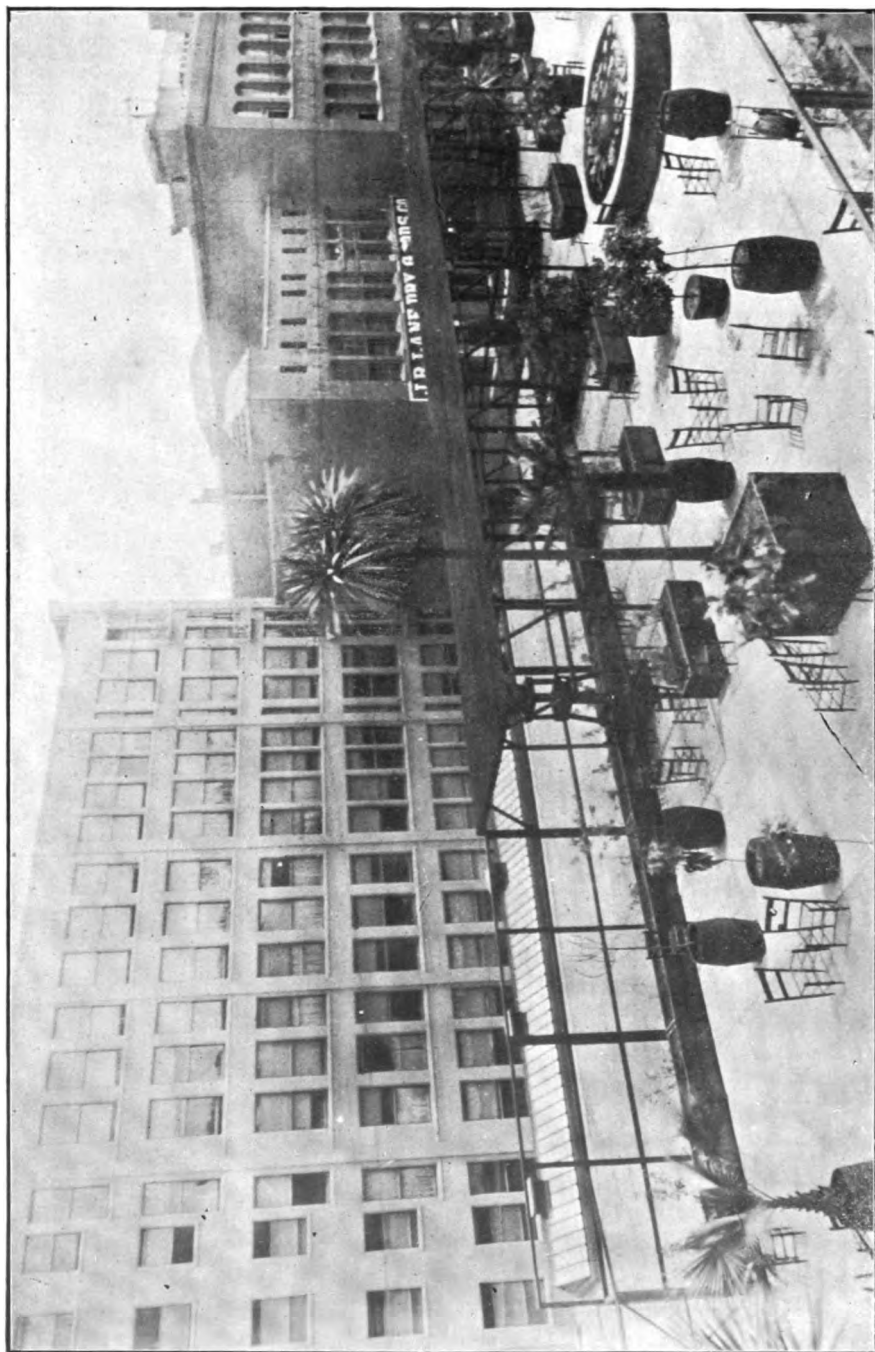
LOS ANGELES PUBLIC LIBRARY—A CORNER OF THE WORKROOM

volume as well as per capita of population (circulation and number of volumes being up to date, and population according to last U. S. census).

CITY.	CIRCULATION PER CAP.	CIRCULATION PER VOL.	CITY.	CIRCULATION PER CAP.	CIRCULATION PER VOL.
New York, N. Y.....	2.0	3.3	Pittsburg, Pa.....	2.0	4.6
Chicago, Ill.....	0.8	4.2	Detroit, Mich.....	2.4	3.9
Brooklyn, N. Y.....	1.9	5.4	Milwaukee, Wis.....	2.2	4.2
Philadelphia, Pa.....	1.4	6.1	Newark, N. J.....	1.9	5.9
St. Louis, Mo.....	1.7	5.6	Washington, D. C...	1.6	4.8
Boston, Mass.....	2.0	1.3	Minneapolis, Minn...	2.6	4.3
Baltimore, Md.....	1.2	3.0	Toledo, O.....	1.9	5.0
Cleveland, O.....	3.1	6.9	Worcester, Mass.....	2.2	1.9
Buffalo, N. Y.....	3.4	4.9	Syracuse, N. Y.....	1.3	2.6
San Francisco, Cal..	1.0	2.4	St. Joseph, Mo.....	1.4	6.7
Cincinnati, O.....	2.2	2.9	Los Angeles, Cal....	8.2	6.8

In circulation per capita of population, then, the ranking of the six leaders is as follows:

1. Los Angeles, Cal.
2. Buffalo, N. Y.
3. Cleveland, O.
4. Minneapolis, Minn.
5. Detroit, Mich.
6. Cincinnati, Milwaukee, Worcester.



LOS ANGELES PUBLIC LIBRARY - THE ROOF GARDEN, WHEN FIRST PLANTED
Showing fountain, 80-foot arbor and part of hedge for roses

In circulation per volume the order runs for the six most active libraries in the United States as follows:

- | | |
|----------------------|----------------------|
| 1. Cleveland, O. | 4. Philadelphia, Pa. |
| 2. Los Angeles, Cal. | 5. Newark, N. J. |
| 3. St. Joseph, Mo. | 6. Toledo, O. |

In other words, among the chief Public Libraries of the United States, Los Angeles ranks—

First in number of volumes per capita and in circulation per capita—"and the field nowhere."

Second in circulation per volume.

Ninth in gross circulation, even as against cities fourteen times its size and with ten times as many books.

Twentieth in population, or thereabout.



ROOF GARDEN, LOS ANGELES PUBLIC LIBRARY, FROM GIRLS' LUNCH ROOM

California is better supplied with public libraries than any other State west of the Mississippi River or south of Ohio. According to the July issue of "News Notes," there are in the state 151 free libraries, with a total content of 1,019,932 volumes. This does not count the 23 libraries of 510,200 volumes destroyed by the San Francisco catastrophe, April 18, 1906, nor the many libraries limited to members of various organizations.

The official data of the history of this library are contained in the eighteen printed annual reports of the Board of Directors to the City Council—including, of course, the reports of the Librarian to the Directors.

SKETCH OF YEARLY REPORTS.

Following up the successive annual reports of this public library, one finds many suggestions which seem novel to those whose first interest in the library has been recent; many policies were suggested then which have recently been

put in force—following out, even after so much delay, the successful experiments of public libraries elsewhere. A compact review of the 18 annual reports will give an outline of the progress of ideas and of execution.

In 1889 the charge for books was one dollar per quarter; the history of the library was printed (repeated without credit in the report of 1897); library reported moved, with 6356 volumes, to the City Hall; closed two months to get these books in shape; and opened September 2 with a registration of 132 members.

1890: A Civil Service system of promotion for merit by examination put in force in the library (this was not made of full force as a municipal provision until 1902), card catalogue begun; discard books given to the County Hospital and Newsboys' Home; average Sunday attendance 152; newspapers transferred to the Chamber of Commerce as impracticable for the library itself; report urges collection of photographs of city and region, scraps, old newspapers, pamphlets, etc. (never acted upon till 1905, but now in full operation in the Western History Material Department, established in October, 1905).

1891: Opening of Reference Department with 3206 volumes; first training class established; school libraries turned over to the Public Library in July (for agreement, see p. 19); monthly bulletin begun without cost to the library; first branch (Boyle Heights) established.

1892: Library already sixth in the United States in number of volumes issued (233,000 volumes); first suggestion of Central Park for Public Library Building; library open on Sunday till 9 p. m. instead of 6 p. m.; relation of fiction to usefulness of library first commented upon; first bibliographies and reading lists made; card catalogue begun in March; seven meetings of the Southern California Library Club during the year; "danger of public library falling into ruts" outlined.

1893: Librarian again sent to attend the national convention (at the World's Fair, in Chicago; "an attempt made by ignorant and prejudiced persons to criticise the Board for this"); with 34,000 volumes, 18 attendants, and \$19,000 revenue, the library "cannot afford desired branches without crippling the main service"; reading room seats for 85 persons.

1894: Reference room, daily average attendance, 120; appeal for library building joined with Museum of California Archaeology; no other public institution in the city has as many patrons; expression of feeling of world's leading librarians as to relation of fiction; undue loss of books by theft complained of; salaries \$10 to \$50 per month.

1895: Proper relation of fiction again discussed; salaries "probably lower than for like work in any city of the United States"; \$100,000 bonds urged for library building.

1896: Building lighted by electricity; usual remarks of progressive librarians on fiction; department of history of Southern California again urged; disposal of discard volumes to County Farm and Newsboys' Home; comparison of larger circulation in proportion to income than chief cities of the United States.

1897: Open shelves in most departments; endeavor to beautify the library with *potted plants, etc.; "ceased to purchase inferior fiction"; Department of Western History again urged; first (and last) money bequest to the Los Angeles Public Library—\$500 from Dr. Edgar; closed August 25th to September 8th for repairs.

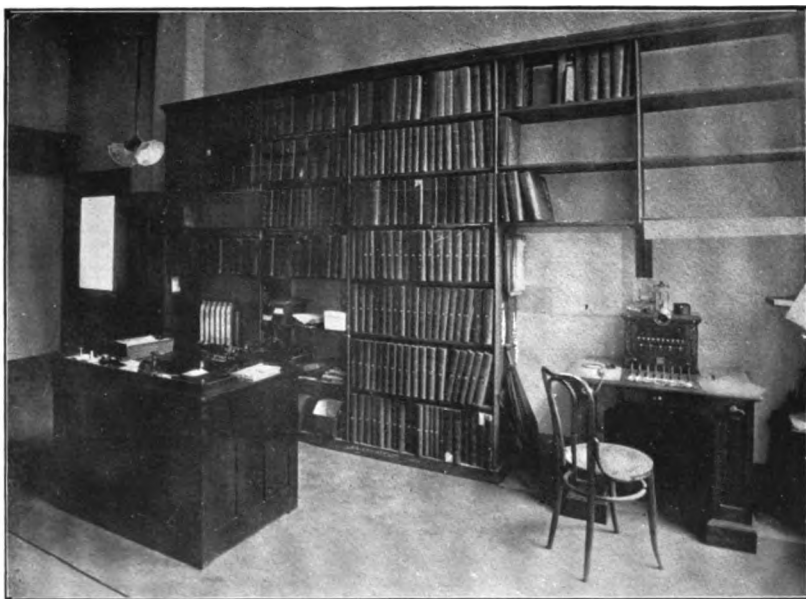
1898: More reference books and fewer novels added; 1500 volumes held back from binder because of lack of funds; demand for reference works and

*The forerunner of the present roof-garden.

other solid reading; large increase in photographs; library divided into departments by the Board (Dockweiler, President); supplies bought on requisition and approval; attendants classified after examination; unusually large number of books discarded.

1899: Civil Service put in operation in all city departments; Miss Gleason sent to Atlanta (A. L. A. Convention), and to visit Eastern libraries; adoption of reserve postals at 5 cents each, for desired books; Macy street branch opened.

1900: Increase of salaries for faithfulness arranged for; delivery station established at Boyle Heights; explanation of serious decrease in circulation for the last three years; resignation of Mrs. H. C. Wadleigh and appointment of Miss Mary L. Jones, then second assistant librarian; reserve postals (here



PUBLIC WAITING ROOM, CLERK'S OFFICE AND TELEPHONE EXCHANGE

called ((reserving books of fiction")) have proved most satisfactory; "79 titles for which 2271 postals have been sold"; Castelar branch abandoned, "because of falling off of patronage."

1901: Training Class increased from six to eight; non-fiction cards first used; Library of Congress cards subscribed to; documents moved to the basement of the City Hall (where they remained useless very soon, an order of the Board forbidding any attendant to work in this Black Hole).

1902: Continued shorthandedness of the staff complained of; Training Class increased from six to fourteen; salaries (frequently complained of in previous reports) raised; rotation in Board of Directors established; an apportionment of 4 mills on the dollar for library use secured by new charter.

1903: First Board appointed under the new charter; "most important accessions have been in Spanish-American History"; free access to fiction cut off; three delivery stations "discontinued for want of patronage"; first page ever employed in the library for menial work.

1904: Grand Avenue school used for part of school library (relation of

school library to the Public Library being mentioned as "the only serious obstacle to the staff"); the number of volumes passes 100,000, surpassing 23 larger cities; illustrated magazines and weeklies withdrawn from reading room; city election votes to locate Public Library in Central Park; Los Angeles has 12th Public Library in the United States, in point of circulation; free access to Juvenile and School Departments closed; two delivery stations closed; night staff abolished; librarian sent by Board to the meeting of the A. L. A. in St. Louis.

1905: Ninth change of librarian and first statement of reason; permanent assistants to principals of departments established, for the first time, in nine departments; lectures and beginning of post-graduate course installed; increase of salaries for the first time made dependent exclusively on merit; salaries raised by total of \$6900 per annum—minimum from \$30 to \$35; new Civil Service classification adopted for staff; critical valuation of books begun by "reasoned" catalogues and by inserting expert reviews in the book; methods of bookkeeping, stock-taking, purchase of supplies, etc., revised on modern business lines; transfer (amounting to promotion) of about half of the staff; re-arrangement of quarters which had been complained of for 16 years; standards of Training Class, staff, and Reference Department advanced; working hours of Training Class increased 25 per cent; first report of annual loss of books by theft and mutilation (which exceed in proportion that of any other library in America), and remedies suggested; "strenuous up-building" of Reference Department begun; Department of Study and Research added, and Dr. C. J. K. Jones given emergency appointment (since confirmed by Civil Service Commission); Western History-Material Department added (digesting in scrap-books and indexes all that is worth saving of the publication of the local press); along with these a biographical dictionary and photographs, giving the vital statistics (furnished by themselves) of all leading citizens in the region served by this library; Department of Spanish-American History, for years referred to as "most important accessions," about doubled in number, and, for the first time, catalogued; catalogues and lists greatly advanced; correspondence with all leading libraries of the country as to salaries, systems of classification, etc.; branches ordered to be kept open in proportion to circulation, according to a sliding scale; system of traveling libraries established; arrangement with public schools (devoted mostly to circulating primary readers) recommended to be abolished; monthly bulletin recommended to be published without expense to library as formerly (for years it has been costing \$15 per month); most important periodicals restored to reading rooms; special chairs introduced for typewriters; reports of librarian for the first time regularly made in writing and filed for record; bids for supplies sought from local firms; water coolers introduced; the mimeograph introduced (expense borne by librarian); all documents of library ordered dated and signed; pages ordered to relieve young women attendants from carrying heavy loads of books; change of quarters insisted on.

The following tables present in graphic form some features of the development of the Los Angeles Public Library:

YEAR.	APPROPRIATION.	NO. STAFF.*	SALARIES.	FOR BOOKS AND PERIODICALS.
1889	\$17,026.00	6	\$2,632.00	\$ 3,540.00
1890	21,222.00	8	5,676.00	12,220.00
1891	11,960.00	13	7,454.00	8,339.00
1892	17,663.00	19	8,972.00	7,982.00
1893	19,073.00	18	9,911.00	6,141.00
1894	19,001.00	22	10,235.00	5,780.00
1895	21,999.00	23	10,668.00	1,100.00
1896	22,454.00	24	10,701.00	4,870.00
1897	18,800.00	25	11,699.00	6,000.00
1898	26,373.00	40	12,341.00	5,481.00
1899	26,850.00	32	13,274.00	5,272.00
1900	30,135.00	31	13,160.00	8,033.00
1901	31,654.00	35	16,233.00	10,804.00
1902	40,560.00	39	17,011.00	16,686.00
1903	43,960.00	44	20,635.00	20,577.00
1904	50,286.00	52	24,050.00	18,010.00
1905	62,506.00	52	28,945.00	10,397.00

* Attendants; does not include janitors, etc.

YEAR.	LIBRARIAN.	VOLUMES.	CIRCULATION.	REGISTRATION OF MEMBERS.
1889	Miss Tessa L. Kelso.....	6,356	12,604*	132
1890	" ".....	17,925	47,172	1,273
1891	" ".....	25,140	116,263	6,261
1892	" ".....	29,389	233,363	10,996
1893	" ".....	34,332	267,054	15,118
1894	" ".....	42,313	329,401	19,827
1895	Mrs. C. B. Fowler.....	41,600	371,638	†22,223
1896	" ".....	44,564	388,756	†26,567
1897	Mrs. H. C. Wadleigh.....	48,145	413,189	†31,457
1898	" ".....	no report	404,589	†35,968
1899	" ".....	51,334	358,808	†27,173
1900	Miss Mary L. Jones.....	60,000	392,022	†34,247
1901	" ".....	67,355	472,543	22,015
1902	" ".....	81,305	576,141	23,540
1903	" ".....	96,961	677,667	25,227
1904	" ".....	110,307	750,667	25,026
1905	Miss Jones (to June) { Mr. Lummis }	123,357	841,067	30,407

†The figures of registration in the annual report from 1895 to 1900, inclusive, include "dead" members. They pay no attention to the thousands of withdrawals and expirations which occur every year. The figures of following reports make this obvious. The 1901 report exposes a "stuffing" of more than 12,000 names.

GOOD QUARTERS AT LAST.

In March and April, 1906, the library of more than 123,000 volumes was moved from the quarters of which it had complained for seventeen years to the Homer Laughlin Annex, corner of Third and Hill streets. It was most fortunate that a modern building of the highest type of construction was so nearly ready. After the beginning of the transference of this enormous bulk—one of the largest libraries ever moved in the United States—the fitting up of the new quarters done by carpenters, cement men, painters, glaziers, upholsterers, etc., was equivalent to the building of something like six five-room cottages. The library was not closed for a day. Only the department in transit was closed while being moved and set in order in the new quarters. Delay in the electric wiring forced evening closing for several weeks; but with this exception the library was open at one or the other end of less than two blocks all the time in every department but the one.

The new quarters are the second and third floors of a three-story reinforced concrete building, fire-proof and earthquake-proof, with automatic fire-sprinkling system, and the first plunger elevator west of Ohio. Floor space inside of 20,000 square feet as against 7000 in the old quarters; besides nearly 7000 square feet in the roof garden already established on the floor back of, and level with, the first library floor. There is another but larger floor adaptable for roof gardens over the second library floor, which will probably be put in operation within a year. A couple of Carnegie branches in Brooklyn have roofs and some flowers in terra cotta flower-pots; but Los Angeles has the first real roof-garden reading room in America. It has over 300 running feet of rose hedge, bush and climbing, from 5 to

10 ft. high; 50 ft. of heliotrope hedge; 50 ft. of geranium hedge; an arbor 80x16 ft. with eastern and western varieties of grapes, with wistaria, honeysuckle, etc.; a 19-ft. *Dracena* and a 23-ft. Crepe Myrtle; fine specimens of orange, lemon, grape-fruit, palm (in variety), cherimoya, fig, alligator pear, oleander, camphor, loquat, bamboo, catalpa, banana, rubber, etc., (all in receptacles as capacious as the average tree gets out of doors, even in this country); a fountain 10 ft. interior diameter, with four kinds of water lilies now in bloom, and with two varieties of goldfish; and a large space in which Mere Men may read while they smoke. There is also, of course, a space for women in which no smoking is allowed. This roof-garden is already largely patronized. Its seating capacity is almost equal to the total space provided for public use in the old quarters.

For the first time in the history of the Los Angeles Public Library, now 34 years old, there is reasonable provision of space for the visitor, the reader and the student. The first library floor—the second floor of the building—has the rooms devoted to Fiction, Juvenile, and General Reading, besides the Roof-garden. There is also a Women's Reading Room. The "classes," music, magazines, and periodicals are also on this floor. Throughout the arrangement of the new building is followed the plan accepted by libraries (and by business houses still earlier) to put the most used departments nearest the entrance. On the second library floor are the Reference and Study Room, the offices, and the workroom—the latter including Accessions, Cataloguing, Mail, History-Material, and all other mechanical routines of the library. The elevator is an automatic sieve, discharging its heavy patronage first to the most frequented portions of the building.

Following, also, the most modern wisdom as to library quarters, partitions are avoided as far as possible. The library consists practically of five enormous rooms, each roughly 120x50 ft. This includes the Roof-garden. The only partitions are to shut out the work room, the lunch room, the stock room and the offices into such privacy as is necessary for their use. Only one public library in America, so far as I know, gives the young women of its staff so attractive a lunch room. I know of none which have as beautiful a workroom.

The four inside rooms have each 120 ft. of 10-ft. outside windows, besides 90 ft. of 10-ft. windows on the light well. There is no reasonable question that these are the best lighted and the best ventilated library rooms in America. In the inspection, this summer, of the foremost Eastern public libraries—some of them running into millions for the building—I found none which could match our reading rooms. In Boston and in the Library of Congress it touched the observer to see beautiful courtyards forbidden to the use of books out of doors.

In the most magnificent libraries of the East they have neither the climate which enables us to use our roof garden 320 days in a year,

nor freedom from the architect. Straight in the teeth of the best advice of the best brains now applied to libraries (see again the *New International Encyclopedia*) they have largely sacrificed interior to exterior, and have become monuments to their architects. It does little good to the reader in a dark corner, straining his eyes and breathing his fellow man unduly, that the outside of the building is noble with Corinthian columns and with cornices and masonry. The Public Library today is no longer a monkish cloister—it is Business. It needs first of all security against fire, earthquake, and whatever other providence of God. It needs, next, light and air. It ought to be fine and to look well from the outside; and a good architect can make the simplest business block beautiful. It is not a matter of bulk but of the true line. We have the only public library I know of in which there is neither need nor excuse for one artificial lamp in any hour of daylight in the year.

The privileges of the roof-garden are restricted to card holders. It is desirable that the privileges of the Public Library shall belong to those who are willing to be responsible for them—it is also desirable to increase the number of responsible patrons of the library. Children are not admitted to the roof garden. It is a reading room—and children and reading, while both are beautiful in their place—do not mix. A mother who takes proper care of her children in such a place cannot read. If she does read, someone else cannot.

It is good luck that we have been disappointed thus far in getting the new library building for which the annual reports of this institution have been clamoring ever since they began. Los Angeles is still small to what it will be even five years hence—and no metropolis has learned all there is to learn in the erection of libraries. We are fortunate for the intermediate experience. In the construction, the lighting, the ventilation—and even the roof garden—of the Laughlin Annex we shall learn some lessons that will be of use when this city becomes ready to build the library building it is entitled to have for its own.

At the city election December 8, 1904, the people of Los Angeles voted by 9669 to 6492 to erect a new building for the public library in Central Park; the plans calling for the use of one-thirteenth of the park area for the building. A suit of injunction was brought by a lodging-house keeper; and the court of first instance decided against the city. The City Attorney's Office will appeal to the Supreme Court. The park is now used not by citizens or their children, but mostly by drift-wood.

In any business house, success depends less upon the stock on the shelves than upon the people who handle it. The staff of the Los Angeles Public Library is one of the best in the United States; special efforts are being made to treat it as such service deserves. Aside from the re-organization of the staff last fall, the establishment of promotion for merit only, and a large increase in salaries,* many other arrangements are making for a betterment of the service by the better treatment of the employees.

About eight years ago, this library adopted the "open-shelf" system. The enormous loss of books by theft and mutilation within the last four or five years, exceeding in proportion that reported by any other library in this country, led to the closing of the shelves in the Reference and Reading Rooms in June, 1906. Fiction and Juvenile shelves had been closed in 1903. This is intended as tem-

porary only, and only until a system can be put in operation by which the public shall not be deprived of the important privilege of access to the shelves on account of the few but active thieves who abuse this privilege.*

For many years the public libraries throughout the country have lost a good deal of sleep on the question of the circulation of fiction. The natural impulse has been to run up circulation and make impressive figures; and the easy way to do this has been to push the loan of story books. There is now a reaction against this tendency to quantity as against quality. The following, by Herbert Putnam of the Library of Congress (in *The World's Work*, July, 1906) expresses conservatively the best modern feeling on this point:

"The multiplicity of readers is not in itself a great achievement in an age when one must be singular who is not "fond of books," and when the Public Library is accessible, attractive, and its purpose widely advertised; nor is the vast number of books issued proof of a passion for information, when books are urged upon the reader almost at his very door; nor is the issue to him of a particular book, without record of the use to which he puts it, in itself a final achievement.

"For a scientific estimate of their use we must look elsewhere than to these tables, for the only indication of service rendered is the number of volumes circulated—an inconclusive test indeed. Nothing is easier in the administration of a free library than to increase the circulation. It may be done by merely multiplying copies of the more popular books. (A novel issued fifty times a year counts fifty units in this total, where a work of science issued once counts but as one.)

"Almost all accounts of recent library progress are of the progress on the popular side. It is to this chiefly that the attention of the public has been directed, and it is to this that enthusiasm has been invited. But there has been a steady, if less spectacular, progress on the other side which concerns the serious investigator. It has consisted in the improvement, if not in the multiplication, of research libraries, in the increase of their collections, and in more liberal facilities for their use."

On the other hand, the tendency to "censorship" is visibly fading. Every fit librarian refrains from the purchase of obscene, or notori-

*So late as 1894 the salaries of the staff ran from \$10 to \$50 per month. Eight who were members in 1894 are still on this staff. The table shows typically the general advance in compensation:

NAME.	1894	1900	1905
Celia Gleason	\$50.00	\$75.00	\$100.00
Florence Thornburg	35.00	45.00	85.00
Nora A. Miller	30.00	50.00	85.00
Gertrude Darlow	30.00	50.00	85.00
Mary Johnson	30.00	40.00	80.00
Anna Beckley	25.00	50.00	85.00
Mabel Dunn	25.00	40.00	80.00
Pearl Gleason	20.00	35.00	75.00

An average advance of over 175 per cent since 1894. Within a year the schedule has been advanced as follows: Attendants, \$35 to \$60; assistants, 2nd class, \$45 to \$75; assistants, 1st class, \$50 to \$85; principals, 2nd class, \$50 to \$85; principals, 1st class, \$55 to \$100. These are the minimum and maximum figures in each class. The increase, September, 1905, affected 54 members of the staff.

*The open-shelf plan is not the fetish it was a few years ago. It is the ideal theory; the educational value and the pleasure of "free access" are undeniable and obvious. But the loss by thefts and mutilation (amounting in Los Angeles to an average of over 4000 volumes per year, or more than one book stolen for every new book bought), has given librarians pause. The Boston Public Library in its last annual report speaks strongly of the demoralizing tendency of making theft easy. Many leading Public Libraries have felt obliged to deny the privilege.

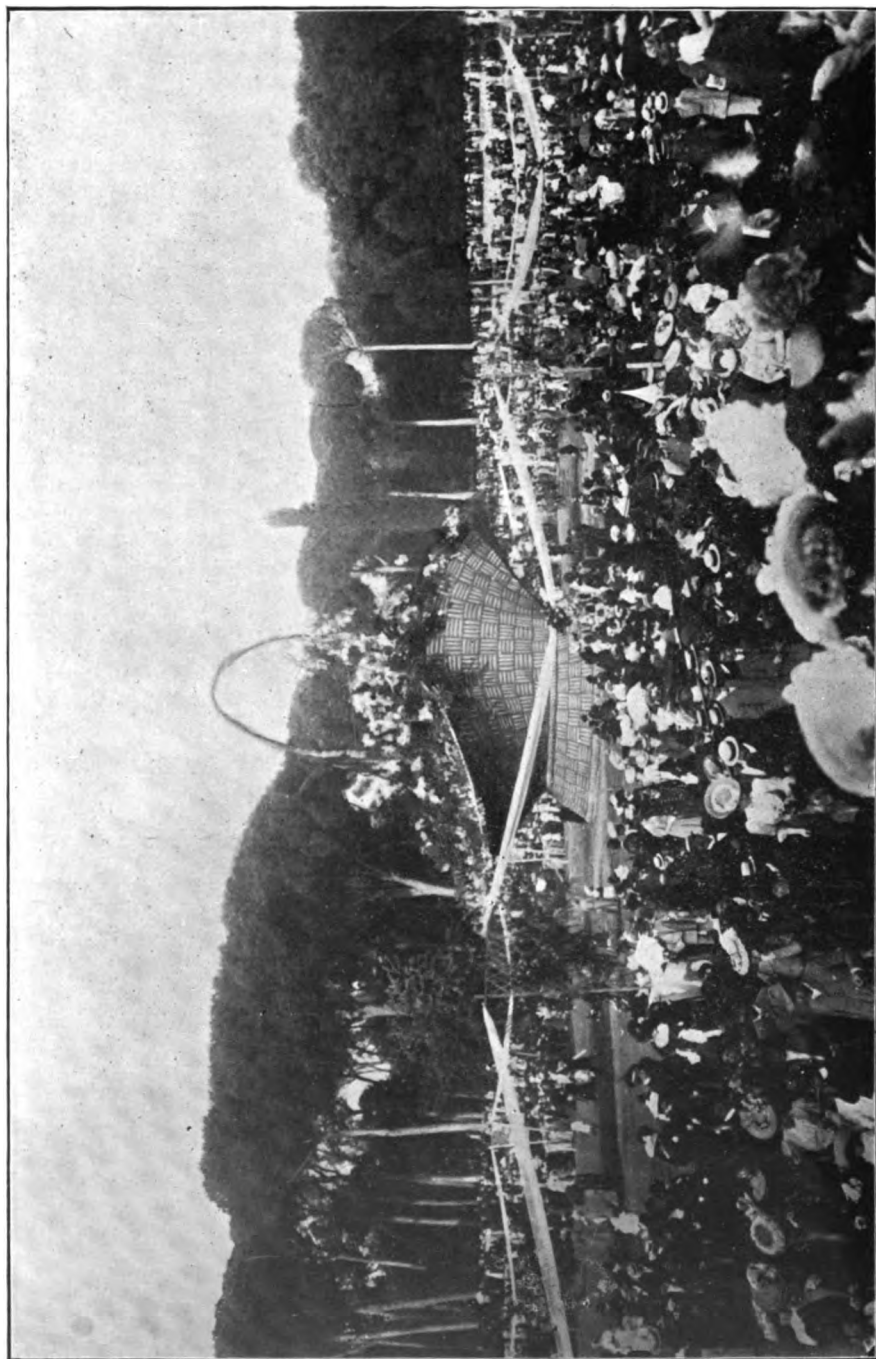
ously vulgar or silly fiction, just as from the purchase of discredited text-books; and particularly in the Juvenile Department the need of sane supervision is universally recognized. But the modern feeling is that adult readers are responsible for their own minds. I, myself, have never banished any volume from this library.

The best thing that can happen to any public library must, after all, come from the outside. No matter how many books, nor how well administered, the institution fails of its usefulness if its public does not understand its needs and make use of its facilities. Its ease as a place to get story books without paying for them is almost universally understood nowadays. The shortcoming of all public libraries in the usefulness they all desire is with regard to the classes to whom such an institution could be of the greatest use. Any collection of books, public or private, ought to have as its highest function the assistance of those who wish to Learn Something. The grace of sane entertainment is not despised by any tolerant person; but the highest human privilege is to learn. Novels are the cheapest books in any library, by class, and the easiest to obtain. They are sold at 49 cents by department stores, and circulated for almost nothing by book stores. Text books are expensive. In almost any normal city there are more people who have to make a living than there are people who have time to kill. People who have to make a living could make a better living if they knew more about their own business and what others have done in it. The Public Library ought first of all to be for scholars; and it ought first of all to remember that the painter's apprentice, or carpenter, or boiler-maker, or messenger boy who wishes to *study something* is quite as important a Scholar as a Greek professor. This is no heresy. Every important library in the world has adopted this point of view. In other words, even in Public Libraries everywhere, the reaction is to see the department of books that costs money and is worth money, (because it gives information), as properly the backbone of the whole. The Los Angeles Public Library has no reason to blush in comparison on this line. Its reference library a year ago numbered nearly 29,000 volumes, and this has been increased in a larger ratio than any other portion of the library within a year.* Not only in the purchase of volumes has the building of this department been made richer; but by reasoned catalogues and evaluation of volumes and a special attention to personal assistance and interpretation, the usefulness of this vital department has been greatly increased.†

Various appended tables show the relation and the proportion of this city to other cities in the content and the activity of its public library. It will be observed that in none of these comparisons is there cause for us to blush. With a population of higher average intelligence than any other in the country, and with the Habit of Success, it is not unreasonable to prophesy that even as Los Angeles continues to advance in the procession of material progress it will continue to still higher rank in the two things by which, more than by all others, a community is judged—its public schools and its public library.

*The San Francisco catastrophe of April, 1906, leaves the Los Angeles Public Library the only important reference library within two thousand miles.

†At the same time plans are formulated by which the accessibility of "fiction" will be doubled without changing the due relation of the expense of this department.



THE PIAZZA DI SIENA DURING THE FESTA DEI FIORI

THE FESTA DEI FIORI AT ROME

By GRACE ELLERY CHANNING.



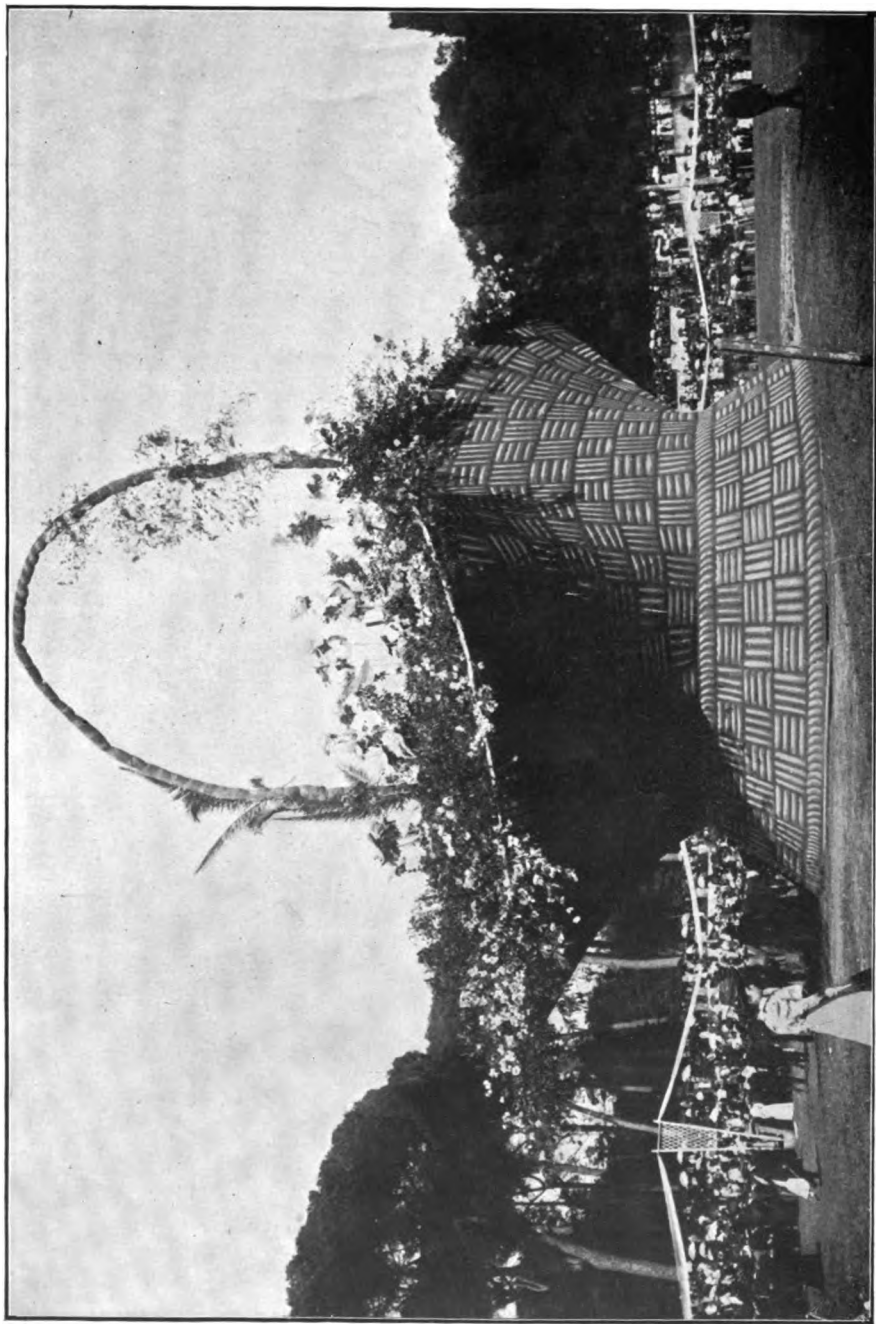
"CIOCARA" IN COSTUME

UNDER the auspices of the Press Association, a "Festa dei Fiori" was lately held at Rome for the benefit of the sufferers by the Courrieres mine disaster and by the eruption of Vesuvius, which was an interesting variation of the same "Fiesta" so often witnessed in Southern California.

The grounds of the Villa Umberto I—formerly the Villa Borghese, and now a memorial park given to Rome in honor of the assassinated King, whose favorite drive it was—form, perhaps, the loveliest of all existing gardens. The famous "Piazza di Siena," where all the sports and parades take place, is a superb amphitheatre, whose sloping sides, shaded by century-old stone-pines accommodate tens of thousands without crowding or confusion. The bright dresses of the Roman people, the



NOT UNLIKE NEW YEAR'S DAY IN PASADENA



THE BAND STAND

magnificent turnouts and the glittering uniforms unite with the background of rich green and the Italian blue of a sky so differently clear from that of California in giving a "colpo d'occhio" which is invariably worth the admission fee charged on such occasions.

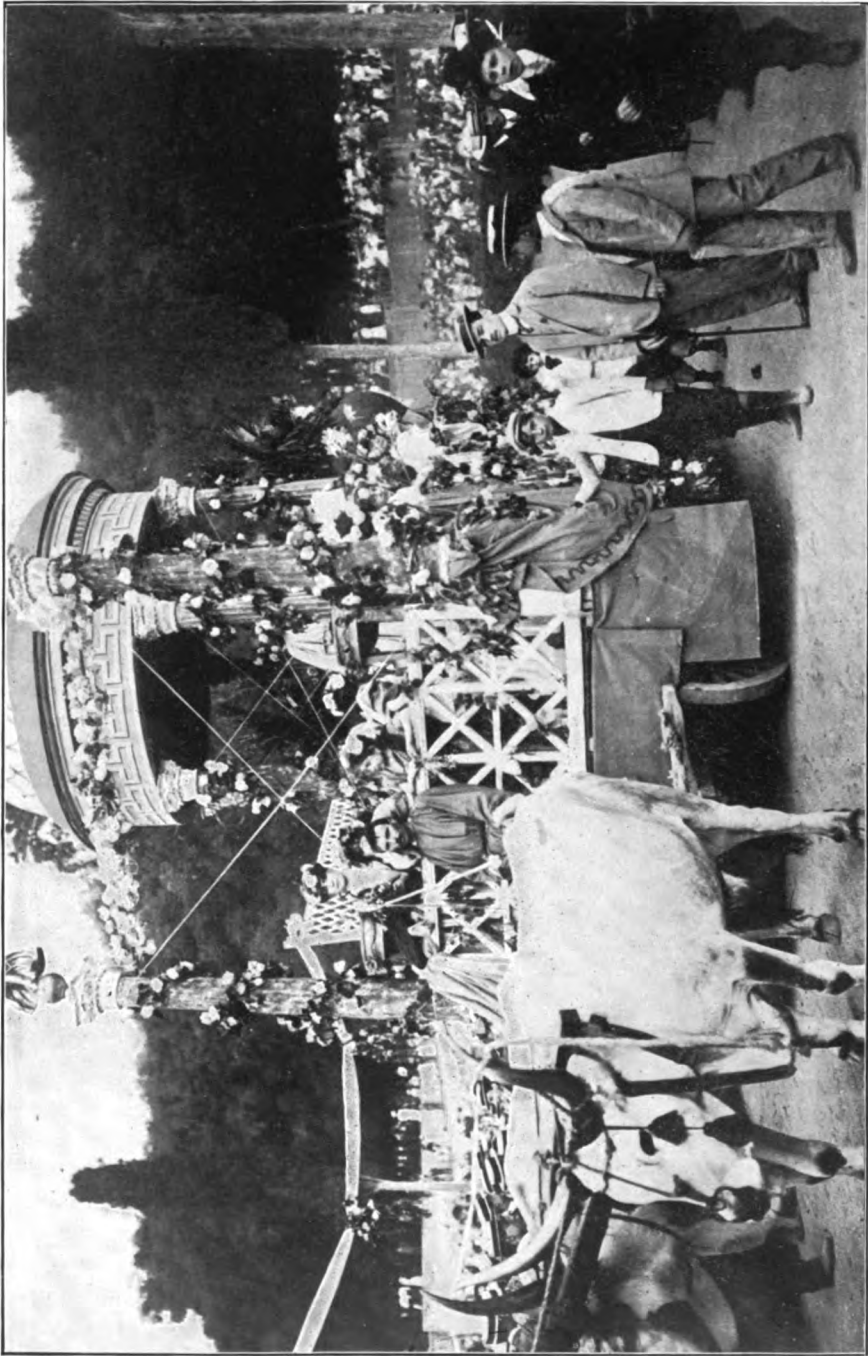
For the Feast of Flowers, there had been placed about the great oval, at intervals of twenty metres, poles twined with greenery and flowers, and joined by festoons of rose-colored veiling from which depended masses of roses. In the centre of the Piazza stood an



A GROUP OF CIOCIARI

enormous basket, adorned with colossal flowers, from the midst of which the band of an infantry regiment played selections. Two arches closed the entrance to the Piazza, and tribunes were erected at one side. To add to the brightness of the scene, "Ciociare"—the Abruzzi peasant boys and girls in their picturesque costume—sold flowers to the spectators, their faded white head-dresses of velvet, and gay kerchiefs standing out even from the brilliancy of a Roman crowd.

In the decoration of drags, carriages and automobiles, only a cer-



"DRAWN BY MILK-WHITE STEERS OF TUSCANY"

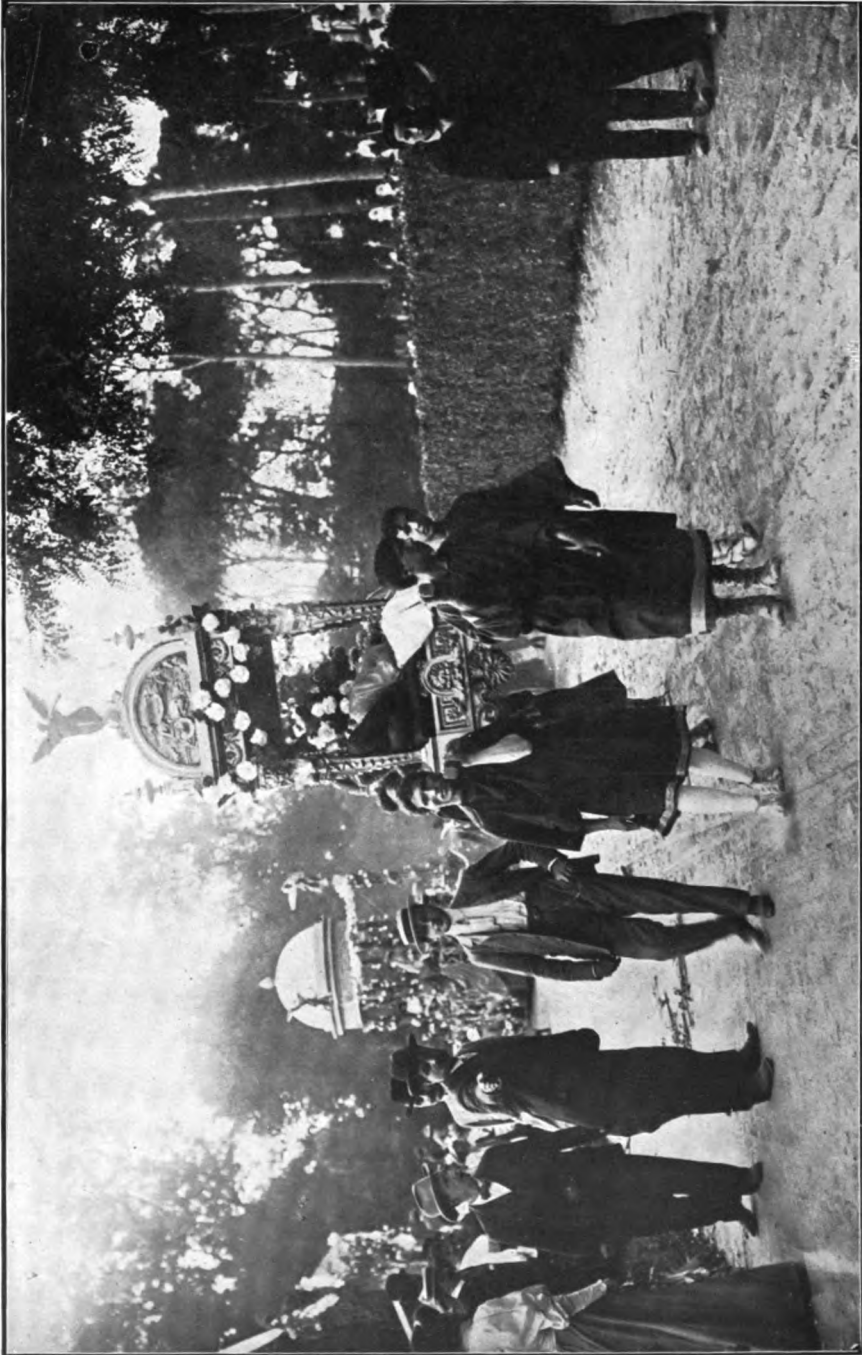
tain amount of variety is possible, and one Flower Festival is necessarily a good deal like another. Flowers had been sent for the occasion ever from the Riviera, though the gardens of Rome are not behind those of California in floral splendor. The King's prize was taken by the stage of the "Grand Hotel" and that of the Queen-Mother by the automobile of the Signor Cumbo. Prizes were also offered by the President of the Council, by the Minister of Marine



ONE OF THE EXHIBITS

and by the Minister of the Exterior, as well as by banks, deputations and private individuals.

One interesting novelty was the flat drawn by two of the milk-white steers of Tuscany, famous from the days of Virgil to those of Macaulay, and still to be seen in all the remote agricultural districts, or occasionally in the cities. A little carriage with two babies asleep, watched over by two "balie" (nurses) in their gorgeous provincial costumes, gay skirts, muslin aprons and fichus, and ribbon head-dresses ornamented with costly gold and silver pins, excited so much



NOT QUITE LIKE CALIFORNIA



IN FULL PARADE

admiration among the populace that the babies were well-nigh frightened to death, and the nurses were obliged to abandon the decorative for the utilitarian function.

Flower-throwing was indulged in rather languidly, except in the case of one carriage, driven by a certain Count, which was received with such a tempest of flowers as to be nearly buried in them. The



A DECORATED CAR IN THE FESTA DEI FIORI

compliment, pleasing at first, was carried to such a point that the recipient passed from pleasure to wrather and in the end was obliged to be escorted from the Piazza by a carabineer and a municipal guard to protect him from the too-warm attentions of youthful admirers.

The Chinese—so all-important contributors to our California Fiestas—were represented by a modestly-adorned carriage, in which rode three Celestial gentlemen in their fine native costumes—as much more noted here in Rome as the sight is relatively rarer, since only the Embassy and occasional distinguished visitors represent the ancient civilization in the Capital of another ancient civilization.

More absorbing than the "Festa" proper, by much, was the great



WHO WOULD SAY THIS WAS NOT IN CALIFORNIA?

thrang that witnessed it. Nowhere in the world today, probably, can such marvelous massed color-effects be obtained as in the Italian Capital, where not only the army and the civic orders, but the vast number of theological bodies are all distinguished by striking uniforms, and where every association which can possibly pretend to it owns a flag and carries it on every possible occasion. Added to the natural splendor of Southern coloring, and the background formed by the people, the "little people" (peasantry) and thousands of visiting tourists, it is not to be wondered at if the first Roman Flower-Festival proved an unqualified success and netted a generous sum for the two beneficiary causes.

Rome, Italy.

THE RE-MAKING OF AN OLD BONANZA

By *SHARLOT M. HALL.*



HERE were two great mines in the old Southwest whose fame is perennial and whose stories are part of history and parcel of the romance that never dies. The Nevada of yesterday was, after a fashion, no more than an extension of the Comstock, and men to whom Arizona was less than a name reckoned affairs of state by the silver of Tombstone.

This famous old camp, which owed something to its gruesome name as well as to its stage-loads of silver bullion, lies in a nest of low, rounded hills beyond which the wide valleys roll away with a sea-like sweep to the higher mountains. On the north the Dragoons, walled their full length with a great granite cliff rising sheer from the level like a huge fortification, with turrets and towers and gigantic buttresses of weather-worn stone; to the east the Huachu-cas, notched and serrated, deeply cut with cañons, yet looking more like time-dulled glass than solid earth in the distance—so dim and blue and translucent they rise against the desert sky.

Less than half a century ago this wide, silent, mountain-walled country was the gateway to Apache Land; a little beyond the mines and mill may be traced a section of the dim old trail over which for a hundred years the brown raiders drove their stolen stock from Sonora and harried their luckless Mexican captives.

Beyond that great wall of the Dragoons, Cochise, most statesman-wise of the Apache chiefs, took refuge with the remnant of his band, and defied capture till at last he made in some measure his own terms and surrendered on a treaty which he kept unbroken till his death. The grim old warrior lies buried in the mouth of the cañon which bears his name, and when, robed and painted for the last lone trail, he was laid in the earth, a band of war-ponies was circled in and driven up and down over the spot till the trampled ground betrayed no hint of the final camp of the old chief.

In the years preceding the discovery of Tombstone, there was little encouragement for prospectors in Southeastern Arizona. The mountains were still, as they had been for centuries, the favored home of the Indians, and many a cañon hides the weathered bones of men who dared to go beyond the scattered ranches along the San Pedro river. The first prospecting was done by scouting parties of soldiers who took hasty notes of ledges and out-crops as they followed the bands of hostile Indians; by armed bodies of citizens following Indian depredators, and by men who, for safety's sake, accompanied the troops on their various marches.

It was in such wise that Edward Schieffelin first came into the country where he was to find a great fortune. Born in Pennsylva-

nia, he had removed with his family, while still a boy, to Oregon, and had grown to manhood in the mountains there, prospecting and becoming familiar with ores.

The silver boom of Nevada drew him as it did hundreds of others, and, like hundreds of others, he reached the State too late to make desirable locations. After a short time he followed the next strike, which led him to the McCracken silver mine, at Signal, in Western Arizona. Here, too, other men were in possession of the best claims, and Schieffelin presently went on with some Indians to Wickenburg, the great gold camp of Central Arizona.

At Wickenburg he joined a party of Indian scouts on their way to the Huachuca mountains, a region that had never been prospected because of the hostile Apaches, but which was reputed to be rich in gold and silver, especially the latter.

Before reaching the Huachucas, Schieffelin was attracted to the foothill region lying between the Dragoon and Mule mountains, to the east of the San Pedro river, and left the scouting party to prospect for float along the washes. The indications he found were good, but the country was over-run with Indians, and was particularly unsafe, and, besides, Schieffelin was not at that time able to outfit for an extended prospecting trip.

Still the indications were to him so good that he took a job at the Bronco mine, near the river, which permitted him to spend an occasional day in prospecting. He tried to interest others, but without success. The country was far too dangerous, and even his friend, Al Sieber, with whom he had come across from Wickenburg, warned him that he would find his tombstone in the hills if he kept on.

Schieffelin was a true prospector. Nothing dampened his determination to know what lay beyond the danger-line in the rough hills east of the San Pedro. In February, 1878, he went in alone, found the ore he had been so sure of, and, failing to get help in Tucson, took it back 300 miles or more to Signal, where his brother Al was at work. Here the ore was assayed and went 500 ounces in silver to the ton. The Schieffelin brothers formed a partnership with the assayer, Richard Gird, and the three outfitted for the new strike.

They located more claims, and with their preliminary work proved the value of the property; yet, in common with every other great mine in the Southwest, it was "turned down" by the first mining expert who looked at it. He looked at the white lime hills, measured after his own fashion the tangled, intricate ledges, and handed down his official opinion that the whole section "wasn't worth a tinker's dam."

Notwithstanding, the partners went on, succeeded in raising money

to put up a mill, and from the day the first stamp dropped, in July, 1879, the silver bullion rolled out at the rate of about two thousand dollars a week, and the three owners saw themselves on the way to great wealth.

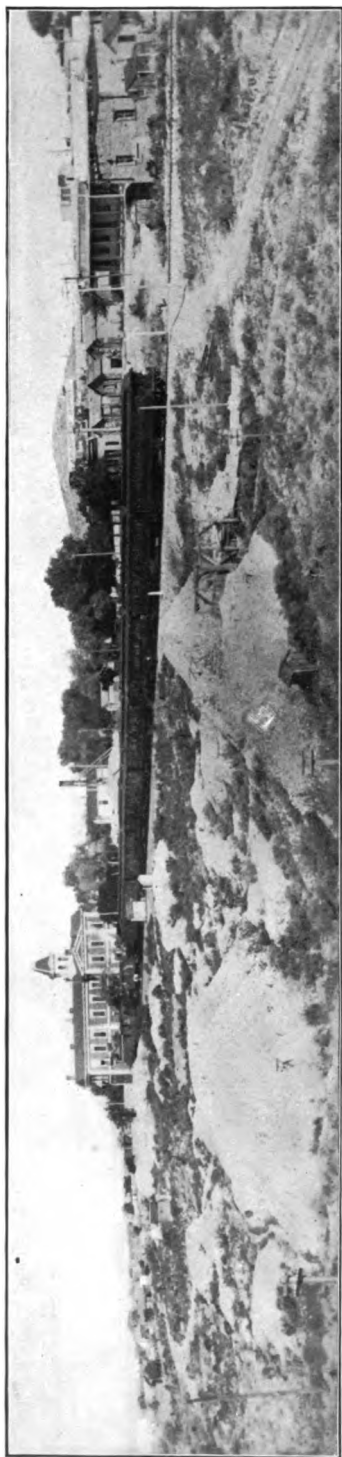
The first supplies came by mule- and ox-teams from Yuma across three hundred miles of desert; the first ten-stamp mill came in that way and was set up at Charleston, on the San Pedro river, water



EDWARD L. SCHIEFFELIN
Shortly before his death, May 12, 1897

being scarce at the mine. This first mill was a dry-process; the ore was rough-crushed and roasted in a cylindrical roaster which discharged it dry and dusty for the final crushing under the stamps.

The dust that rose everywhere and coated the machinery and mill-timbers and powdered the workmen as with a dirty impalpable flour was heavy with lead, and lead poisoning soon overtook the majority of the mill hands. Some of them sickened and died before the danger was known, and so many left that, even at five dollars a day, it was impossible to keep a full crew. It was soon found



TOMBSTONE, ARIZONA

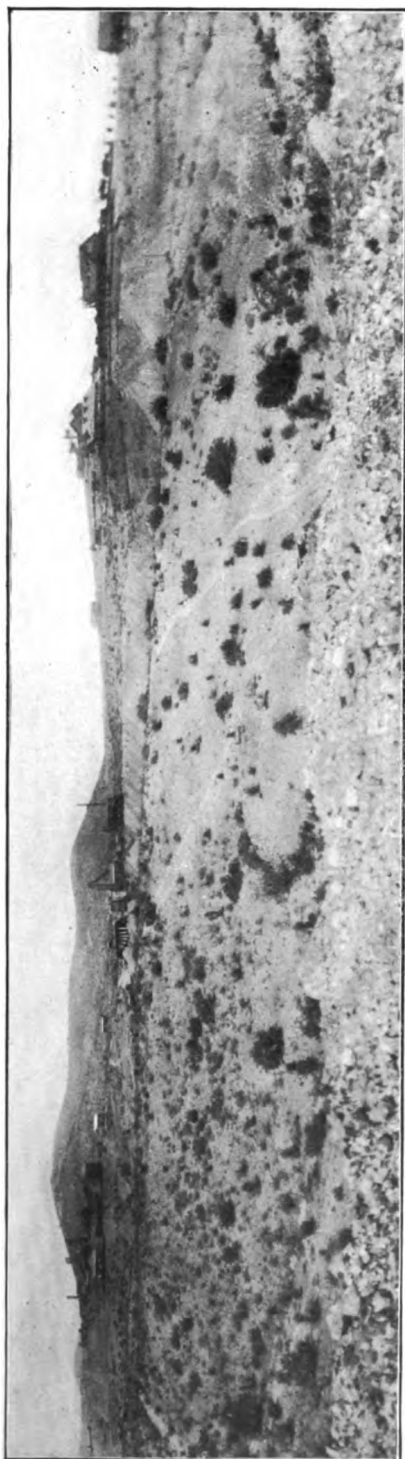
necessary to install a wet-crushing plant, and with that the danger was past.

In 1880, Gird and the Schieffelins sold their claims for, it is said, \$1,800,000. Within four years after the discovery, more than a thousand claims had been located in the country surrounding the great strike; mills were established along the San Pedro river till 150 stamps were running, producing more than half a million dollars a month.

On the rolling mesa below the mines a city sprang up as if by magic—a city substantially built, with wide, smooth streets and business blocks in which the handsomest and richest goods were exposed for sale. Water was brought in from the Huachuca mountains twenty-five miles away and stored in a reservoir cut in the solid rock. This water system, still in use, cost half a million dollars, and made it possible to work the ore at the mines, saving the nine-mile haul to the river.

In 1882, Tombstone had a population reckoned at twelve thousand; the houses were full and tents were everywhere along the outskirts and down the side streets. Fortunes were tossed back and forth like balls in a game, and for a brief while the hills that had known the yells of the Apaches echoed the hum of a miniature San Francisco of the sixties.

Tombstone at its zenith was the richest, the liveliest, the most "wide-open" camp in the Southwest. As a magnet it drew the adventurous crowd falling away from the failing Comstock. No gambler had proved his mettle till he had gone up against the games at Tombstone. Rustlers and brand-wranglers, smugglers and stage robbers, and "all-round bad men" met in the streets and passed the time of day to the crack of over-active pistols—and under it all, quietly, straight to its end, the real life of the town went on and



TOMBSTONE FROM A DISTANCE

the mines developed, undisturbed by this gay and reckless froth on the surface of things.

In the first four years of their activity, the mines produced about \$25,000,000—and this with a milling capacity of only 150 stamps. No other camp on the coast had such a record, or such reason to look with large hope to the future; but already the dark wing of disaster was laying its shadow across shaft and dump and down the busy streets.

There was nothing in that high, wide valley and the cluster of lime-whitened hills to suggest water beneath; above ground no corner of the desert was drier, and only desert vegetation, sparse greasewood and cat-claw and lance-tipped yuccas clothed the country. And yet, scant 500 feet below the surface lay a great and even yet unmeasured water-basin. In 1881 the Sulphuret shaft reached it—then the Contention, Grand Central, and others.

The first inflow, though enormous, was regarded with no great apprehension. There was rather a little inclination to welcome it; for, pure and near at hand, it seemed to solve the problem of milling on the ground instead of at the San Pedro river, with its expensive wagon-haul of the ore.

The water-level was found to be about the same throughout the district; but only when the Grand Central Company put in a pump that lifted half a million gallons of water every twenty-four hours, was there some hint of the fight ahead. Steadily the big pumps throbbed and a respectable river poured out and ran down the gulch past the town, but

down in the shaft below the water level was practically unchanged.

Then the Contention Company put in Cornish pumps, doubling the Grand Central capacity. A million and a half gallons of water came over the top of the two shafts every day and night—and down in that immeasurable basin the water must have chuckled to itself, for it was still winner.

Another line of Cornish pumps in the Grand Central, lifting their million and a half gallons every twenty-four hours and bringing the whole pumping capacity for that time up to three million gallons, did push the rippling, protesting water-line down till sinking was again possible.

Five years the fight went on; the water retreating stubbornly inch by inch, the big pumps lifting their steady stream, and the deepening shafts showing rich ore below the fighting line. Again long life and prosperity seemed ahead of the camp, when fire joined with the sullen, half-beaten water. The big Grand Central shaft-house took fire and the hoisting machinery and expensive pumping plant were entirely destroyed.

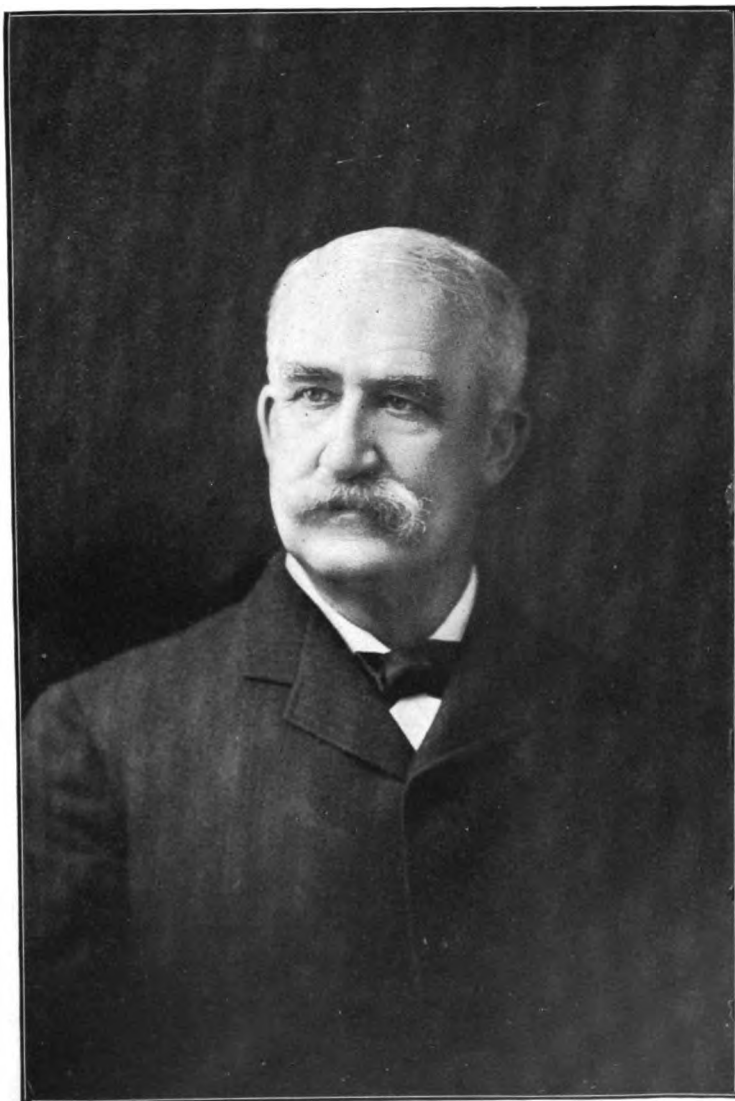
Even so, the sister pumps in the Contention might have held the water in check till the Grand Central plant was restored; but here human differences came into the fight. The companies disagreed, the pumps stopped, and the water crawled up along its old level till the shafts were filled. Then the Contention plant burned to the ground and the water had its own way, lapping in and out through the deserted workings unchecked.

Then followed twenty years when the grass literally grew in the streets of Tombstone. The tent-dwellers pulled up stakes and went on to the last new strike; the wooden buildings were pulled down and hauled away to other camps, and the big, flat-roofed adobes stood silent and deserted along the white, untracked caliche streets.

A few people stayed—mostly those who couldn't get away—with a few of the old-timers to whom, dead or booming, Tombstone was "the best spot on God's footstool." There was a little spasmodic "gophering" in the mines above water line—just enough to keep hope alive and to give a peg on which to hang the stories of a brighter past.

Yet, while the weeds and desert grass grew over the dumps, and the upper levels of the old workings caved in year by year, one man had visions of a new Tombstone, as prosperous as the old and more stable. Looking down from the blackened heap where the Grand Central shaft-house had stood, he saw the deserted streets filled with people, and through the desert silence he heard the roar of dropping stamps.

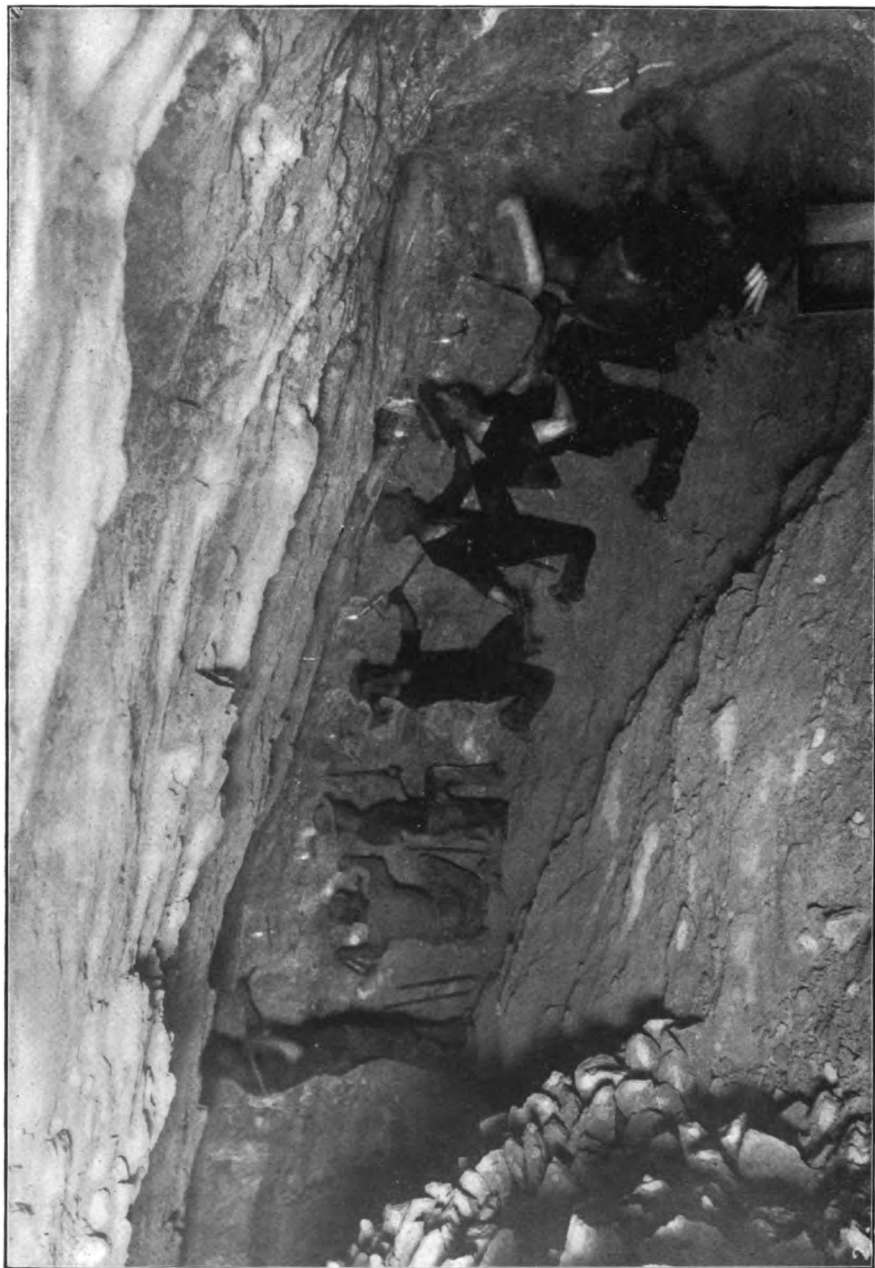
No man had known Tombstone better in the old days than E. B. Gage, and no one was better fitted to be the prophet of her larger



E. B. GAGE

future. It was not a question of lost mineral and played-out leads. The big ore-bodies were there, though drowned in an unmeasured lake; the last ton of ore taken from the lowest level had shown increasing gold values; and in all its working life Tombstone held the highest general average of ore values of any district on the Pacific Coast.

Now the question was to unwater, not stocks, but a whole mining district. There was but one reasonable way; experience had shown that the Grand Central and Contention pumps drained all the mines

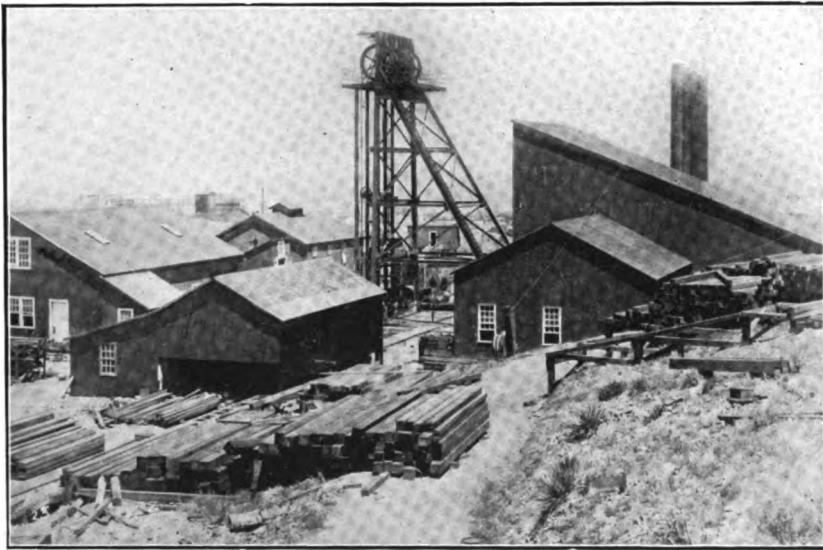


IN THE MINE AT TOMBSTONE

in the vicinity, and consolidation would enable all to be operated with the least expense.

Something of the idea had been advanced in the first fight with the water, but much legal wrangling over the tangled and overlapping ledges had not prepared a harmonious atmosphere for its acceptance. But, though rejected, it was the one feasible plan, and quietly through all the years between Mr. Gage fostered it, till in 1901 the Tombstone Consolidated Mines Company was formed and included every important property in the district.

But consolidation was merely the beginning. The man who pits his strength and wit against his fellows can measure somewhat the probable tricks of the game; but he who "goes up against" Nature



MILL AT TOMBSTONE

meets the unexpected at every turn and needs a steadier courage and a readier wit. It was in some ways a bigger undertaking to open the old mines than it would have been to develop untouched property. It meant more money, more brains, more skill; it was a splendid fight for a great and possibly enormous stake, against an opponent who never skulked or shirked and whose resources were unknown. The water had its own way for twenty years; most of the old workings were caved beyond use on the upper levels; the hoisting machinery was all destroyed or useless, and the railroad was still nine miles away at the nearest point.

The first question was hoisting machinery and power to run it, pumps of giant capacity and power for them. Four 25-ton boilers came up on specially built wagons, with thirty horses to the wagon;



AT WORK WITH THE MACHINE DRILLS

a huge steel hoist was set up, and the largest shaft in the Southwest was started downward on the Contention ground. Ten by twenty-four feet, with four compartments, two for pumping and two for hoisting, it was planned to meet whatever need the future might develop.

While the big shaft was going down, smaller ones were sunk on other properties; many of the old drifts above water-level were opened; again the ore was piled high on the weed-grown dumps, and the mill rocked and roared to the dropping of stamps as in the old days. A cyanide plant was added and the old dumps were resorted for shipping ore thrown aside as waste in the reckless days of easy fortune.

In 1903, the railroad came up from Fairbanks on the El Paso and Southwestern line; and more huge boilers were added to the working force, till now eight line up on the hillside above the old Apache trail. In cyanide plant and mill, 250 tons of ore are worked daily; 2,500 tons a month are shipped to the smelters of El Paso, and a lead smelter of 150 tons capacity is about to be put up on the ground.

In the big shaft the old fight goes on. The water was reached at the 600-foot level and a triple-expansion pump, with a capacity of two and a half million gallons every twenty-four hours, was put in. It forced the water down, stubbornly, slowly, but surely; on the 700-level three more huge pumps went in, two of them lifting together two and a half million gallons to the surface every 24 hours, and one carrying 1,600,000 gallons up to the pumps on the level above.

Foot by foot, the water fought to hold its own. The magnitude of the struggle grew with every level; on the 800-foot another great pump went in, lifting 2,750,000 gallons every twenty-four hours, and below this four duplex sinking pumps are carried in the bottom of the shaft. In all, the great pumps deliver six million gallons of water on the surface every round of the sun—seventeen tons every minute.

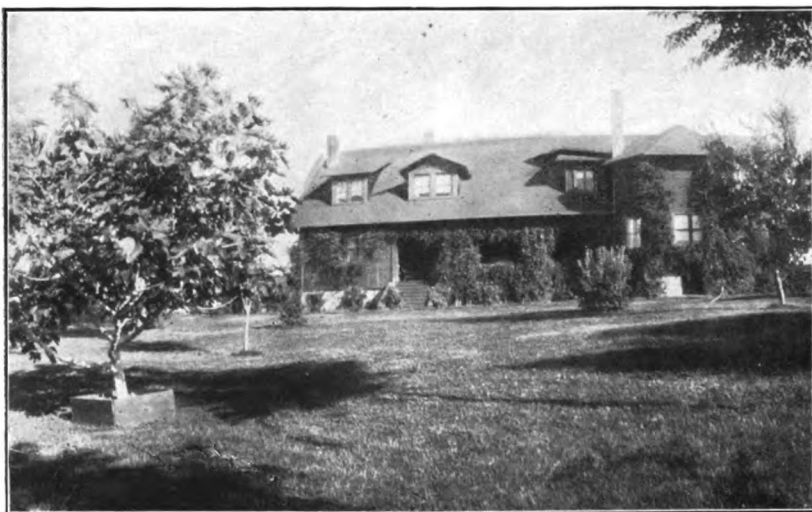
Clear and pure and sparkling, as if it came from some mountain stream instead of from the heart of the earth, it flows into the tanks and on down the gulch between the low hills to the little ranches where enterprising settlers grow vegetables for the camp and make capital out of the difficulty which besets their neighbors. It is believed that some day the underground basin will be drained and no more necessity remain for the pumping. When that good day comes, the ranches will go back to desert, but a fortune will be saved to the company; meanwhile the ore below water line promises to repay all expense and keep the fight going indefinitely.

There never was, perhaps, a mining camp with so great and well-substantiated a past and so sure a future that had so little of the typical mining camp in evidence. Out of that irregular line of shafts

dotted along the hills above the town, \$34,000,000 was taken in the years between 1879 and 1886. Men who know the district best put the total yield of gold, silver and lead at \$40,000,000; yet, standing back to the mill, with ears closed to the surf-like beat of the stamps, it might be some picturesque old-world city spread across the gently rolling mesa below.

The broad, low, flat-roofed adobe houses stand massive and cool along the wide, white streets. Dense green umbrella-trees and tall hollyhocks against the soft-toned walls give an oriental atmosphere, heightened by the clear, blue desert sky overhead and the magnificent sweep of valley and mountains beyond.

Every house has its garden—a riot of flowers, a tangle of purple-



HOME OF E. B. GAGE, AT TOMBSTONE
Grounds planted just three years

fruited fig trees and grapes and honeysuckle. Some of the old places still keep the secluded courtyard with high adobe walls over which the tree tops show green and the roses climb and droop toward the street. Behind one big adobe house that might be out of old Spain is the most beautiful courtyard in the Southwest, roofed with an English ivy with central trunk as thick as a man's arm, and branches fifty feet long. The yellow of ripening apricots, the purple of giant figs, and the delicate green of young grapes intermingle with the ivy leaves in a harmony as beautiful as Raphael's frescoes.

Vines climb the tall, slender palm-trees and roses sway against the walls, and birds flit in and out to the stone drinking-trough that is a big, deep-worn metate on which the Indian women ground their corn and grass seeds. And a hand-breadth beyond the door goes on the life of the city, awakened from its twenty-year sleep and turning to a future as busy as, and more stable than, its romantic past.

Dewey, Arizona.

AN ARCHÆOLOGICAL WEDDING JOURNEY

By *THERESA RUSSELL*

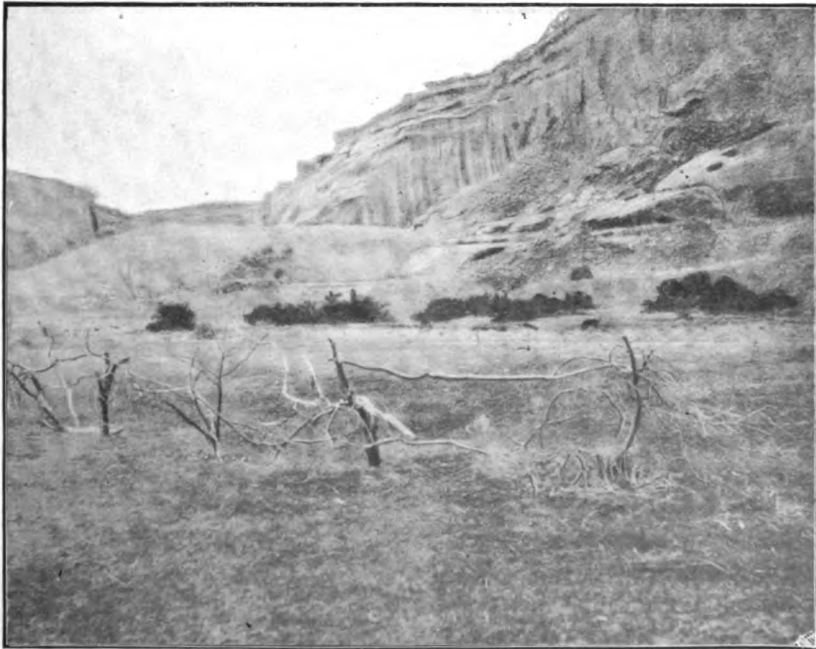
CHAPTER IX.

IN MOQUI - LAND

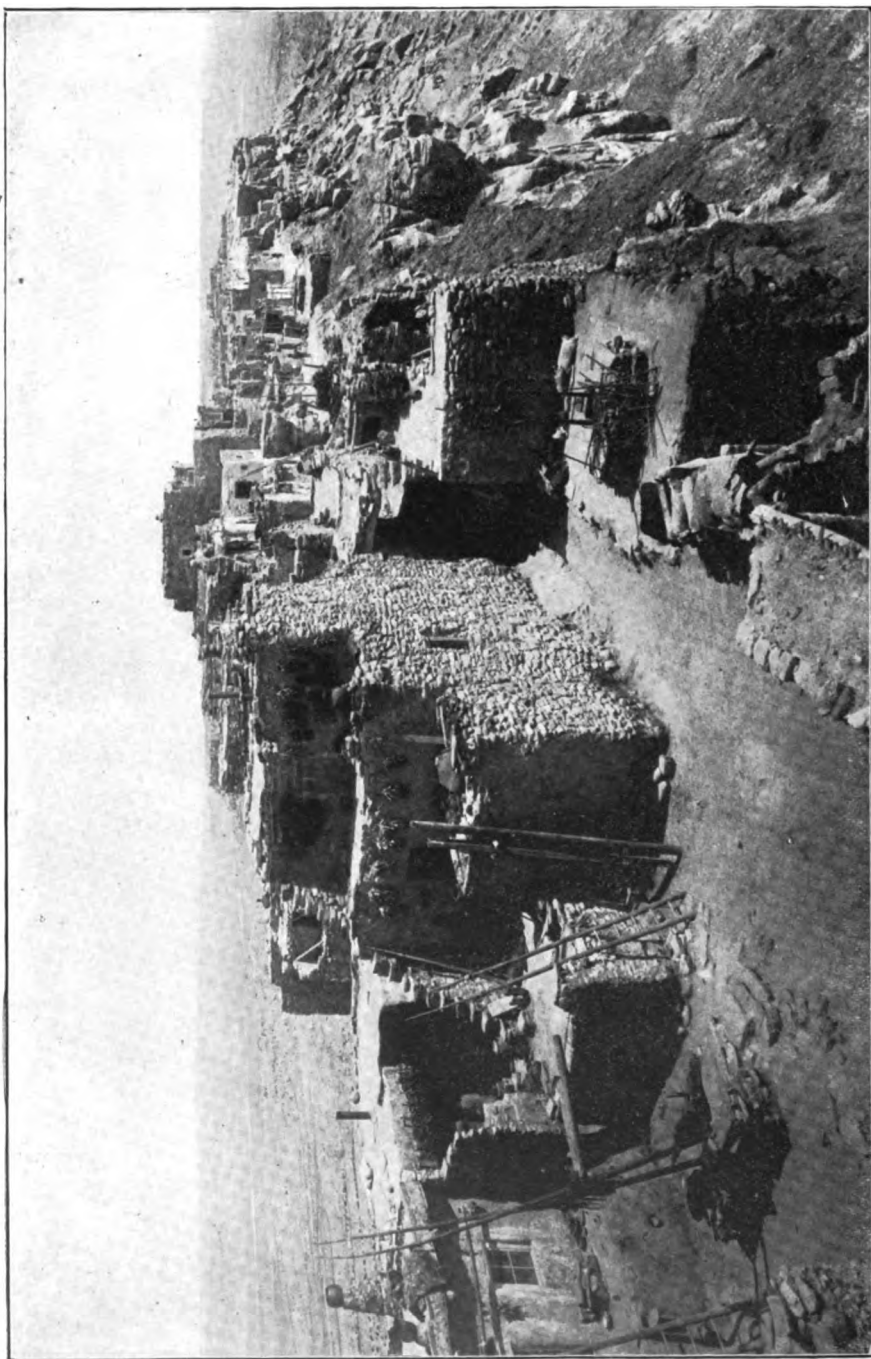
"Shine on our gardens and fields,
Shine on our working and weaving;
Shine on the whole race of man,
 Believing and unbelieving;
Shine on us now through the night,
Shine on us now in Thy might,
The flame of our holy love
And the song of our worship receiving."



THE Indian bucolic is an interesting phenomenon, not to say instructive. You will come upon him in his field of corn, melons, squash or what-not—an irregular patch of most any size. Perhaps it will be distinguished by a fence. If so, your preconceived ideas of fences will experience sudden change. This fence will be wireless, boardless, nailless. It seems to hang together by affinity and to stand up through disregard of Newton's Law—never having heard about it, probably. As to cultivation, the Brown Man drills not, neither does he



" WIRELESS, BOARDLESS, NAILLESS "



"LIFTED SHEER ABOVE THE OUTSTRETCHED PLAINS"

plow, and yet his cornstalks are arrayed and flourishing. The desert farmer digs ditches and irrigates. He places a shade over each individual hill in its infancy. He hangs out scarecrows so like himself that it is hardly fair to the marauders. He builds a little shelter for himself, where he may sit and watch things grow. Thus is he assiduous and not neglectful.

The Navajos, as you know, live in hogans, distributed country fashion, with fields to match, while the Moquis reside in pueblos, up on the narrow mesas, whence they scatter forth by day to their fields below, and whither they return at night, like reversed suburbanites.

But Mr. Thomas Palaki, a Moqui of prestige and distinction, had a country estate, with a whole house just for his own family, where he could be right at home with his growing crops, and where his children might run about without being in constant peril of rolling over the edge. Tom had real bedsteads, too, with sheepskins and Navajo blankets strewn about over the bare springs and trailing off to the ground. For, of course, the beds were out of doors, where beds should be. For himself, Tom was of pleasing aspect, with his clean white suit neatly encasing his short stocky form, and his abundant black hair trimmed off squarely across brow and around neck. Also he was of facile speech, with his handy vocabulary in three or four languages.

Mrs. Palaki was not so accomplished as a linguist, but you could understand her very well, even if she was not able to "speak your talk," as Kipling's little story-boy says.

The haven of her home I had sighted from afar, for it stood conspicuously on a side hill, attracting your eye to the bright picture of red chilis festooned over the adobe walls and green corn waving against a setting of sand dunes. What appeared to be the front of the house, as you approached, had only a port-hole between the windows where the door should have been; but when you got there you found the back door to be the front also, and to stand hospitably open.

In easy English we were asked to "come in and have a chair." We complied for sweet ceremony's sake, until we had become well enough acquainted to feel comfortable with each other. Then we all went outside where we could be comfortable with ourselves and our surroundings.

My hostess had also been viewing me at long range as I trudged up the sandy slope, walking on ahead of the team, and now expressed her motherly commiseration by pointing down the hot, heavy, sun-burnt road, then at me, shaking her head, and sighing dolorously. Like all sympathy, hers was as cheering as though it had been deserved, although its object was so far from the point of exhaustion that it was not so well appreciated as was the cup of cold water (only it was a good, practical two-quart pail) which she also offered.

Along with her condolences, her undisguised interest in her guest was quite flattering, it was so un-Indian. She plucked at my sleeve, with delicious feminine curiosity as to the fabric. She denoted admiration in the bunch of scarlet flowers I had found on the way—blossoming amid sand and rocks in the hardy desert fashion. She fondled my braids—worn à la schoolgirl because I had lost all my hairpins but one, and was preserving that to remember them by—murmuring over and over, “Lolomai, lolomai.” The Man of Science, being called upon for a translation, rendered it as “Good to look at, beautiful,” but how could I know but what that was to be taken as Politeness of Interpreter?

However, I adopted the charming word on faith, and transferred



“A VERY OLD WORLD”

it to a dear urchin of tender years, who mused pensively by the bedpost, finger in mouth, a genuine brown study, until the surcharge of his brooding—there seemed to be no other cause—welled up into a fervent wail, and he must flee to the maternal lap for consolation—that queer thing, Consolation.

“Isn’t it strange,” I mused in turn. “Our need of it and our instinct to seek it outside of ourselves and in something larger than we are?”

“Larger and wiser,” added the Anthropologist. “What we really want is the assurance that it is all right somehow, and that can come convincingly only from Those Who Know.”

“Stranger yet, that in its mighty comfort we should take it to be one of the real joys of life instead of the make-shift that it is; as though it were a true gladness ‘to be glad that for a little while we were so sad.’”

"Be that as it may, we go on just the same, and going on seems to be the program immediately ahead of us just now."

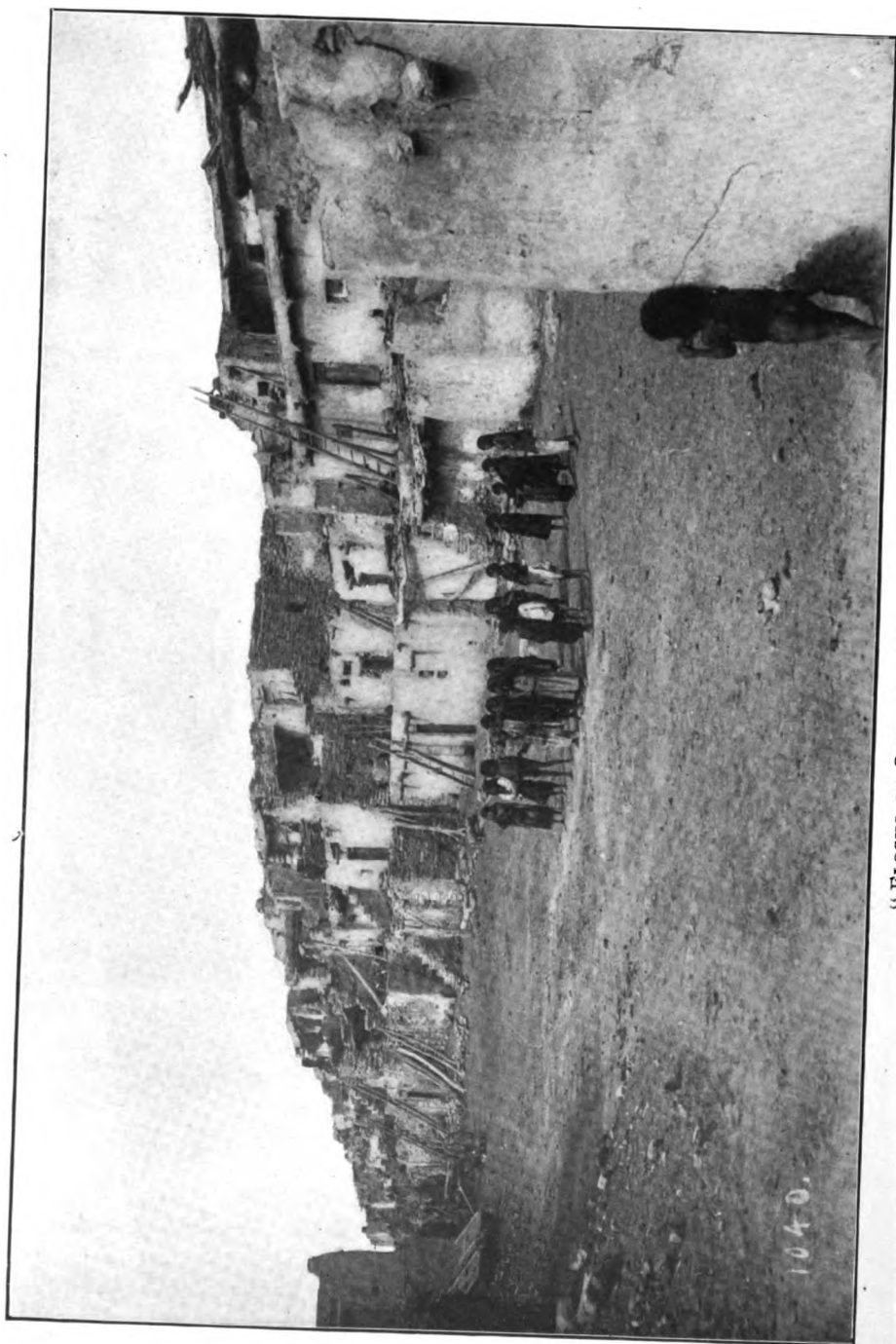
For the expedition was en route to the Snake Dance at Sichomavi. Reaching at eventide the outskirts of our destination, that is to say, the foot of the First Mesa, we camped upon the hem. We found it bordered with a fringe of civilization, under whose gentle influence the strolling gypsy band ate fresh eggs for supper and slept, for once, under a carpentered roof. Yet one could hardly wait for day to dawn, the day that held so much in store. Morning came, however, as mornings have a way of doing whether you are ready for them or not, and with it, the visit to the villages.



"THE ASSERTIVE COILS WILL HAVE TO SUBSIDE"

Armed each with a camera, according to size, the Instigators climb the trail that seems so long and steep to foreign feet. To the inhabitants it is merely a running up stairs, where one does not even lose one's breath.

But once over the edge, behold, you are in another world. A very old world, it seems, and yet by no means senile; basking in sunshine, filled with repose, yet holding no faintest suggestion of stagnation. Here, on this narrow tongue of land lifted sheer above the outstretched plains that lie silent and shimmering below, this strip of earth uplifted into the arching sky that swims silent and shimmering above, here in this row of little communities stretching tit-tat-toe



"FLOCKS OF CHILDREN FROLIC ABOUT"

to the very edge of the cliff, is to be found a compact epitome of life. A life which displays frankly its comedy, which guards jealously its tragedy, and which is even now in the throes of a very Passion Play, the last, persistent survival of a deeply rooted ancient faith.

Under the flooding sunlight, then, we walk along, emptying our bags of candy and filling our dry-plates and films. Here is a cluster of women chattering idly in the doorway, while one, in a spasm of industry, sweeps the courtyard with her new "store" broom. Flocks of children frolic about. One mother discovers that her own toddling son is in danger of being caught in the clicking machine of the visitors and hustles him into the house, not for the prevention of the deed—oh no! but for the adornment of a clean apron, that he may make a proud and pretty picture.

Here is another cherub, entirely unaproned and moreover off his guard by reason of undivided attention to a huge crescent of melon, the juice trickling through the pudgy brown fingers. He spies us and suspects our intentions—but too late. He flees, but after the event. And his elders are loudly jubilant over his discomfiture.

Farther up the street a dark-haired Absalom sun-dries his shampooed locks, sitting on the sloping ladder that forms the stairway to the upper rooms. Hecuba patiently weaves a basket, holding it close to her dimming eyes. Nestor slumbers on the housetop, dreaming of days gone by. Over a balcony leans a smooth-cheeked Juliet, her glossy hair freshly wound into the projecting whorls that are the pride of her maiden heart. Because she still wears them, young Romeo may linger there below and gaze into her lustrous eyes. When she becomes Mrs. Montague, the assertive coils will have to subside into meek braids hanging down her back.

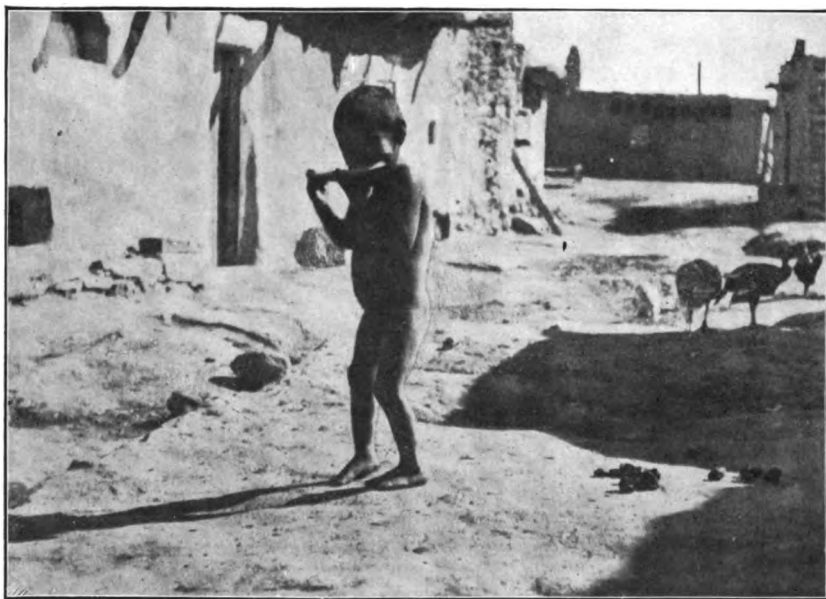
The rest of the lads and lassies are out on the piazza playing a game that looks like Tag or Blind Man's Buff. There is much running and shouting and brave fluttering of the shawls or capes of bright-hued print worn by the girls.

Thus through the narrow, populous streets, garrisoned by ruminating burros, with an assisting corps of chickens to sound taps and reveille—one notices with a degree of astonishment that they cluck and cackle just like anybody's hens—then down the trail again, to snatch a hurried luncheon and hasten by wagon on to the Middle Mesa. For the last, and only public, scene of the nine days' ceremony is to take place there in the afternoon.

Up this ascent the Tenderfoot has her first, last and only-desired burro ride. To one accustomed to the noble proportions of a lofty Bill, the allegation that the burro is "too short to climb up on and too tall to sit down on" appears to be the simple truth, intensified by one's own discovery that it takes a peso's worth of exhortation to procure two-bits' worth of action. But by dint of eternal encourage-

ment, vocal and otherwise, we reach the place where everybody gets off and walks, or scrambles, up to the top of the mesa.

Half way up this precipitous stairway is a modest spring of water tucked away in a sequestered cave in the rock cliff. We all—for we number quite a party by now—stop and scoop up what drink we can in hands and hats, and go rejoicing on our refreshed way. On our return trip we pass this same place just in time to see a young Moqui, clothed in brown skin, emerge from our erstwhile water-pitcher, which he has been using as a bath tub. He is completing his toilet by squirting water out of his mouth into his hands and thus washing his face. The capacity of his water-bowl is amazing.



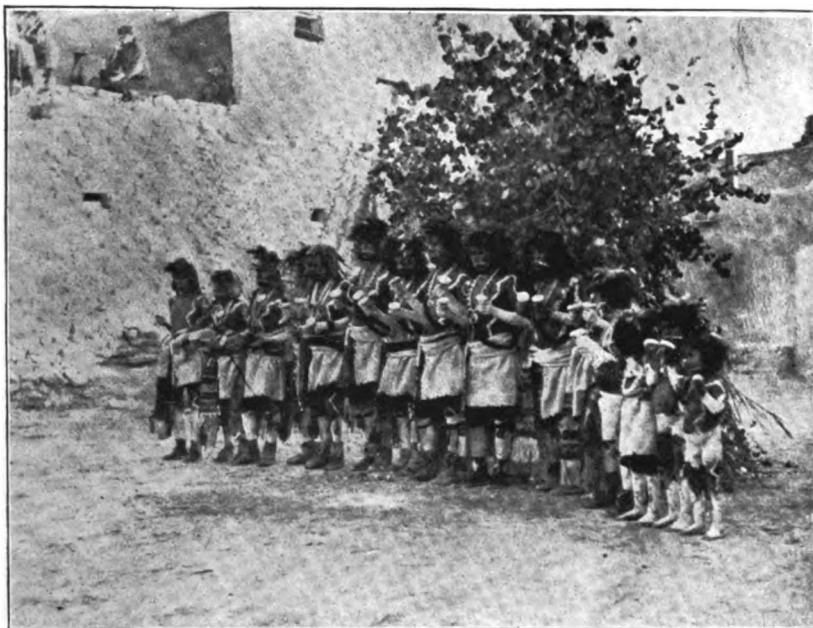
“UNDIVIDED ATTENTION”

Up in the village the Tenderfoot is taken in charge by the field matron and the school mistress and makes a calling tour with them on some of their Moqui friends. We are, in fact, up stairs enjoying native hospitality, when one comes running with the message that the procession is on the way. We fly down the steps with our slices of pale pink melon in our hands—for the Indian never allows his fruit to ripen if he can manage to eat it all while green—rush across the plaza just ahead of the on-coming actors, and try to behave ourselves during the rest of the performance.

In general, though, it seems to be as much of a performance on the part of the spectators as of the official participants, that is, the visiting spectators. The home people, for the most part, view the scene from the upper windows and flat roofs and behold it in quiet absorp-

tion, interrupted only when the women, at the proper times, fling handfuls of the sacred meal into the sacred circle; the feminine part, offering of encouragement and reward. But the foreign delegation, to whom the whole scene is of such utterly different import, viewed as a Spectacle, and not as a Prayer, as it really is, this intruding body hops and skips about with tripod and note-book and does its condemned best to mar the wonderful sight—a sight which is in itself so weird, so haunting, so symbolical, that it seems a vision of sleep.

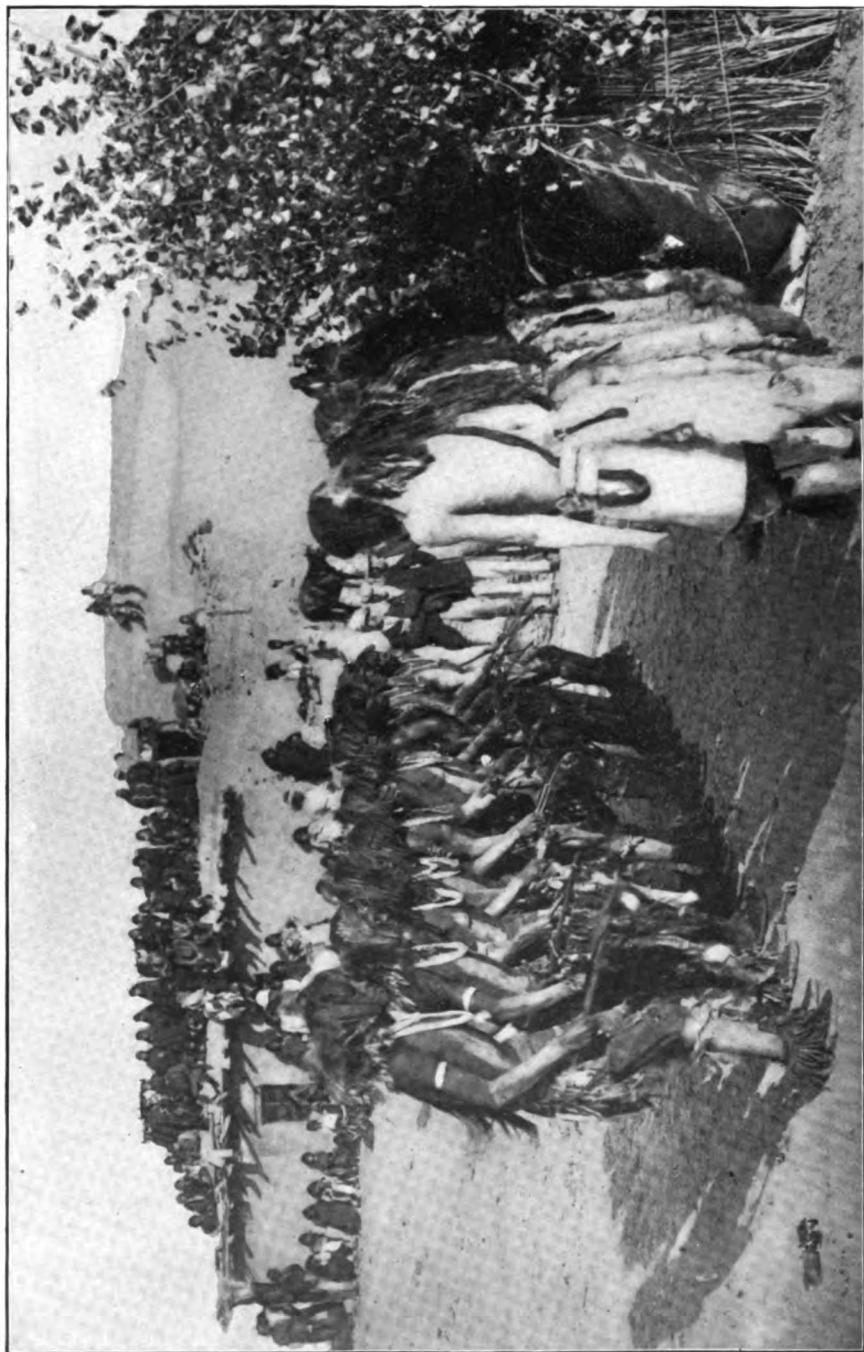
Was it not in a dream, you afterwards ask yourself, that you saw the line of painted Antelope Priests, ranked in order of age from grey



"RANKED IN ORDER OF AGE"

haired Priam to lisping Cupid, watching his elders out of the corner of his eye and performing his part with ready imitation? Was it not in a dream that you heard the rattles click unceasingly, the rhythmic stamp of moccasined feet, the plaintive monotone of the chant, now rising into shrill, sharp cries, broken by abrupt, breathless pauses during which the dancers too pause with upraised motionless foot, now falling again to the pleading minor cadence? And it surely must have been in a dream that you looked upon the reptiles themselves, the coiling mass of them, writhing, darting, sinuous, now suspended from the mouths of the priests marching in sinistral circuit, now dropped to the ground, now recaptured and carried in hands like so many innocent strands of ribbon.

But it was not a dream.



"THEY HAVE NOT YET CEASED TO WORSHIP"

To the uncomprehending observers it was a show, worth coming out for to see, even if coming did mean traveling to the edge of the accounted universe and then adding a hundred-mile trip from that Sign of Holy Civilization, the Railroad.

To the participants and their sympathetic, understanding countrymen, who can say just what it was, what it signified, what twined and tangled strands of their lives were woven into it?

But whatever it may have meant to them, out from its fantastic, mysterious wrappings came at least one smiting message from the heart of the thing—these people are Barbarians, and they have not yet ceased to worship.

Stanford University.

SAND FLOWERS

By MARY RUSSELL MILLS

BRAVE little flowers that grow in the sand,
 All yellow and sunshiny bright,
 A touch of good cheer you bring to me here,
 You gladden the heart and the sight.

Sweet little flowers that bloom in the sand,
 In close fragrant, pinky clusters,
 Are you cousins at home, or sisters that roam,
 Refusing the garden's lusters?

Delicate bells that blossom in sand,
 With wavy roseate graces,
 Like an evening's fair dream, your slender forms seem,
 As you lift skyward your faces.

Pale grey plumes rising out of the sand,
 And bending again in the breeze,
 Like sand taken shape the impression you make,
 Like ghosts of the beach and the seas.

Voices of courage out of grey sand,
 I fail not your meaning to know,—
 There's no barren place, but hath its own grace,
 No waste-place where love may not grow.

Corona del Mar, Cal.

GIANT KILLING

By R. C. PITZER.



LORIN lay on his back, his finger-grimed hat crushed for a pillow, and stared up into the dark green needles of a spruce. He could hear the crackling of a camp-fire somewhere above him, the contented whistle of Doddridge, and the rattle of tin dishes. The trees kept up a continual whispering and tale-telling, and Lorin's soul was harkening to the multitudinous voices, though he himself was aware of nothing but stiff and sore legs, and an undefinable sense of homely comfort.

Doddridge ceased whistling and broke into a croon, now raising his voice in music-hall boisterousness, and again letting it fall into true wood-music—a monotonous and melodious sing-song, burdened with the melancholy of Indian quavers. The song ended abruptly, and a clatter of tin succeeded.

"There," Doddridge cried, "the dishes are all washed, and now we'll mosey down the trail, cook. There's somebody camped below the second corduroy, at the edge of the long flat, and, eh, I'm hungry for news. We've been out two months."

Lorin stirred and grunted.

Doddridge grunted echoingly. "Lately you've grown as laconic as Lycurgus himself," he said; "what ails you, son? A fellow can't get ten words a day out of you. Two months ago, when you first came out and I brought you up here on this hunting trip, you were so garrulous I had to plug my ears with chewing-tobacco. Now I'm thinking of inventing a thought-trumpet, in order to hear your conversation. Seriously, though, have you had enough of it? Has the novelty worn off at last?"

Lorin lazily blinked. "There never was such a thing as novelty," he returned. "I just came home. No, 'course I'm not tired."

"Then you've worn me out," Doddridge affirmed, "or yourself. You've emptied my mind, or you've poured out your own until you have nothing new to say. In either case we would better be hunting ideas, or we will be at each other's throats, metaphorically speaking, before long. Come on down to the other camp with me."

Lorin shook his head. "I'm planning," he grunted.

Doddridge sat down on a bowlder and filled his pipe. "Fire away," he ordered. "I'm inquisitive."

"Oh, it's just a fairy story. You see, I came out here dreaming wonderful dreams, and they've all come true but one. That's the disappointment. I've hunted and fished, ridden and walked to satiety; I've explored mountains and cañons, undiscovered countries, and very wonderful minds, savage and barbarian; but, my dear fellow, my experiences can be summed up in one very short clause—

I've seen. I've seen, but I haven't done; I speak, but I don't act. And the winter is coming. Only last week we had a snow-storm, and very soon we'll have to take the back-trail to civilization. I can't bear to go out until something happens. It's in the air—it simply must happen."

Doddridge shook his head. "You're insatiable," he drawled. "Think of a man complaining of ennui, when in two months he has repeatedly lost himself and half starved to death, to say nothing of footing it behind a burro over some five or six hundred miles of trail. What in heaven's name do you long for? A cloud-burst, Indian massacre, or just a bit of outlawry? The latter, eh? That's what the mountains have done for you. They've knocked your artistic culture sky-high, and given you the passions of a barbarian. They've put strange oaths in your mouth, and bloody thoughts in your mind. I'm scandalized!"

"You're more than half right," Lorin confessed. "I've forgotten all about the studios and the streets. My heart has come home to Tartaria and—and nursery lands. As I told you, I was planning a fairy story."

"With a princess in it?"

"Lord, no!" Lorin sat up with a jerk. "I want to do a new version of Jack-the-Giant-Killer."

Doddridge threw back his head and roared until the echoes boomed, while Lorin flushed and laughed to hide his embarrassment. The merriment was brought to a sudden end by the distant report of a rifle, succeeded by far-away shouts. In a moment another shot echoed along the hillslopes, and then another.

"Funny," Doddridge commented, "they're raising Sam in the camp below. Can't be game at four o'clock in the afternoon, and right where they're camped, too; neither would they yell so. Maybe a bear has dropped in on them."

"It's my giant," Lorin breathed in sudden excitement. "Man, I know it's my giant! Where are the guns?" He bounded up the hill and plunged into the low A-tent. "Here," he cried, shoving a rifle out, "see if the magazine's full. Here's your revolver, too. Hurry up, now! We must be in at the death." He backed out of the tent. "Come?" he shouted, waving his rifle. "Lord, it's the giant!"

Doddridge caught him by the arm and shook him. "Wake up!" the elder man bellowed. "You idiot! Are you clean daft? Of course we'll go down, but wake up first. Why, you'll be opening fire on the camp as soon as you see it. Where's your nerve, anyhow? It's likely a bit of fun, or, if anything, only a bear. Now, pull yourself together."

"I'm all right," Lorin gasped, moistening his lips. "Can't you tell the difference between eagerness and cowardice? Hurry, or

we'll be too late!" He sprang impetuously down the hill, and Doddridge followed.

A wide, boggy flat opened out below them—a flat cut almost in two by a heavily-wooded spur. The trail skirted the bog-lands, turned into the pines at the base of the spur, and disappeared. The two men raced over it, put the low mountains to their left, and wound here and there through the trees, momentarily expecting to enter the flat again, where a long, rotten corduroy road crossed the bog—a road which was the solitary memento of a dead and forgotten mining-camp lost in the pines.

Lorin was in advance. His breath came laboriously, but he persevered until the trees ended and he suddenly came upon the slope of the spur, whence, looking down, he could see the smoke of a camp-fire in the wood beyond the bog. On the corduroy road, hemmed in by low bushes, a horseman was madly racing, while farther back another came tearing down from the tree-shadows. Lorin and Doddridge abruptly stopped.

"Partners have fallen out," Doddridge commented, between gasps for air. "On the war-path—not our funeral."

"No; they're after someone else," Lorin cried. "Someone who has disappeared up here. See, the first man has crossed—he's turning up the slope toward the Range, and the second's coming toward us."

"Halloo!" Doddridge yelled, waving his arms. "A-hoo! This way!"

The horseman saw them and swerved toward the edge of the knoll.

"What's up?" Lorin asked as the rider drew his mount to its haunches and came to a stand, man and beast panting and flecked with sweat.

"Loco!" the rider said. "Here, you fellows, you're armed. Get straight up this hill, quick as God'll let you. Loco and two o' his men are up there, with Nellie M'Cook. They just hiked past our camp, hell-bending. I knew the girl, an' my pardner, Henniker, spotted Loco—Lacey, you know, the outlaw. He broke jail down in Black Valley 'bout two weeks ago, an' it seems like he had the face to hot foot it over into the Park an' steal Nellie M'Cook—road-agent M'Cook's niece. Must have stole her, for she's a bang-up girl. We got to get her away, sabee? An' Loco's head's pure gold. I'll round the knoll; Henniker'll come down from above; you fellows'll drill straight ahead, an' whoever hears shootin' is to butt in quick. Their bronc's are blown, an' we'll get 'em sure. Big reward." He dug his spurs into his animal and dashed past.

"Jerusha!" Doddridge whistled. "I know that rider by sight—Creede's the name he goes by—he's straight, I'm sure. What will we do?"

"Do? Hike, of course." Lorin breasted the hill. His face was flushed and his eyes gleamed.

"Listen," Doddridge said, stopping him. "Listen, I say. I think I hear horses—not galloping—trotting just above us somewhere. If Creede was right, the men simply halted in the pines. They'll be down this way again, with the intent of cutting back across the bog and throwing these fellows off—understand? Get behind a tree, quick."

Lorin obeyed. "I hear them," he whispered in a moment, fingering his rifle.

"Sh-s-h!" Doddridge warned.

Somewhere above them they could hear the clatter of horses' hoofs over the loose stones, and shortly they distinguished human voices calling and laughing.

"The cayuses 're about done up," someone shouted; "though they were M'Cook's best—hey, Nell? We'll get across the bog and over the first ridge; then we'll lay up for the night. Tomorrow we can get over to our own country, easy enough, an' Nell can stay at Stubel's till the hunt ends."

"We've been riding since three this morning," a girl's voice complained; "ever since we left the ranch; and I'm done up, Dick. We must stop."

"Don't shout!" a more distant man shouted. "It may attract attention. I'll be with you in a minute."

The villainous, heavy-bearded men came into view, their horses trembling and covered with foam.

"Whew!" one said, fanning himself with his hat. "A sharp bit of work. We should have mussed that fool camp, Cummings."

"An' stirred up still another bee-hive," Cummings growled. "Not any, Toadie."

Farther in the woods a third horse materialized, with a drooping girl negligently seated on it.

"Now," Lorin hoarsely whispered; "they'll be on us directly. Hold 'em up."

He stepped out from behind the tree-trunk. On the instant of his appearance, so quick were the outlaws, two revolvers cracked, and Lorin's rifle went whirling through the air, while he threw up his hands and staggered back. Doddridge fired once, but the bullets immediately hunted him, and he sought cover among a chaotic heap of boulders.

Lorin heard an angry buzzing in his ears, growing louder and louder, until it seemed as if he could distinguish the hum of every separate sphere in the heavens. A hammering of sledges on anvils succeeded; and he lost consciousness.

Dimly he felt a sudden shock go through him; he had been thrown down like a bag of meal, and horses were tramping about him.

Someone rolled his limp body over, and then, above the thundering in his ears, he distinguished a voice which seemed louder than any noise ever before heard upon the earth.

"Let him be," the great voice roared. "We have him safe now, Bill, and his money-belt 'll wait until we get ready to go after it. Our first business is with the horses. Ought to have a good wad on him, that fellow had. He's a thoroughbred."

The voices grew confused, and for a long while Lorin lay quiet, listening to dreamy noises, or counting the pulsations as his head throbbed like a heart. Very slowly the nausea and dizziness left him, and the singing ebbed until a brooding quiet encompassed him. Then his senses began to revive, and he realized that he was on the ground, while a fire crackled and bacon hissed nearby. A gentle hand pushed the hair back from his forehead, and he felt a delightfully cool cloth passed over his face.

"How is he, Nell?" someone inquired.

"All right," the girl answered. "He was creased by the Horned Toad. I saw dad crease a deer once, and Toadie's bullet worked in the same way. He will come around in a little while. But I'm sorry you brought him for his money, Dick. You said you intended to stop all that—you promised."

The man laughed lightly—a pleasant, wholesome laugh. "Surely, sweetheart," he returned. "We'll get away from it all, before long. As for this, it is merely a reprisal. We couldn't search him there with his pardner popping at us, so we brought him along. Whenever I shed Loco's clothes and come out Dick Jones, you'll see the difference between outlaw and citizen, West and East. Whenever I shed."

"No," the girl sharply cried; "don't kiss me! Remember, Mr. Tucker is to marry us. Not until then, Dick."

Loco growled and moved away, while Lorin felt something wet splash on his cheek. He remained perfectly quiet, but his heart began pounding with new life, and his brain grew clear.

"Here come the boys," Loco said, returning. "I'll have 'em fix up a lean-to for you. We'll get Tucker tomorrow, and have the wedding at Stubel's place. Sit down, dear; you surely can't object if I put my arm here—here, where it will always be."

The two followers drew near, received instructions, and moved away again. For a time Lorin heard but the commonplaces of camp life, mingled with a few whispered endearments.

"It was so lonesome down there," Nellie said lowly, as if speaking half to herself. "Breakfast, dinner, supper, milk the cow and feed the calf and dress the dinner—day after day just that, with only a glimpse of church and school. It wasn't living, it was growing—vegetating. The teacher gave me books, and I saw through them what a mournful, dreary, altogether hateful place my world was.

Father just a rude cattle-man, mother always too tired to think, much less talk with me, and only the men to banter and make fools of, until you came. Oh, I'm not sorry. I am free, and that is worth something. I regret nothing, Dick. I never will, if you leave the hills with me."

As she talked, Lorin felt a stealthy hand creep under his shirt, and search for his money-belt. He had none, and the hand was withdrawn.

"You'll never regret, then," Loco promptly returned when the girl finished. "Come now! Go down to the creek and wash. We'll have a little something to eat, rest till dawn, and then be off to the Golden Gate Valley."

Lorin lay with his eyes shut, speculating on what he had heard. As yet his interest was wholly impersonal; he hardly understood his own position, and had no wish but to lie quiet and think.

"And how're you goin' to manage it?" he heard Cummings say. "Tucker's sore on you—the renegade. He won't marry you. He'll give us away, sure, if he knows where we're hiding out."

"Yes," Loco acquiesced, "but Stubel will have some horse-rustler in hiding who'll do the minister-act good enough for me. Man, everything has failed us. We missed the Black Valley loot, and even this burro—" he dug Lorin with his boot—"hasn't a belt on. I've been feeling for it while gassing with Nell. Rot him! M'Cook's the last chance. When our M'Cook, Nell's uncle, was caught over on Gas Creek, the men gave the reward to the brother—a sort of restitution for what our M'Cook looted from his people. That money's in the girl's name, and I've got to get my paws on it. This State's too hot to hold us. They're up everywhere. We must have money; then Stubel will rig us out, and we can take a train and steam up to Idaho or down to the border. Our one chance, Cummings. Easy—here she comes."

His brutal, almost inhuman, voice, changed to a winning softness, and he moved away.

Lorin clenched his hands to keep himself quiet. He suddenly realized that he was a man with a mission.

He cautiously peered out from under his lashes. A poncho had been spread on the ground, and the four persons were gathered about it, using it for a table. The talk rose and fell. Now the men exchanged banterings or speculations on the future, and now purred to the girl.

Three rifles rested against a near-by pine, and the glitter of the firelight on their barrels caught Lorin's attention. Very slowly, with an instinctive woodcraft wholly unaccountable, he wormed forward inch by inch, without his progress being noticed.

"What's that?" the Horned Toad suddenly demanded, standing up and glaring into the dusk. "I heard something yonder—no, not

where the horses are—to the left. Are those damned prospectors on our trail?"

Loco and Cummings bent forward listening, while a silence settled over the camp. Lorin dared not move. Somewhere, far out in the dusk, a dry twig snapped.

"Trapped!" Loco cried, springing to his feet with an oath.

Lorin reached the rifles at a bound. "Trapped!" he echoed. A red mist seemed to encompass him; he saw and heard and acted dimly, as in a dozing dream. He fired repeatedly, revolver bullets sang about him, and the girl's screams rang continuously. Then dark forms crashed through the underbrush, and a shout went up. Lorin felt himself shaken to and fro. He dropped his rifle and glared into Doddridge's white face.

"Where are you hit?" Doddridge cried. "Here, boys, don't mind that scum. Water for Lorin."

Lorin leaned against a tree and laughed—laughed happily. He rubbed his sleeve across his eyes, and was surprised to see it bloody. Three dark forms were vaguely sprawled in the dusk, as silent and unhuman as the dusk itself; and on one of them the girl lay, sobbing mechanically.

"By God!" he heard Creede cry, coming into the firelight. "The tenderfoot potted 'em all, Henniker. He potted 'em all. We didn't get here in time to have a shot!"

"What's the matter with you?" Doddridge continued iterating. "Where are you hit?"

Lorin laughed again. "I've been giant-killing," he said thickly; "I'm all right. Just drunk with excitement. Look after the girl—he was a devil!"

He pitched forward into Doddridge's arms, overcome by his emotions.

"Giant-killing," Henniker drawled. "Giant-killing—well, that's just the right name. Roll him into the creek, and then help me here with the girl."

"But there was a princess in the story," Doddridge reflected; "a princess and three dragons."

Denver, Colo.



VOICE OF THE SUMMER FOREST

By VIRGINIA GARLAND.



IF IN your house-garden you have one tree to live with, you have in the air, soil, sky, all that the tree touches, give to, draws upon—not a small world. So, if your garden is the whole Open, you are with a vast, ever-changing play of creation, a measureless transmutation of brown earth into myriad forms of green, the ritual of the changing year which in this Western land knows no long pausing, but moves on in infinite variety, yet ever-restful activity.

If, perhaps, you own a forest, not with title boundaries, but with the unbounded soul, understanding its inmates, all the living creatures there, the ebb and the flow, the light, the color, the voices, the depths of earth under, the depths of sky over, what need for you to journey more? I suppose our traveling and our seeking is for the inner knowledge of Life. None will teach better than those who stand in the forest. These are God's obeying ones; upon them has been laid the command to Live, and they waste no moments about it.

What seas you may sail, what lands you may roam in living one Summer day with a tree! Who knows from what leagues of ocean it has called its winds; what sweep of earth has gone to mould its roots; what miles of ether run down to its branches; what planet-reaching mysteries of light to dream of solving in the burned color that sifts through on bough and bole?

In contemplating a tree, let the knowledge of its strength, its youth and its years go beyond your eye-vision; sink your personality in it; feel its sap in your veins; for that moment, become yourself a tree, and something of its greatness will be yours in all the days to come.

* * * * *

I stand by the Summer river—brown now in its deep pools, bronze in its swift currents. Although I love its rushing voice, I have come to listen to the trees; to sit for more than an hour, still, as they are still, hearkening above the ebullient song of the river. Here are the Alders, lacing musically their leaf-matted boughs over the stream. The ripples snatch unceasingly at long branches of willow trailing down on the water.

Listen! the Sycamores are speaking. Grey roots uncovered, clasping grey stones; limpid reflections pulsing on soft-toned, grey body; broad, quiet, velvet-hushed leaves massed above; casting elusive green light, more felt than seen, on the pearl-grey, mosaicked bark.

I leave these trees, soothed, rested; the Sycamores have told me something beautiful and quiet and pearl-grey. What they have said, how they have spoken, I cannot define; but I have heard, and they know that I have heard. A month or a year from now, when some

revelation will flash upon me, I shall recall—so, the Sycamores told me one day by the river!

Trooping down to the sandy rim of the river-bed are the Oaks, flinging gnarled arms out over the slope; Live Oaks gathered to themselves, leaving sunny room for the Black Oaks to rise. They love the earth well, the Live Oaks, bending mossy boughs over, twisting and turning low, clasping the ground in the embrace of burly shadows. Against a dark, mossy trunk a Buckeye bough sweeps down, washed in singing green, bringing out the deep tone of the oak.

The small Black Oaks love the decking of themselves in pale, ochre balls; grey lichens and green mosses, hung with all the ornamentation they can find; pink excrescences of some harbored insect; curled brown and yellow leaves; rooted ferns; loth to let go, empty bird nests. Queer little trees, not quite as healthy, perhaps, as some others, but charming with their touch of eccentricity.

The Chestnut Oaks are flowering to a finish; the long, yellow blossoms have curled up dry and brown; the round, compact acorns swell each branch; gone is that yellow-green light that lay densely upon them a short time ago, and the thick pollen-floating fragrance which streamed from them down the drift of the wind. But mid-summer has taken no beauty from them; they stand richly dabbled in sun-flecks, crowned in clustering, whispering leaves.

Some cool morning there is the smell of Autumn in the air—the subtle, still-flowering, Western Autumn that falls upon the woods, already bright in color, with scarcely perceptible change. Spruce and Redwood spires are tipped in mauve, red, and gold; Sumach and Cashew are polished brilliantly; but the Toyon is just a blossom in white clusters. The first tinge of red will come to the Madroño and the Toyon berries in almost the same day; but the Madroño's labor of love must keep apace with the pageantry of the year, so its berries are formed in March and hang high, out of the way, while its beauty changes with the changing sky.

To see the purple bloom on the coppered bark of the Madroño, you must look a trifle past it; you lose the overtones when you look directly at the red limbs, gleaming like molten brass in the sunlight. For days they burn so—tight-stretched, tense, metallic; then some day you look again and the tension has been relieved. A long, clean rift runs up the limb; scrolls of tender, tan-lined bark curl back on the burnished red, revealing the soft, new green. A few more days and the Madroño is a miracle of color; red and yellow leaves dripping; bright green rosetted leaves, splashed with sunlight, swinging on wiry, twisted branches; rich brown two-years bark scaling off near the root; wind-rustled scrolls of red bark curling away from the soft, pea-green body; and when the opal fogs roll in and drift, and drift, and the sun-shafts clear a space about the Madroño, and the

violet-shaded shaft of a young Redwood just beyond swings and swings, there are no words to breathe, nor hardly thoughts, that shall transcend this silent speaking of color and motion.

Where the atmosphere is all green and amber; where it drifts and changes, translucent, sky-hidden, soil-hidden—dense boughs starred through with points of light—I find myself humble, hushed. These are the forms we call speechless, which ever express a higher language than the human. What sudden strain of music comes; the quick wind playing down scattered notes of singing leaves. What warmth of grateful color ascends the Redwood columns, deep-furrowed umbery seams overflowing into oscillating, lavender light—a song of color. Crude and guttural the human speech to this.

It may be in time we shall learn a finer language; touch higher vibrations; transfer and exchange less chattering thought; have less fear of the silence where living expression must be conceived. Then we shall stand as these trees for what we are; then beauty, and candor, and love shall beam from us, music flow from our motion, benediction lie in our touch.

* * * * *

I know, among the trees as among humans, the striving for good standing, power, must be constant; but theirs is the kindly struggle, the conscious strength, that, if it never fails in taking, also never fails in giving. If a starved tree is crowded down, when it springs again it will look the better to its welfare. If one is struck by lightning, felled in the storm, how heartily it goes to cradling ferns and mosses, making richer soil. Not theirs is the essentially selfish consciousness, that of self-sacrifice; the supreme effort is each one for itself, each one thereby forgetting self, striving for the whole forest—in this very upward seeking, planning in the best and closest fraternity. For they have learned long and long ago that the law of their life does not admit of self effacement. If I may put the philosophy of the forest into my own stilted speech, it will go somewhat like this:

“If we stand in another’s sunshine, so surely will we be harmed by the nearness of life we make insufficient. If we fail in light and nourishment, none the less will our companions suffer with us in our lack. The word is given us to live at our happiest. Counted of more value in the Whole is the first care of the body each has amassed; the throwing of our life forces to one another is against the law. The growing of each life must be kept inviolate for each one’s deliberate altering.”

And what a sorry, sorry outdoors it would be if the trees took to making atonements, to the marring of martyrdom. What wonder that the most trivial human who walks the forest finds therein some touch of this splendid, quiet struggle; and to those who walk in

conscious inspiration, what truth is given outreaching the teachings of our own divines.

* * * * *

Although the forest is full of sound which the ear of the inner man will translate into an intelligible language—color voices, perfume voices, wind voices, motion voices, sex voices, dying voices, growing voices—there is one sound he will never hear—the voicing of complaint. No wrangling over the complexities of their striving; no long-winded disputes over the inequality of the labor put upon them. The tremendous work of the forest is consummated in loving beauty.

Adepts you will find in the forest, and lovers; but never preacher-trees, protestors or saints. They are too busy living.

* * * * *

It may be the woods have their times of disquietude, when the winds are rasping, the trees disorderly; or more likely it is those who walk the forest aisles then who are out of harmony. Other hearts and other days will bring us back in tune with the trees again.

Come close! Listen to this great heart beating! For centuries has it reached upward to the sun, downward in the earth; harboring, giving, drawing life—only a tree! Have we possessions commensurate with its sturdy, gracious, deep-grasping hold of the law of life? Hark! the thousand voices of the forest swell one living song of loving worship. I would we stood in as wise a Brotherhood!

Brookdale, Santa Cruz, Cal.

ORLEANS INDIAN LEGENDS

By MELCENA BURNS DENNY

III.

AAH AND ISHA, THE FIRE AND THE WATER



ONE day the sleepy waters of a lake looked up and saw an Indian family preparing to camp by its bank. The Indian, with a coal that he had brought, kindled a fire, while his woman carried water in baskets, ready to cook with. Some of the water dropped on the newly made fire and the flames spat at it; for they were ancient enemies. But the big lake lay quiet and still in its deep bed and slept.

Before the Indians lay down for the night they heaped great piles of dry wood on the fire for it to feed on during the night. The fire was very proud of the care they took of it, and set up a great noise of burning and crackling, and boasting and bragging. At last the water rolled over it in its sleep and looked at it.

"What are you chattering so about?" asked Isha, the water.

The water laughed softly and turned again to go to sleep.

"Folks think more of me than they do of anybody," went on the fire, noisily. "They feed me more than they do their children. They feed me all the time. They pay more attention to me than they do to anything else. I'm the last thing they think of at night, and the first thing they remember in the morning. They couldn't do without me."

"Well, go to sleep and quit talking about it," murmured Isha, the water, with another soft laugh.

This soft laugh made Aah mad.

"I'm better than anybody," it roared, thrusting its tongues of red flame out towards Isha, threateningly. "I'm better than live people are. I'm better than you are! What do folks care for you?"

"Well," said the water, with another gentle laugh, "I'm meaner than you are. I'm meaner than anything else there is, and still folks like me better than you."

"How's that?" snapped Aah.

But the water only gave a sleepy sigh that sounded like more laughter.

"How mean could you be?" urged the fire in a temper.

"I could drown the man's boy. Next day the man would come and take me."

"I could be meaner than that!" hissed the fire. "It wouldn't matter how mean I was, they would like me all the same."

"What could you do?" whispered Isha, rising a little.

"I could set this forest on fire! I could kill the Indian's woman! I could burn the new wigwam to the ground!"

"Let's see," purred Isha, maliciously.

"If I should run up this dry branch this way, and if I should run across and reach down and set the wigwam on fire this way, how would it be to-morrow? A new wigwam, and Aah feasting beside it, fed by their hands!"

"Is that the meanest you can do?" taunted the water.

"I am not all words!" returned the fire in a fury. "See the wigwam! Where is the dead boy you said you could wrap your arms about, Isha?"

"Do your worst, and I'll do mine," answered the water with a hollow roar, rising from its banks.

The fire ran crackling, spitting and hissing along the dry grass toward the water, but the damp edge of the lake defeated it. It leaped up and stripped the limbs of the trees overhanging Isha, making such loud and threatening noises that the Indian family waked up to find their wigwam aflame. Out they came, rushing

—the man, the woman, and the sleep-dazed little boy—and seized baskets to fetch water in to extinguish the flames. But the child, as he stooped to fill his basket, stumbled on the rock and slipped down.

"Now watch me!" boomed the water with so loud a laugh that the child's shriek was drowned. Around his form Isha wrapped his arms, and down he dragged and hid him, sucking out his breath.

"Now watch me!" returned the fire with a hoarse shout, lapping his tongue down at the woman crying for her child, blinding her eyes, consuming her voice, eating her life out where she fell with her face plunged in the rough waters of the lake.

"See that!" hooted Isha, with a wild laugh. "The woman flees to me though I have drowned her child, and look, already the man laves his body in me and drinks me!"

"What is one boy's life to what I am doing!" bellowed Aah. "A thousand creatures I have killed already. Come on, come on! We will see who can be the meaner!"

So the fire and the flood fought each other. Ever larger and fiercer grew the fire, licking up the lives of all beings, great and small, within its forests. Ever higher and bigger rose the water pursuing it. It swelled out of its lake boundaries like a mountain, and came pouring on at the heels of Aah. Inch by inch the boiling torrent pushed back the spitting flames towards the base of the barren mountains. Little by little it overwhelmed the battling flames.

"Are you ready yet to say I am the meaner?" shouted the water, with his foot on the rocks at the mountain ridge.

"I have taken the most lives! I have done the most destruction!" hissed Aah, struggling with failing strength to beat back Isha.

"Above the timber-line there are more lives to take!" returned the flood, surging on again. So up to the timber-line they battled, and there among the bleached and lifeless tree trunks Aah made his last stand. On crowded the water, submerging everything, until at the margin of the snow, it paused and looked. Not a coal of fire nor a flickering spark was visible anywhere. Higher on the mountain peak were huddled shivering animals, and birds with scorched or dripping feathers; but Isha did not pursue them to their death. Instead, he laughed good-naturedly, in a voice that all could hear.

"That's an end of that braggart," he shouted. "Now I can rest and sleep in peace." And forthwith he returned to the confines of his placid lake.

And here the story might have ended, and the feud been for-

gotten, were it not for the secret part played by Achsigh, the Ground Squirrel.

WHAT THE GROUND SQUIRREL DID.

While Aah and Isha were having their great fight, Achsigh, the Ground Squirrel, watched from a distance and saw how it was going.

"What can I do? What can I do?" he kept saying to himself as he saw the fire beaten back day by day, and the animals in the forest burned to death or drowned.

At last he decided that what he must do was to save the fire. So he hunted about for the kind of wood that longest resisted fire, and after many tests settled on a green oak chip. He strapped it to his shoulder, just back of his neck, and then carefully adjusted it to a good-sized coal of fire. At this time, Aah was battling his hardest, and the Ground Squirrel ran with his tiny coal to the highest peak of a rocky bluff and waited.

After a long while the water came booming up and swept him off his feet. For many days he swam in the flood, with the precious coal on his shoulders, where the water could not see it. He saw mountains vanish before him, and the great conflagration dwindle and disappear. At last there was not a breath of smoke in all the world; but the coal he carried had burned down through the oak chip and sunk into the flesh between his shoulders.

For a whole moon he swam in the big water. Then the flood turned and retreated towards the lake. He swam and swam against the current, heading his efforts towards the mountains, till at last his numbed and tired legs touched solid ground. Almost dead though he was, he could not tarry till he had built up a roaring fire, and all the shivering animals came and warmed themselves. Because Isha's head was turned the other way, he did not see the flames, so fire is as abundant in the world to-day as it was before the flood.

Where the coal sank into the Squirrel's shoulders his hair is singed brown to this day. And by that token you may know that this legend of the flood is true.

Sacramento, Cal.



THE MAN WHO DRAWS NO PAY

By B. F. SUTHERLAND.



HE "Little Juda's" undoubted disrepute inhered mainly in the fact that it was said to be a stolen mine, but it was the most unlucky hole in all the Saguache hills. If a man but stumbled in the Juda, he broke his bones; missed shots, always unlucky to fool with, were particularly dangerous in the Little Juda, owing, perhaps, to the flinty character of the formation. But there are some who say that ill-luck always attaches to stolen holes-in-the-ground.

About the theft, Pat Lucy, foreman of the midnight shift—nominated "the Graveyard"—had heard words that purported to be truth. But his opinion may have been prejudiced by peculiar circumstances.

The dark-eyed little girl, now a woman, for whom the mine was named, began life seriously handicapped. Her luck, like the ore in the Juda mine, ran in pockets and was not dependable. This same Juda was ever a knowing midget, possessed of a certain quality called "nerve" that stood her instead of luck. Pat Lucy admired dark eyes in any sort of feminine face, and Juda's face was not ugly. Also, it was Juda who had told him the piteous tale of wrong—Juda and the Old Man. The latter had no other name, which is all right sometimes, but he was Juda's father, and they were poor as dogs.

Pat's shift worked from 11 P. M. till 7 A. M., obviously comprehending the witching hour, and a few of his men were flighty. Mishap and the graveyard shift are twin sisters, as old Bill Suffin quaintly observed.

At relief time on a particular 11 P. M., the cage was ready to descend, but the men seemed a little demoralized. Seven missed shots reported by the out-going shift was not the whole of the trouble. The men said that there was *Someone* in the mine—a man who was not accounted for. As everyone knows, the advent of the "man-who-draws-no-pay" is very portentous of impending disaster. It was even worse than that. Ghosts are usually accounted peaceable, but this one was said to hurl rocks. He also understood bell signals.

As the men reluctantly stepped into the cage *someone* down the shaft signalled five bells—"man hurt"—but the cage was sent down with a run without waiting to make inquiries—a flagrant transgression of the regulations.

The men got off at their station, but looked askance when the foreman started back up the man-way towards the office without investigating the five-bell signal.

"Looks queer!" remarked old Bill Suffin. "Here is we in a mine wi' a man that payroll don't mention, and boss a-climbing ladder for surface!"

To reach the stopes where the men worked, it was necessary to traverse a short drift, or tunnel, and climb a 96-foot upraise. At the foot of this upraise the men paused instinctively, as miners will—such a tiny missile will hurt when falling a hundred feet. While they hesitated, a peculiar sound like the faint frou-frou of a woman's skirts, was heard—a distinct sound, not the tangible silence of the earth's depths—and then followed the deadened roar, familiar to diggers in the hills, and the candles flared weirdly.

It was difficult to locate the sound, except that it came from a level higher than that on which the men were. The boldest prepared to ascend the man-way, but a convincing majority demurred. Old Bill Suffin, cold with fear, whispered to his partner, a new man:

"It's in the dead drift, and I know it! It's queer how that blamed hole echoes every time we fire, but this shooting out of hours beats all."

"Can't see anything queer about an echo. Where is the dead drift you speak about?"

"At the head of this blamed '96.' We drove in eight hundred feet, and it took two years, and then Pat ordered us to quit because the ground looked unpromising; though I see nothing unpromising about it. We drove back the other way from the upraise, on poor ore, where we are stoping now, and the blamed Comp'ny is going broke. Every time we shoot in the stopes, the dead drift seems to echo. Nothing queer? I've knowed that blamed hole to echo *afore* we fired. Does a echo sound ahead of what caused it?"

It seemed convincing, but old Bill continued:

"Well, I've been in the drift—not to the breast, you can bet your hammer—but I've been in a ways; and more than that, I see a light in there once just as we signalled our battery to fire—and the light went out when the battery fired. Yes; and they was more than a echo in the drift—they was two echoes. Does a echo in a mine repeat?"

"Then, why in blazes didn't you tell Pat?" growled the new man.

"Pat knows about that echo!" was the answer, given as from one convinced.

"And wasn't Tom Duggan killed there?" resumed Bill, in tones of awe. "And this blamed *Someone* is Tom Duggan, come back to throw single-jacks at us for firing afore he signalled, and I know it. Haven't I heered Pat tell about his blamed banshees!"

At that moment a light up the man-way cast a faint glimmer downward to where the men were assembled. Old Bill screamed in downright terror.

"It's *Someone* coming down from the drift," he wailed, "and he's arter us!"

But the light seemed to flare, and burned brightly again, and then went out, as if in a draught; though no air current could possibly

have caused it, for the "96" was notoriously the "deadest" place in the mine. Old Bill looked upon this circumstance as establishing his view of the light-bearer's identity.

"Don't everybody know this is a stolen mine!" he whimpered.

A slight creaking of the man-way ladder caused the boldest to fall back in half-alarm, and the men were visibly relieved when a pair of very familiar-looking legs dangled from the man-hole, and Pat's voice calmly saluted them.

"Aha, byes! It's a holiday you're taking at the ixpinse of the new owners, is it? Come up the 'raise, thin, and help sind down a nooggit."

But his voice was not all cheerful.

Up the man-way he led them, into the abandoned drift, right up to the breast.

A heap of shining ore, and—a white, pained face gleamed in the candle-light.

"It's a holiday you're up against, sure enough," said the foreman, "till this poor broken flower is well intirely." And he tenderly soothed the white-faced sufferer.

Old Bill had summoned courage to follow the shift, and coming up at that juncture, loudly exclaimed:

"The blamed echo—it's Juda! No 'tain't—it's *Someone!*" he yelled, and fled, as a peculiarly agile old person dropped from somewhere above to the pile of ore. It was the Old Man, with hands full of bandages and his poor old face alight with chastened joy.

"You see," said Pat, "'the hole' belongs, be rights, to the Ould Man, but the thievin' Company jumped it. I stopped work in the drift for reasons iv diplomacy—till I could bluff the Company into sellin' out cheap to an honest divil, and the Ould Man has been drivin' this new connection unbeknowst, like."

Pat jerked his thumb upwards, and the men, perceiving a down-draught of fresh air, understood. An incline had been driven through an unfrequented tunnel to to the abandoned drift.

"And the beauty iv it is," Pat continued, "and bad luck, too—whin Juda rang five bells for purposes iv delaying you, the Ould Man thought it was safe to fire, and he blazed away just as the gurl came up a-running away from you. And the shot that opened the connection broke into ore it's the Company'd be plazed to finger. But a piece of the same flew and broke this poor bit iv a hand—worse luck!"

Juda was resting easily, at last; and as she softly stroked a great lump of ore with her uninjured hand, she exclaimed:

"Pat, dear Pat, if we could only buy 'the hole' now!"

"And phwat the divil did I go up to the office for, ixcipt by ap-p'intment to sign the last papers that makes 'the hole' yours and mine, and the Ould Man's, me darlin'!"

Dolores, Colo.



In all the history of the world—which, of course, means all that we can decipher from the record of the only troublesome parasite that potters upon this marvelous ball which some competent Force pitches unerring on its curve in the Heavens—there is no other change more significant than the change of relation between man and the first posterity of his mind. Books began as an expression of man's real feeling—and *not* "feeling" in his pocket. They were sacred by their conception and their delivery—and as well by our present standard of Price, for few could afford them, even as only millionaires can afford those first books now. None wrote save those who had to. None read save those who could learn. The text was of those intellectual virginities that earned men's devotion before the race bigamied with "profit." Even the difference between the naked, fireless, cloutless, bookless savage, who wooed by laying a club to the head of the least dish-faced maiden in his neighborhood, and carved at the table as the dog still carves (with his paw on the bone and his mouth for knife), and killed his neighbor for those things it is unfortunately inadvisable to kill your neighbor for today, and went no further than he could walk, and had no master but the power that was in him—the visible difference between him and the Prince Alberted gentleman of today is less than the difference between the function of the old book and the book of the time of the Six Best Sellers. Elsewhere in these pages I have spoken of this; but no volume could set forth the gulf that has fallen between the time when there were a few books printed so well as we cannot print books today, worth today a small fortune per copy, and that tidal wave of what we now call books, which is drowning what minds we once had. A long time ago some inventive devil found that he could use his head for a sneak-thief; but it is only of late that we have found out how to make our minds murderous—and Kill Time. There are various grades of murder, from manslaughter up to matricide, but the most disastrous murder since Cain is the Killing of Time. God made plenty of it, but none of us get enough. I have never known any civilized human being who had as much time as he needed. There comes an hour when the very ones who have murdered years are glad to pay hard for minutes.

No *use* of time is bad—and decent amusement is one of the best uses to which time or the mind were ever put. But the habit of tempicide is the worst, the most foolish, and the most unremunerative that ever killed in cold blood. Tea, whiskey, morphine, revolvers, and all the other childish and cowardly inventions of man to beat the attraction of his gravitation—all of them put together have not done so much harm as the modern habit of killing the only reliable friend you have. Prenatal murder is the only crime that is comparable—and it is not only comparable, it is twins.

Time is the friend that gives us to live, to love, to learn, to grow, to be happy. To kill time (and these things with it) is really murder in the First Degree. 'Tis a sorry thing that the greatest invention ever made for the cultivation of the mind should have become the greatest enemy to its use.

There is a little, short, fat man who has made more impress upon the literary thought of this generation, perhaps, than any other American now alive; and it is worth while to record here the words of W. D. Howells:*

The reading public is not the old reading public, with a critical taste of more or less refinement and the wish, more or less conscientious, to read good things. What we have now to satisfy is not a palate, it is a maw, asking to be filled with whatever will produce an agreeable feeling of distention. It hates to be an aching void, as it has been so long; of quality, when it does not loathe it, this maw is insensible; quantity, preferably quantity that looks like quality, is what the maw will and must have. The question is simply of educating the maw. * * * If it were possible to educate the palate, surely it is possible to educate the maw. At present it is filled with the east wind, raw, vaporous, innutritious, but it need not always be so. * * * The public libraries, so far as they supply the latest novels, are public enemies; no fiction less than a year old should leave their shelves, after which most fictions would have dropped from them into the dust.

* * *

We are seldom called to a halt to realize how the editorial function, which was strong in the United States within the memory of every mature person, has slowly liquified into the new concept of journalism as a money-making machine. There is no longer a Bowles, nor a Greeley, nor an Elder Bennett—nor even a Dana. Imperceptibly the time is going by when men with brains use them as brains. Right or wrong, then—and all these men were wrong some of the time—the old-fashioned editor thought his own thoughts, without calling up the business office and asking leave.

There are a good many definitions of Success—nowadays they are mostly reducible to terms of the dollar. The modern editor, with one ear to the business office and the other to the suppositious

*In Harper's Monthly for June, 1906.

public, frequently "makes more money." He is therefore more "successful" than his predecessor of the old school. People do not believe him as they believed his predecessor; nor respect him as they respected his predecessor; nor remember him as they remembered his predecessor. As part of a machine, he must pay the price of machine work. If he will use his mind for the thing that never bought minds nor paid them, he must take his place with the other grubbers who put in their talents for something that does not outlast them. The editor still likes to think himself different from, and superior to, the rest of us. He likes to believe himself a Molder of Opinion—but everyone else knows now that he is not; and he is beginning to know it himself. The instant a man's thought is for sale (for popularity or money or influence) it has lost its purchasing power.

So far as I can remember, the last editor of the Old School has just laid down his pen. There are people who will agree with me in feeling that this is a national misfortune. For forty-one years Wendell Phillips Garrison has made "The Nation" the foremost weekly in America. It has never had a large circulation. It has never been "popular;" it has not always been right, and it has never been infallible. But with a circulation practically the same as that of this magazine, it has had the distinction of being Gospel to perhaps a larger number of educated, decent, conscientious people than any other publication in America of whatsoever circulation. With 10,000 subscribers a month, it has had more influence in literary, political and ethical lines than any paper of 300,000 subscribers a day. Its readers have not taken its editor for the Pope. They have doubtless disagreed with him frequently in matters of personal opinion—certainly one of them has. But the strength of "The Nation" has been that no reader in his sane mind ever doubted either its integrity, or its devotion to the truth, or its extraordinary care to get the truth. As for its intellectual standards, no other publication in this country has ever set so fine an example. No other publication in the United States has been so undefiled a model of English as She may Fitly be Spoke in the renaissance, based on the classic, but still in touch of the wiser of those elasticities to which the language of a growing age must grow. More than to any other publication in America, literature and science are indebted to "The Nation" for expert and fearless evaluation of books. Nothing else in this country has ever given such competent reviews, on the average; on public questions the attitude has always been of the highest citizenship—even though diluted, I venture to think, by the conservative inexperience of its habitat, and a little with the pessimism of age (which is of course only another term for the same thing). But for all this, "The Nation" has been a safe point of crystallization

through all the period in which the United States has grown from a dissevered and provincial country to a world-example. This quiet weekly, for more than forty years, has come nearer to being the leader of right thought than any other paper I know of.

And this has been Mr. Garrison. It would be too much to rehearse here what the country owed to his blood in that great struggle whose result was to knit together two countries that elbow in the map; nor of the service of the Garrisons of this generation, in the war next to that by which the North and South found out their mutual mistake.

This is simply a line in tribute to about the last of the Old Guard. For forty-one years Mr. Garrison has been the standard of "The Nation." The brilliant Godkin was far better known, but the calm, high-minded, high-thinking balance wheel which made a paper that is now probably "out of date"—these things were Wendell Phillips Garrison.

Out of this huge and hurried country, only a small proportion will realize how much is meant by this change. That is not unusual in history. We can remember several men whose contemporaries did not realize that we shall not see their like again. As a type, Mr. Garrison will leave record, but no posterity. If it were possible to pick out the hundred thousand most thoughtful people in the United States, it is safe to say that eighty thousand of them would confess to a sense of personal loss in the closing of his relation to the public. I, for one, am glad to record here that no other paper in America—or in the world—has done so much in the last 25 years to teach me and to help me, and I have known "the works" intimately enough to know to whom to pay that personal debt, of which this is a most inadequate discharge.

* * *

If the fools shall ever perish irremediably, then all the professions of real estate, law and criticism will go out of business—not to mention several others. But there is no reason to fear a present diminution of the classified directory.

A dispatch from Washington carries the important information that:

The Jamestown, Va., exposition project received a black eye, today, when Frank H. Powers of Carmel-by-the-Sea, Cal., came to the Capitol with the proof that the first white settlement in the United States limits was not Jamestown, but Carmel-by-the-Sea.

Powers produced documents to prove that Viscan, the Spanish navigator, settled there in 1602, five years before Jamestown was founded, and named the place because the contour of the land was the exact duplicate of Mount Carmel, in the Holy Land.

The French navigator Pelouse in 1658, Powers says, made a map of the

Pacific Coast, and in accompanying notes referred to Viscan's settlement in 1602.

Powers claims there is other corroborative evidence to sustain his contention. He has laid the case before the California delegation and the members of the House Committee on Industrial Arts and Expositions.

But let Jamestown take heart. The last Joshua died a long time ago; and the sun will not stand still again, even for California. It is possible that Mr. Frank H. Powers of Carmel-by-the-Sea could be induced, for sufficient consideration, to sell California real estate. He should not, however, be allowed—for any consideration—to sell the fame of California for knowing the primary facts in its own history. "Viscan" was not a Spaniard, but a Portuguese, and his name was Viscaino. He never settled at Carmel-by-the-Sea, nor had anything to do with it. He did not settle anywhere. He was on a voyage of exploration. He landed at Monterey for the simple purpose of getting wood and water; stayed there from December 16, 1602, to January 3, 1603, and gave Monterey its name in honor of the Viceroy of Mexico. Then he sailed away and never came back. The River Carmelo was not "named because the contour of the ground was the exact duplicate of Mt. Carmel in the Holy Land"—because, in the first place, it is not, and in the second place Viscaino did not know whether it was or not. It was named in honor of the Carmelite friars who accompanied his expedition. The oak under which he camped at Monterey was historic, and was commemorated when the first settlement within a hundred miles *was* made, 167 years later. In a short time the Mission then founded was removed from Viscaino's camping place to the Carmel River.

The first settlement anywhere in that region was in July, 1770, by the Franciscan missionaries. There were attempts in 1607 (the year in which Jamestown was founded) to colonize Monterey; but they came to nothing—not even to getting within 500 miles of the place.

"The French navigator, Pelouse," did not "visit the place in 1658," nor did he "refer to Viscan's settlement in 1602." The Count De la Perouse visited Monterey in 1788, and was entertained at the Franciscan Mission there, then nearly 18 years old, and the first European settlement in that part of California.

"The first white settlement within the limits of the United States" antedates Jamestown by 47 years, and California by 209 years. This was St. Augustine, Florida, founded in 1560. In 1598 a European town was founded in New Mexico, and in 1605 the city of Santa Fé. So Jamestown is the fourth "white settlement" in the United States. It was the first white settlement on the Atlantic Coast of the United States, however, and antedated by 13 years the heroic and permanent settlement of the Pilgrim Fathers. Jamestown was a failure.

It did introduce, in 1619, African slavery for the first time into the Thirteen colonies. In 1698 it was deserted. But as history goes, it has a very adequate claim as the foundation by one of the commemorative expositions, which are educational and enjoyable.

As for California, Carmel-by-the-Sea is a very lovely place to buy residences (from Mr. Frank H. Powers or any other citizen who has real estate for sale). It is not, however, the first European settlement even in California, San Diego having been founded nearly a year earlier. Several dozen "white settlements" within the United States were founded long before it was.

Men and brethren, let us get together and quench the "California Liar." The truth is good enough about God's Country; as to history, climate and real estate, there is no temptation to lie, to a reasonable person. The cold fact in either case is "good enough for poor folks." Let us hold to it even our fellow citizens who are in the front-foot business. For the chastity of the State is something worth keeping. Even if we have land to sell ourselves, it is bad business to let the other fellow give us the name of Fakirs.

* * *

The Lion has no land to part with to any one for any money. Being a beast of solitary habits, he could look with resignation to see the City of his love growing a little less than twice as fast in proportion as any other in the country. In the many years he has known it, it has never failed to grow fast enough—as may be reasonably guessed from the fact that he has seen it swell from 12,000 to 240,000 population. I would like to be the nominating committee to pass on those who really deserve to be allowed to immigrate from their lands to this; and in the most invidious comparisons this magazine may print between what we enjoy and other localities put up with, the text is intended only for the Elect. They will please regard it as confidential. There certainly could be no greater catastrophe than the precipitation upon us of even one per cent. of the people who could do better by coming.

For his sins, the Lion has had again to do penance by revisiting the pale glimpses of the East. In a month of strenuous recalcitration against death by smothering, he had to do penance in some twenty of the leading cities—in Boston and New York he rode upon the "L" on hot afternoons and watched 50,000 people—not *leaning out* of their windows but *flopped over* their sills like limp dishrag; gasping for air when there wan't any. During this month, and in the cities he visited, and within the time of his presence, over 100 people were killed by sunstroke. In the last day in the last city in the far East—Washington—he had the pleasure of seeing

personally three horses drop dead of heat. He learned again to rise after a sleepless night, and note his damp impression upon the bed; to sit calm and stark at 4 A. M. blotting his writing with drops from his own pores—and above all to see how resigned, thank God, the vast bulk of sufferers are. He does not know if people are born in Gehenna; but if they are, the finest and kindest provision of human nature will make them swear by hell as a summer resort.

It is a philosophy which we carry only as far as we learn—but it is the making of the world.

"Whatever is, is right." California is right. The East is right. Each for those who like it. It is remindful of the Irishman::

"Hooray for Ireland!" said he.

"Hurrah for Hell!" cried a dyspeptic.

"Every one shout for his own side," retorted Pat.

Meantime, it continues to be the historic fact that more people have fallen on the streets of the East, killed by the sun, this year, than were ever killed by earthquakes in California.

* * *

For a good many years the newspapers have been collecting Mean Men; and every little while we see a paragraph announcing the catch of a new and rare specimen. The person who "would borrow the coppers off his grandmother's dead eyes" has passed for some time as a proverb; and there are others.

But probably the meanest thief that God ever let live is the book thief. He has his ascending grades, though probably his kindergarten specimen surpasses any other thief in meanness. The fellow who borrows your book and does not bring it back—whether by carelessness or by design—will try to steal the paving stones from the place he is going to. But the person who takes advantage of a collection of books maintained by the decent (and also the indecent) people of a city, under universal tax for the benefit of all, and steals a volume that better people need (and will be unable to get because he is a thief)—he is lower yet. The experience of the Public Library in Los Angeles for the last three or four years, with an average of over four thousand books stolen a year, is enough to make fallen angels weep.

Lowest of all is the person who will wantonly mutilate a book. Hundreds of volumes every year in this institution have pages cut out—some simply to steal a picture, or to save the trouble of copying a paragraph. And there are even people who will tear out a fist-full of pages from a beautiful volume, and tuck them back in, as if in very bravado of their shamelessness. God is supposed to know everything; maybe He knows why such people exist—but on one

else does. Perhaps these people—like the dog poisoners, whom they resemble—cumber the earth merely to teach humility to those of us who are apt sometimes to think too complacently of human nature as she degenerates in the crowd.

* * *

The San Francisco catastrophe called out what was best in human nature, both in the courage of the sufferers and in the neighborliness of the whole country. Perhaps never before has there been so splendid an outpouring of that spirit which civilization is too apt to smother. And Southern California did its big-hearted share. But there is always "more where that came from."

If there is anything to which a Californian can lend a hand with good grace, it is for such a fund as is now founded in Pasadena by the "Ina D. Coolbrith Home Fund Committee." Miss Coolbrith is of the Golden Age of California Literature. She is of that immortal group which made the State as famous in letters almost 40 years ago as it had become in the world's finances—Bret Harte, Joaquin Miller and their circle. She is easily the first woman poet of the Far West; and, naturally, is far more famous in London than at home.

Miss Coolbrith lost everything in the San Francisco Terror. Not only her home, but her books, her manuscripts, her everything—and she had an extraordinary collection—were consumed.

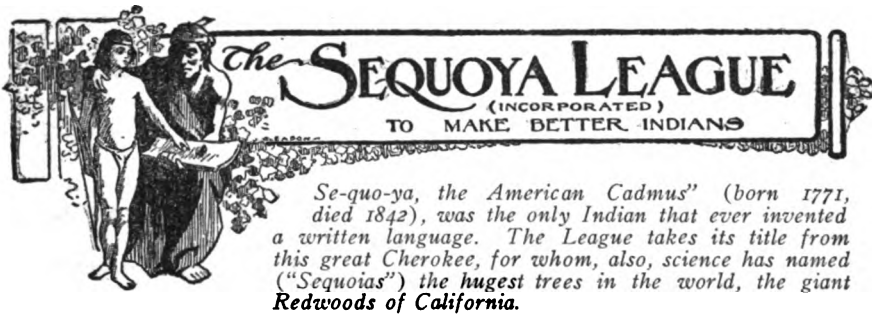
California owes a good deal to this woman. It is not a California habit to repudiate debts.

The Pasadena committee is raising a fund of \$2000 to secure a home for Miss Coolbrith in this city or Pasadena; thereby to leave her free-handed for literary labor.

Mrs. D. W. Lewis, 1036 North Fair Oaks avenue, is chairman of this committee, and the American Bank & Trust Company, Pasadena, is treasurer of the fund.

Miss Coolbrith's years as a girl were spent in Los Angeles, and here would be a good place for her to come back to that rest which is in the work one loves. Californians—and all others who love good literature—should see to it that at least this much be done for this one of the old guard of California letters.

CHAS. F. LUMMIS.



HANKS chiefly to his personal knowledge of the facts, and the official activity, of Senator Frank P. Flint; the efforts of Indian Commissioner Francis E. Leupp; the very conservative and accurate report of Mr. C. E. Kelsey, Special Agent for California Indians; the strong support of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, and of other responsible citizens and organizations—the appropriation urged by the Sequoya League of \$100,000 for the relief of California Indians has passed Congress. The chief interest of Southern California in this matter will be the relief of the suffering Campo Reservations which this community has generously kept from starvation for two years. Among the recommendations is the use of a part of this appropriation to purchase suitable land for these hard-working and peaceable, but greatly swindled, Indians who have been driven from their fertile valleys to worthless desert camping grounds which have been made "Reservations." Another recommendation is for the purchase of land to add to the barren reservation allotted to the Temecula Indians who live beside one of the fairest valleys of Southern California, from which they were driven by an eviction historically infamous; also to pipe water for them to their land—they have, ever since their eviction, been obliged to haul their water for drinking and other domestic purposes four or five miles. The following petition for relief, written by an Indian for these Temecula Indians, is worth recording:

Pachanga Reserve, California, July 9, 1906.

We, the undersigned, the captain and the judge of the Pachanga Reserve, California, would beg you to allow us to call your attention to the following facts and our prayer in behalf of our people here: For many years past extending from the time when we were ejected from our fertile lands and comfortable homes on Temecula valley and placed here on this sandy and inferior land where drought prevails every summer, we hardly ever complained but did our best to maintain our existence in spite of our many discouragements; our allotments are small and poor, and the majority of us, the heads of families, have less than ten acres of land to depend on for family support,

and many of our young men have no land at all; during the summer months we have no available water on the Reserve, not even for domestic purpose which forces us to sacrifice half of our time in hauling our drinking water four or five miles during summer, consequently it is impossible for us under the condition we are in to purchase expensive farm machinery, although we are in sore need of some for we have to depend on our white neighbors, who now occupy the fertile lands we used to own in the years gone by, and some of them charge exorbitant prices to press what little hay we manage to raise on our lands.

We surely would have had a very hard time in the past if our sympathetic white friends of the surrounding country, who know our condition, had not given us a helping hand in many ways.

In view of these facts and believing that you have our interest at heart, therefore we jointly and in behalf of all the other members would respectfully appeal to you for help and call upon you to obtain for us the following necessities:—

1. Water piped for us from the spring which is situate on the eastern edge of our Reserve and is on Government land. The water from this spring is the very best.

2. Four hundred acres of tillable land be added to our Reserve, which can be got either on the north or west side of our Reservation.

3. One hay press and one mowing machine.

We are,

Very respectfully yours,

POLICARPIO RODRIGUEZ, Captain.

CELESTINO AGUAYO, Judge.

THE CAMPO CONDITIONS.

It will interest those citizens who generously gave to relieve these Indians, that the U. S. Special Agent, after careful investigation, makes a report fully confirming the statements which called forth such an outpouring of public sympathy in Southern California. The following quotations indicate the tenor of his report:

"No doubt as to the fact that the Indians were in great straits, and that only the timely relief saved them, or most of them, from death by starvation. . . . There is no water for irrigation on any of the reservations, and barely enough water for household use. The entire five reservations would not support more than one or two white families, and yet forty Indian families are expected to make their living there. The surrounding country for fifty miles in every direction is thinly settled. . . . Very little work for Indians outside of the reservation.

"Now Indians require some means of making a living, the same as anyone else. To place Indians upon a reservation where they cannot make a living, either by working for themselves or for others, is to invite exactly what occurred at Campo, starvation. . . . The relief extended by the people of Southern California was timely and generous. . . .

"In relieving the distress the people of Southern California have contributed supplies, the value of which can not be less than \$2000. There was also contributed in cash, through the Sequoya League, which also handled the contribution of goods, the sum of \$3075. . . . The Government has itself spent \$748.80 in cash. . . . Starving our Indians seems to be quite expensive, both for the Government and the surrounding people. The amount of cash

alone spent in the last eighteen months is interest on \$83,219 at 5%. . . .

"All humanitarian questions aside, it would seem to be cheaper as a business proposition to put these Indians in a position where they can earn their own living than to allow present conditions to continue and have a scandal of this kind every few years."

It is also gratifying to read in this official report, the following comment on the first official work of the Sequoya League—enabled then, as now, by public sentiment in Southern California—in the securing of the Pala Reservation for the evicted Indians of Warner's Ranch:

"The new reservation at Pala is undoubtedly the best in Southern California. There is a large area of good land and a fine water supply. . . . The situation is certainly much better than that formerly occupied by the Indians on Warner's Ranch. It is not to be expected that the old people will ever be satisfied with any other place than Warner's Ranch, but the able-bodied young men are finding the value of the new location. . . . Your special agent has no desire to criticise severely those Government officials at Pala who did the best they could in a time of great stress; yet there are certain things that are valuable in showing some things to be avoided in trying to improve the situation at Campo and other places. There seems to have been a considerable waste of Government funds."

The report then refers to the waste of \$18,000 on an absurd irrigating ditch—the typical folly referred to at some length by this magazine last year. It may be remembered by those interested in the fight the Sequoya League has made for justice to the Indians and business methods in the doing of it, that the Warner's Ranch commission offered to build a competent, modern cement irrigating system for Pala to cover all the irrigable land for about \$6000. The Pala ditch, built by a Government "Expert" has cost nearly \$18,000, or about \$45 per acre of land possible to be irrigated by it; is (to quote the report) "a dozen times larger than there is land to irrigate or water to irrigate with." Further than this, this \$18,000 ditch is hung up on the hillside. It does not irrigate any land, and it never will. In contrast to this the report mentions the Rincon ditch built by the Agent on the spot at a cost of less than \$4 an acre.

It does good to the heart of a Californian—and also to any heart that cares either for Indians or for business—to read this official report and Government document on the houses at Pala. The then Commissioner of Indian Affairs agreed with the Sequoya League to allow the evicted Indians to build their new homes of adobe, as they had been doing from time immemorial; but with new hygienic adaptations and precautions against earthquakes. Then the scared officials who removed the evicted Indians "turned down" the historic house of the country "because it would take too much time." "This objection was also made

(says the report) against buying lumber for the Indians to build into houses; and things were rather at a standstill until the brilliant idea was evolved of getting temporary houses for the Indians to live in permanently. . . .

"Fifty portable houses were ordered by telegraph from New York. . . . As a time-saving device it was hardly a success. It was nearly six months before the Indians got into the houses. The expense was double what wooden cabins would have cost, and about four times the cost of adobe. There would be less room to cavil if the houses were fairly adapted to the purpose. . . . Composed of a single thickness of board three-quarters of an inch thick, they are hot in summer and cold in winter. The California sun has . . . made cracks in about every panel. . . . Warped the roof and injured the rain-shedding part. The houses are neither dust-proof, wind-proof nor water-proof, and are far inferior to the despised adobes. . . . A stiff breeze unroofed fourteen houses and made kindling wood of another. Nearly every house in the settlement is more or less wracked and twisted."

This honest and competent document—as welcome as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land among the ordinary recommendations of tenderfoot Inspectors—covers many of the other suffering reservations in Southern California. It sums up with this significant sentiment:

"Those Indians who have been placed by the Government in such position that they cannot earn their own living should receive such pecuniary aid as to put them in shape so that they can do so; that this aid take the form of land of good quality with ample water supply, the same to be held in the same manner as their present lands; that this land shall be purchased by a commission appointed by the Honorable Secretary of the Interior, and a majority of which shall be experienced in Southern California land conditions."

Copies of this document, valuable at once for its common sense, its justice and its agreement with the spirit which Southern California has so continuously shown, can probably be had by addressing C. E. Kelsey, San José, Cal.

The whole crux of the matter lies in the way the appropriation is expended. You will remember that the ordinary Government programme by an Indian Inspector—the oldest and one of the most honest and competent in the service—tried violently to purchase for \$70,000 a ranch with one-quarter of an inch of water to twenty-three hundred acres, in the face of the protest of Southern California. Such business as buying California lands can be done properly only by men who know the country. There are such men who would give their services to the Government free, for the sake of removing a reproach which rests upon Southern California, though the fault of people three thousand miles away. The Sequoya League has already recommended to the Government several such persons who by their character, their knowledge of land and water values, and of Indian

needs could discharge this unpaid duty to the credit of American citizenship.

Since this was put in type, the government has done the eminently satisfactory thing by appointing Mr. Kelsey to secure the reservations.

INDIAN BASKETS.

At the same time with the immediate relief fund—by which the League stopped starvation at Campo, furnished seed for planting, supplied food, clothing, bedding and shelter for these suffering Indians—a permanent assistance to their self-support was put in operation. In October, 1904, Mr. Lummis undertook to market all baskets produced by these five reservations. Up to August 1, 1906, the League has purchased 325 baskets, paying the Indians \$811.50 spot cash. The Indians of other suffering reservations—Capitan Grande, Cahuia, Mesa Grande and Pachanga (Temecula) have also shared in this assistance. Of the above totals, the Campo Indians have received \$569 for 242 baskets; the Mesa Grandes \$62.50 for 20 baskets; the Cahuias \$91.50 for 30 baskets; the Capitan Grandes \$18 for 6 baskets; the Pachangas \$70.50 for 27 baskets. It can be guessed that this has been a large addition to the cash income of these people—whose only other source of money is by the manual labor of the men fifty or a hundred miles from home.

Few baskets were being made, and those mostly poor. The beautiful old industry had been vitiated by aniline dyes and tourist patterns; and only a few old women wove. The League has had the satisfaction of seeing the art revived and restored to its old dignity. The old patterns, the natural colors and the aboriginal dyes are insisted upon—and the Indians gladly comply. The output is many times as great in quantity as it ever was before; and of as good quality as in the old days before curio stores had come to adulterate art. The two best baskets ever woven in the Campo country (so the oldest weavers agree) have been produced within a year. And what is no less encouraging—dozens of the young women and girls are learning and practising the almost lost art.

These baskets are for sale for the benefit of these Indians. A typical collection has been bought for the Southwest Museum; hundreds have been sold to individuals not only in Los Angeles, but all over the United States. Over 100 baskets are now on hand. Mr. S. T. Clover, editor of the Los Angeles Evening News, has a number on sale; the large collection is in the hands of Mrs. Lummis, 200 East Avenue 42. There are no commissions—the total proceeds of these sales are for the relief of the Indians.

FUNDS FOR THE WORK.

Previously acknowledged, \$1,633.00.

New contributions: \$2.00 each—Mary L. Hunt, Los Angeles; Mrs. J. C. McCament, Mrs. Isabel Witherell, Mrs. Julia H. Barber, Mrs. Arturo Bandini, Pasadena, Cal.; F. W. Sisson, Oakland, Cal.

RELIEF FUND.

Previously acknowledged, \$1,645.50.

New contributions—Mrs. Julia H. Barber, Pasadena, Cal., \$3.00.



THE Landmarks Club has recently completed another important work of repair at the Mission of San Juan Capistrano. The beautiful sacristy—the only room left complete of the great stone church, and with one exception perhaps the most beautiful vaulted room in California—has been seriously injured of late years. Cracked at top and sides by the famous earthquake of 1812, these crevices have yielded more and more to the intrusion of the elements and of that unconscious vandal, the roots of vegetation. It had become a question of only a few years when this beautiful room should fall down—and this serious loss would have been only a part, for it would have hastened greatly the decay of the magnificent chancel which is the feature of this great ruin.

Under the expert supervision of Judge Egan and the specifications of the architects of the club, the room has been reinforced by iron turnbuckles, piercing its 6-foot and 8-foot stone walls; and by the underpinning of outworn foundations.

The indefatigable State Historical Society of Wisconsin—a model and an inspiration to the whole country, and probably the most famous State organization of its sort—shows in its bulletin No. 30, for June, 1906, "Landmarks in Wisconsin," matter which is gratifying to the Landmarks Club.

It says (page 2): "A most admirable example was set in 1895, by the organization at Los Angeles of the Landmarks Club, to conserve the Missions and other historic landmarks of Southern California. This movement—which within a decade has resulted in the restoration of many of the beautiful California missions that had tumbled into ruins, and in the awakening within that state of a widespread interest in local history—inspired the women's clubs of the country, especially in the West, to a work along similar lines. The Wisconsin State Federation of Women's Clubs inaugurated the movement in our own state in the autumn of 1903, and since then papers and addresses upon 'landmark' topics have been familiar features in the state, district, and local programmes of the women's clubs of Wisconsin. (See Julia A. Lapham, "The History and Work of the Landmarks Committee in Wisconsin," in *Wis. Archæologist*, Vol. No. 1, October, 1905.)"

Among the activities of this Wisconsin Landmarks' work has been the erection of commemorative bronze tablets, of monuments, etc., to mark the site of historical buildings and events.

FUNDS FOR THE WORK.

Previously acknowledged, \$8,680.50.

New contributions—Gen. Chas. Freeman, Los Angeles, \$25.00 (life membership); Mrs. John A. Walker, Jersey City, N. J., \$10.00; Mrs. Percy W. Hoyle, \$3.00.

\$1.00 each—Miss Tracy, Hollywood, Cal.; C. M. Goethe, President Goethe Bank, Sacramento, Cal.; J. B. French, Pomona, Cal.; Mrs. Macklin, Mrs. Hetherington, Jersey City, N. J.; Mrs. M. F. Woodward, Buffalo, N. Y.

WOODLAND, YOLO COUNTY

By J. REITH, JR.



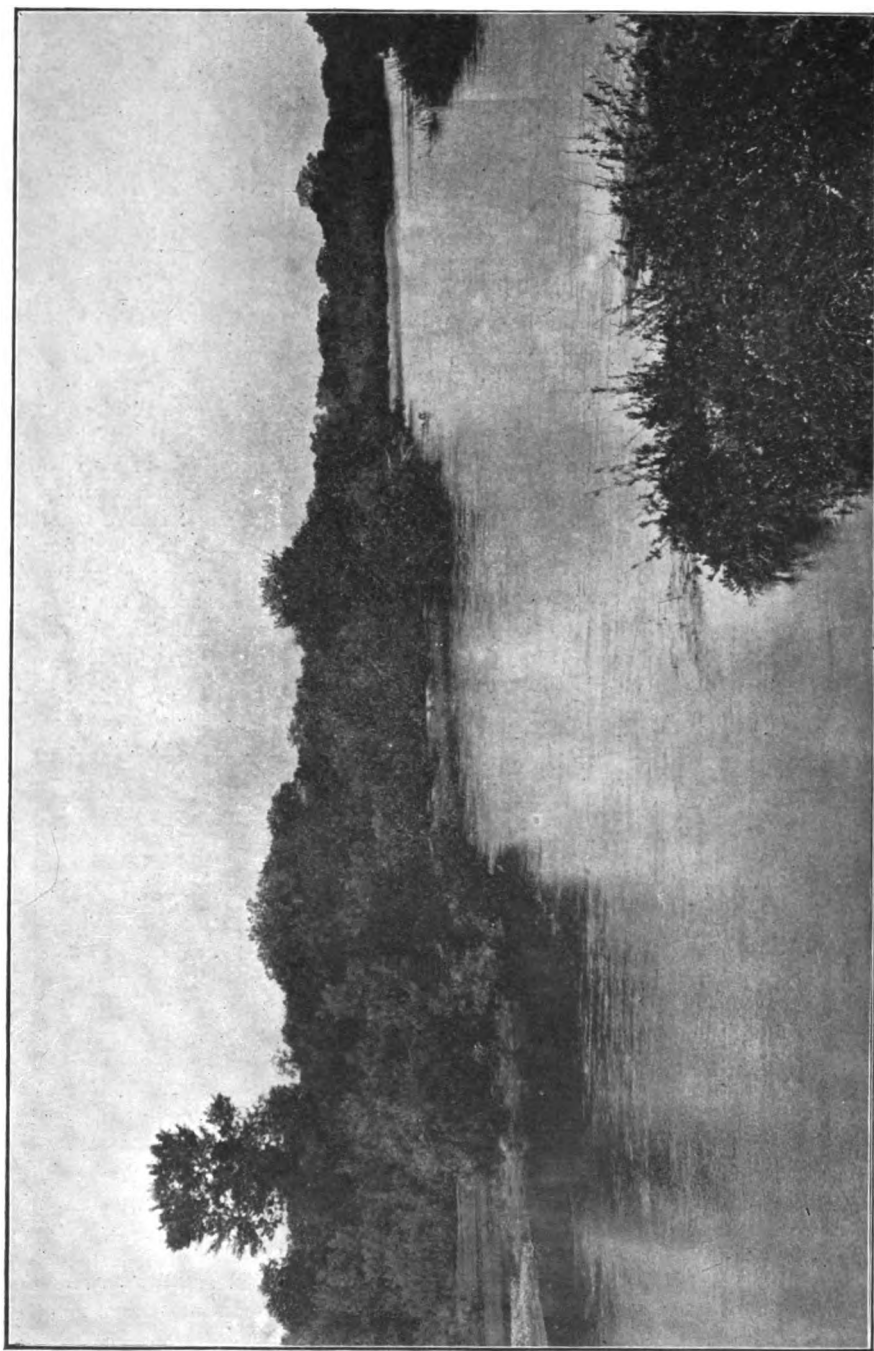
CALIFORNIA has no prettier county than Yolo, and few, if any, as productive. In the heart of the Great Sacramento Valley, the Sacramento River washing its eastern border, Cache Creek running through it centrally, and Putah Creek its southern boundary; with the snow-capped Sierra Nevadas in plain view on the east and the high crest of the Coast Range its western boundary; containing large stretches of fertile fields alternating with groves of grand old oaks and other beautiful trees; with lovely homes surrounded by vineyards, orchards or alfalfa fields and flowers of every description, Yolo has been rightly called "a garden spot."

The County comprises 1018 square miles, of 650,880 acres of land producing a great variety of fruits, grain, berries, hops and garden truck. The first deciduous fruits in the markets are shipped from Yolo County. While the Easterner seeks his fireside for comfort, the Yolo County orchardist is picking fruit from his trees, flowers from his garden, and is comfortable in his outdoor life. Over well-kept public roads, shaded by the stately walnut, one may drive for miles through a beautiful productive country; on either side of these roads can be seen in harvest season, orchards and vineyards heavily laden with ripening fruit, vast grain fields yielding their golden harvest, extensive pasture lands where roam at will, to feed or rest under the shade of the massive oaks which beautify the landscape, herds of cattle, sheep and other stock.

Yolo County's assessed valuation is over \$160,000,000.00. It has the lowest tax rate in the State and does not owe a dollar. It has more wealth per capita than any other County in California.



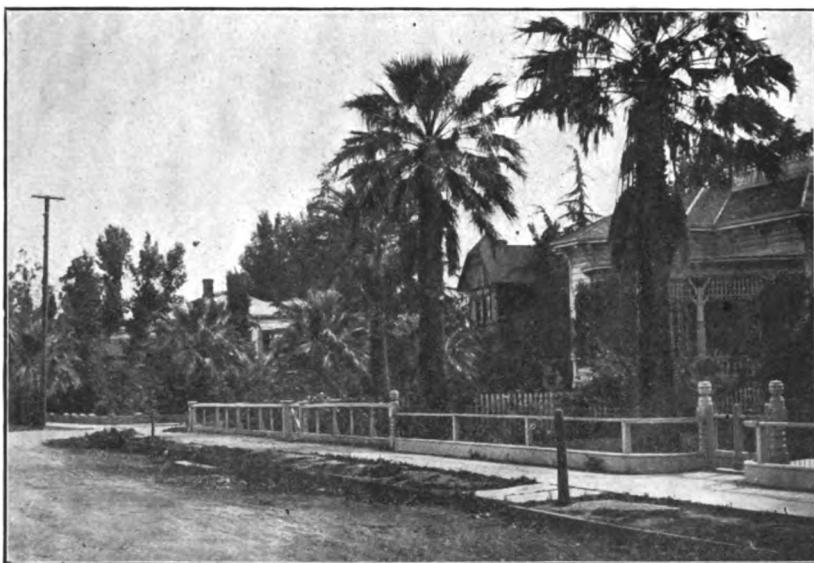
A Woodland Business Street



Cache Creek, Yolo County

The State University farm, a fine body of typical Yolo County land, is located near Davisville. Winters, an enterprising town of western Yolo, is famous for its early fruits. The pretty little town of Capay nestles among the foothills at the entrance to Capay Valley, a beautiful landscape about 20 miles long by two miles wide. Cache Creek flowing through its entire length. Guinda and Rumsey, two attractive little towns, are located in the upper portion of the Valley. Dunnigan, Yolo and Knights Landing are among the thriving villages that mark the prosperity of the County along its northern and eastern sides.

Woodland, the county seat of Yolo County, is, it might be said, essentially an educational town. Aside from its primary, grammar, and high schools, its academy and business college, it has more study-clubs and social and benevolent organizations than any town of its size in California. The Woodland



A Woodland Residence Street

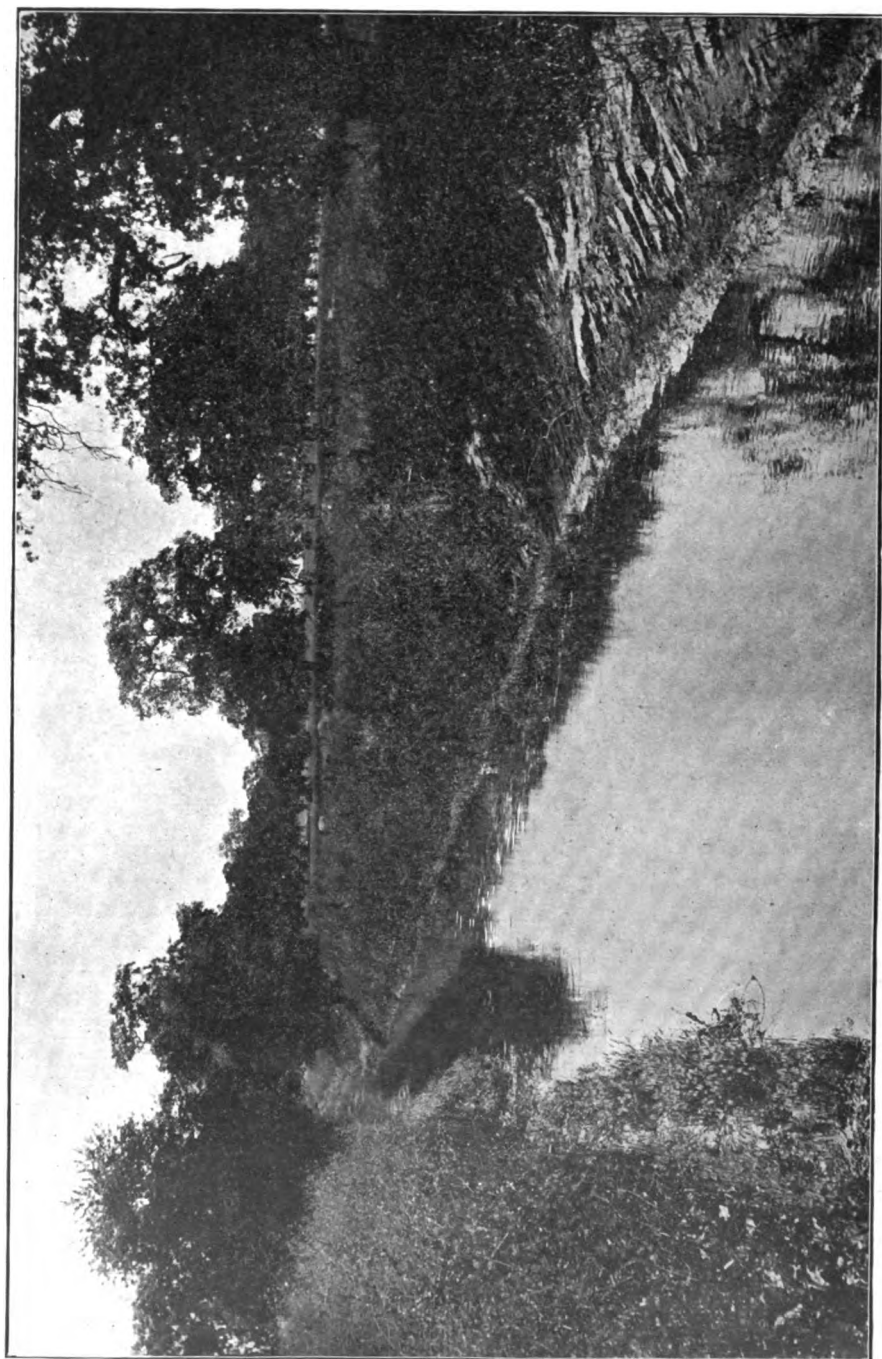
Shakespeare Club is one of the oldest in the State. The Women's Improvement Club, possessing a large membership, is one of the first clubs of this character organized in California. The High School is splendidly equipped and ably conducted. It is accredited to the State University in all its branches.

Four substantial banks represent Woodland's financial standing. A 200-barrel flour mill and two creameries are among its manufacturing plants.

Woodland has a fine, free public library in a handsome library building. Two first-class hotels, three livery stables, opera house, churches of nearly every denomination, miles of cement sidewalks, beautiful shady streets and attractive residences.

Located in the center of a splendid agricultural district, within easy communication with large cities and centers of population of the State, possessing Nature's favorite blessings, those that are conducive to health, happiness and prosperity, Woodland appeals to those seeking homes amidst cultured environments and among a prosperous people.

In the vicinity of Woodland there are stock farms supporting registered



A Yolo County Irrigation Canal

cattle, sheep, hogs and horses and dairy herds numbering, from a few to hundreds of milk producers, the flow of which is made rich and abundant by the greatest of dairy stock-food, the nourishing and succulent alfalfa. Beautiful suburban homes nestle among orchards of peaches, apricots, prunes, pears and oranges or are surrounded by vineyards of choicest grapes, including the famous flame-tokay, seedless sultana, muscatel and zinfandel, or a grain-field yielding its crop of golden wheat or bearded grain.

Woodland is in the center of a fine irrigation system, the water for which is furnished, in never failing supply, from Clear Lake, high up in the mountains, which flows gently seaward through the picturesque Cache Creek, a beautiful stream, whose banks are lined with the stately oak, shady cottonwood, and sycamore. Here too, are found graceful willow trees mingling with the wild

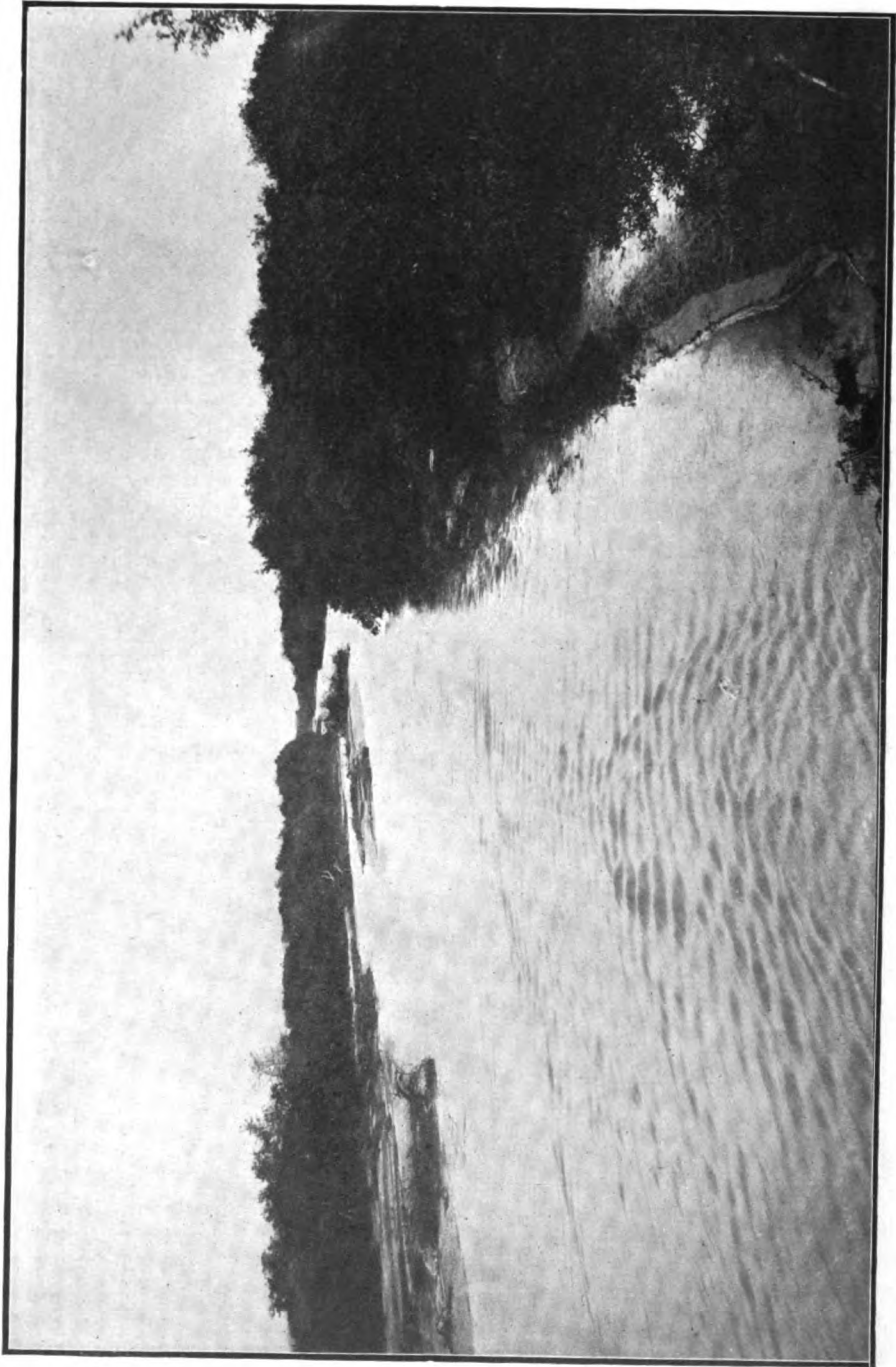


Suburban Home near Woodland

rose and wild blackberry bushes and around the higher branches are entwined the clinging wild grape vines which present many of Nature's marvelously beautiful scenes as the brightly hued leaves indicate the close of summer.

Cool green alfalfa fields dot the landscape in the vicinity of Woodland and furnish profitable returns to the producer in hay or as food for his stock.

One is here surrounded by convincing proofs of the pleasures of rural life, of the success of intelligent application in any form of agricultural pursuit; in fact, in this vicinity may be found examples of success in all. Here is indisputable evidence that farm life possesses possibilities of association among refined and cultured neighbors and encourages happiness to a degree that is rarely reached except through close association with Nature in her simple but attractive moods.



San Gabriel River near Whittier

WHITTIER

By D. REID



SINCE its foundation, nineteen years ago, as a Friends colony, (and named after their beloved poet), Whittier has grown from a quiet Quaker village into a busy city of 4,000 inhabitants. Its citizens are mostly from the East and Middle West, and there is no town of its size that will rank higher in intelligence, morality and progressiveness. Homeseekers realize the benefits of a home in a highly educational and religious atmosphere.

Whittier lies in the frostless belt in a curve of the Puente foothills, which protect it from the cold blasts from the snow-capped mountains to the north and east. It lies fourteen miles from Los Angeles, and overlooks the San Gabriel Valley, noted for its soil fertility. It is reached

from Los Angeles by the Southern Pacific and the Pacific Electric railroads, and the Santa Fé and Salt Lake railroads have stations near by. These companies give excellent service, the Pacific Electric running twenty-seven cars each way daily.

The professions are represented by men of high standing; and the various avenues of trade are fully taken care of. Any professional or business man who locates here must expect earnest but honorable competition. The city has electric lights, gas, and a telephone service, the latter covering a radius



Gathering Walnuts near Whittier



A Business Corner

of ten miles without extra cost to the patron. The business streets are paved with asphalt, and most of the residence streets are graded, graveled and oiled, with cement sidewalks, curbs and gutters.

Pure water is obtained from artesian wells, owned by the city, and drilled along the San Gabriel river, a short distance from the city. Abundance of water is found at a depth of six hundred feet. An analysis has shown that the water is absolutely pure. An appropriation of \$120,000 was voted last year to increase the water supply. The lines are laid, the machinery installed. The reservoir is completed and when the whole plant is in operation the water supply will be increased to 5,000,000 gallons daily.

Living expenses are no higher here than in the East. Rents are reasonable, and as gardening is a "continuous performance," fresh vegetables can be obtained the entire year.

The city has three progressive newspapers—one daily and two weeklies, and a fire department composed of active young men. The officers are men of experience. The equipment is of the most modern.

The State Pathological Laboratory is also located here, and a building especially adapted is being planned. Thirty thousand dollars has been appropriated by the State for the establishment of the station.

A Masonic Temple is in course of construction at a cost of \$15,000; and the Whittier National Bank is starting a banking house and business block on one of the principal corners of the city at a cost of \$75,000.

Whittier is justly proud of its schools. Two fine buildings are devoted to the primary and grammar departments, and a union high school, built last year at a cost of \$80,000, with every modern equipment for the advancement of students.

To its other unsurpassed school facilities, Whittier adds one of the strongest of the West. Whittier College has full equipment; three laboratories, dormitories, boarding hall, large gymnasium, athletic field, etc. Its



in Whittier

offers complete college courses in science and letters, preparatory course, courses in music and bibliography.

In addition to its thorough regular work, it emphasizes the following advantages:

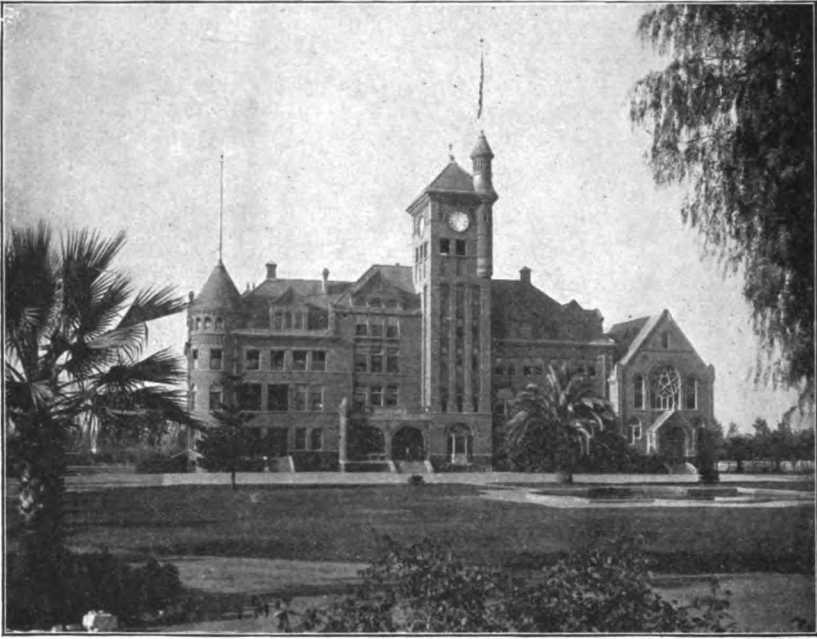
Athletic field sports and gymnasium drill, adapted to individual needs; practical public speaking, the institution winning three first places, one second, and one third, in its intercollegiate contests the past year; moderate expenses, entire cost brought within \$175 and \$200 per year; a guarded Christian education under home influences. An endowment of \$150,000 lately secured places it on a permanent financial footing.

There is also located here the Whittier State School, an industrial institution for both sexes. The State owns a large tract on which the buildings stand amid beautiful surroundings of semi-tropical trees and flowers. It is a model institution of its kind. The school has its own printing plant, and everything that is used in the school is grown or manufactured there. There are at present three hundred cadets and forty girls. The cadet band is one of the best in this section.

Another improvement that fills a long felt want is the public library, which when finished will be a source of much good to the reading public. It will cost, fully equipped, over \$20,000. Andrew Carnegie donated \$10,000 and the balance came from the public and from the city treasury. It will be free to the people and is located near the center of the city in a miniature park of great beauty.

Whittier has another advantage that few towns can boast of: There are no saloons, consequently no need of a jail; and no paupers. During its existence there has not been one dollar of poor-tax levied. *There is no grass growing in the streets.*

The city park is a quiet breathing spot and is well patronized on warm days. It is cool and inviting; its shady walks lined with semi-tropical trees



Boys' Department, State School



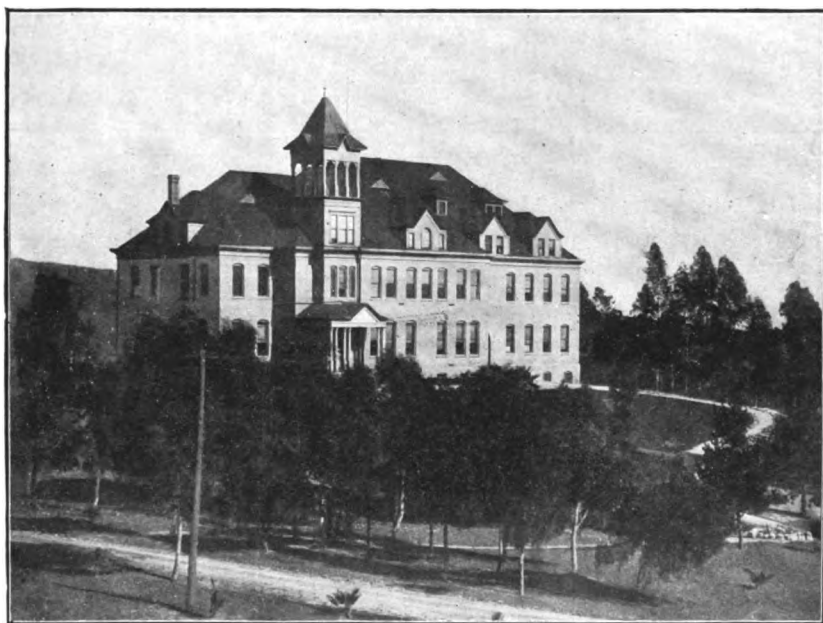
Girls' Department, State School

and flowers. Seats are set under the trees, in whose branches myriads of birds fill the air with song.

While Whittier does not pose as a health resort, it might very well do so; no sickly person has ever come here without being benefited.

The San Gabriel river passes the city at the distance of about one mile. The water is used for irrigating the lands adjoining. Wing dams are set in the river at different elevations and the water is carried in cement ditches by gravity to the irrigator.

A sure indication of the prosperous condition of the city is its banks. There are four of these—two National and two savings banks. In the past year the increase of deposits has been over sixty per cent and the clearances over thirteen millions of dollars. The city has ample hotel accommodations at reasonable rates.



Whittier College

Whittier city hospital is complete in every department, is beautifully located in a quiet part of the city and has every modern appliance for the successful treatment of difficult cases. The corps of physicians and surgeons are men of rare ability and the trained nurses are the best that can be obtained.

All the leading denominations are represented by church organizations in Whittier. Among those that have their own houses of worship are the following: Methodist, Friends, Free Methodist, Baptist, Congregational, Episcopal, Holiness, Christian, Catholic and Christian Scientist. Recently the Methodists have completed a \$25,000 church building.

The view from the hills back of the city is unsurpassed, covering a valley reaching from the Sierra Madre mountains on the north to the San Diego mountains on the south. A scenic or skyline drive has been built to the top of the hills, affording a view of valleys on three sides of the hills—toward the coast, to the north and east.



A Whittier Orange Grove

One of the extensive sources of income is the citrus fruit industry. Whittier oranges are the earliest of any part of Southern California, the first car of the season being shipped from here. Good orange land, unimproved, can be had at reasonable prices, and is in good demand. Trees cost from fifty cents up; cost of taking care of an orchard, \$20 per acre a year. Water is deeded with the land—one share of water stock to each acre, with cost of maintenance added. Trees commence bearing at five years and are full bearing at eight or ten years. For the first ten years other crops can be



Whittier Hospital

grown among the trees, such as vegetables, alfalfa, etc., until the trees are large enough to shade the ground. The trees are planted about one hundred to the acre. Navel oranges pay \$300 per acre up; lemons are very profitable, paying from \$500 to \$1,000 per acre; Valencia oranges have in a few cases paid the grower as high as \$1,700 per acre this season. Four hundred cars of oranges and two hundred and fifty cars of lemons were shipped from this section last year. This year the average is twenty-five per cent higher, being six hundred and fifty cars of oranges and two hundred and fifty cars of lemons. At the prevailing prices these will net the growers nearly if not quite \$1,000,000.



The Whittier City Park

Walnut growing is very profitable. There is about 5,500 acres of bearing walnut orchards in this section. Last year there were one hundred and fifty-one cars shipped, for which the association received a net return of \$361,587.48, and the independent growers received \$160,000, bringing the total up to \$521,587.48. From reliable sources the crop estimate is twenty-five per cent higher than last year. Walnut culture pays a profit of \$400 per acre over cost of production.

Berry growing is another industry that pays well. There are grown here blackberries, loganberries, dewberries and strawberries. The crop pays \$400 per acre, net, and an instance on record shows where \$50 worth of strawberries was picked from a patch fifty feet square.

Good grain land can be bought at reasonable prices and brings good returns. No irrigating necessary, as the grain is grown in the winter during the rainy season.

Last winter there were shipped from here forty cars of tomatoes of ten tons each, which brought \$35 per ton. This crop was grown on three hundred acres and paid the growers \$12,200.

One hundred and twelve cars of cabbage of ten tons each were also shipped from here last spring, selling for \$18 per ton; paid the growers the net sum of \$20,160.

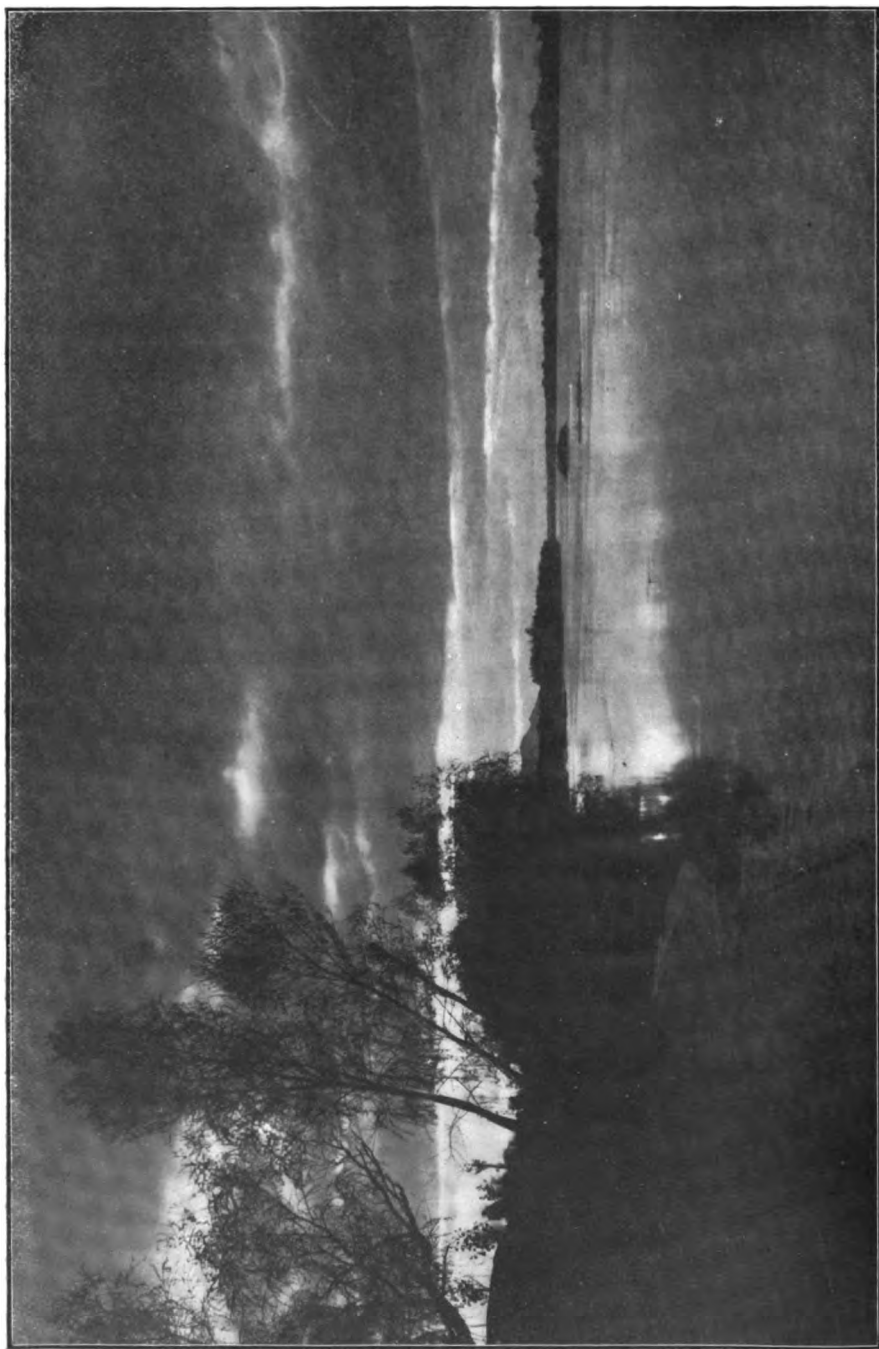
Another industry that adds largely to prosperity is the oil fields east of the city in the Puente foothills. At present the output is about 96,000 barrels monthly and about eighty men are employed. The companies disburse monthly over seven thousand dollars in salaries.

There are three packing houses, mills, brickyards, lumber yards and planing mills, street and water improvements, where positions can be had at good wages by all who need work.

On the whole, Whittier possesses advantages unsurpassed by any town of its size on the coast. A climate unsurpassed anywhere in the State. It offers inducements to the investor, to the parents wishing to educate their children under Christian influences, to the homeseeker, the farmer and the business man. Large returns on investments; a highly moral and religious community; pure air, fertile land and generous people.



A Whittier Business Street



TWILIGHT ON COLORADO RIVER BELOW YUMA.

Photo by Walter Lubkin.



Vol. XXV, No. 4

OCTOBER, 1906

THE PROBLEM OF THE COLORADO RIVER

By SHARLOT M. HALL.

Ye may bit and rein me a little space,
Ye may bind me to serve your transient race
For a day—a year—yet calm I wait,
Unmoved as the changeless march of fate;
Till, in the hour of your lightest heed,
Till, in the hour of your keenest need,
I rise resistless and claim my own,
Re-taking the ways my floods have known,
Ere ye came from the gates of birth
To harry your mother, the Earth.
—*The Song of the Colorado.*



NOTHING indeed is new under the sun, least of all under the hot, silent sun of the desert. More than a thousand years ago the peoples of Mesopotamia made league and led out the waters of the Tigris upon their fertile, sandy fields to turn a desert into a garden set with cities; and the river, shaken by earthquake and swollen by floods from its distant mountain source, quitted its channel by way of the irrigation canals and wandered, a wilful vagrant, on a new course to the sea, leaving to this day a desolate, desert where once was a rich and populous land.

The Yellow River, crawling down like a sluggish, over-gorged dragon through the lowlands of China, has made many a new trail and left the rice-fields buried in dry, hard-packed sand.

The Colorado of the West, wildest, most tameless, least tractable of American rivers, fights its way down through hedging, rock-ribbed mountains and deep-jawed cañons to a low, sandy delta of its own building, over which it has for ages taken its whimsical and uncertain way to the sea. A dozen times, perhaps, it has shifted back and forth at the will of chance—a log caught in some channel, holding a basin of dead water in which the silt dropped swiftly till a low but sufficient diversion-dam was builded—a mass of drift swung

into the main stream and caught on a buried snag—little enough has been needed to turn the imperious water and send it resistlessly seeking new trails or re-taking the half-obliterated roads it traveled in the forgotten past.

The great desert depression, lying at the lowest point 287 feet below sea level and known today as the Salton Sink, has been filled once, twice, unknown times, as the inconstant river swung back and forth across its growing delta. It has been a great brackish lake, fresher in seasons of flood, and swarming with innumerable fresh and brackish water shells, now piled in white windrows, along its



Photo by Putnam & Valentine

WHAT THE COLORADO RIVER MAKES POSSIBLE ON THE DESERT.

sun-scorched, sandy beach-lines, where the shifting winds trace anew each day the rippling wave-marks of retreating water.

Then, as the water lessened and dried away, it has been as the Spanish explorers found it—a strange, mirage-haunted, thirst-scoured place of mystery, into which a man went with his life held loose in his hand. Cloud-bursts in the gaunt mountains that stand like an iron urn around the deep inner bowl sent down from time to time water enough to form a small lake in the lowest basin, increased at long intervals by overflow from the Colorado; so that the “Salton Sea” has ebbed and flowed—now a dry, salt-crustured area over which a man might walk, and again a shallow, acrid lake in which the bitter-fleshed sage-ducks sported.

Fremont, sighting it from the northern end, was deeply impressed;

and, when he knew it better, seriously recommended that a canal should be cut to turn the waters of the Colorado river into the great basin, holding that the land-locked sea would exert a beneficent influence on the climate and atmosphere of all the adjacent region.

Because it lay in the track of the great rush to the gold-fields and the coast, it was skirted, by a well-traveled trail—a trail with mile-stones of low mounds along whose length white bones were laid bare as the sand shifted in the ceaseless wind.

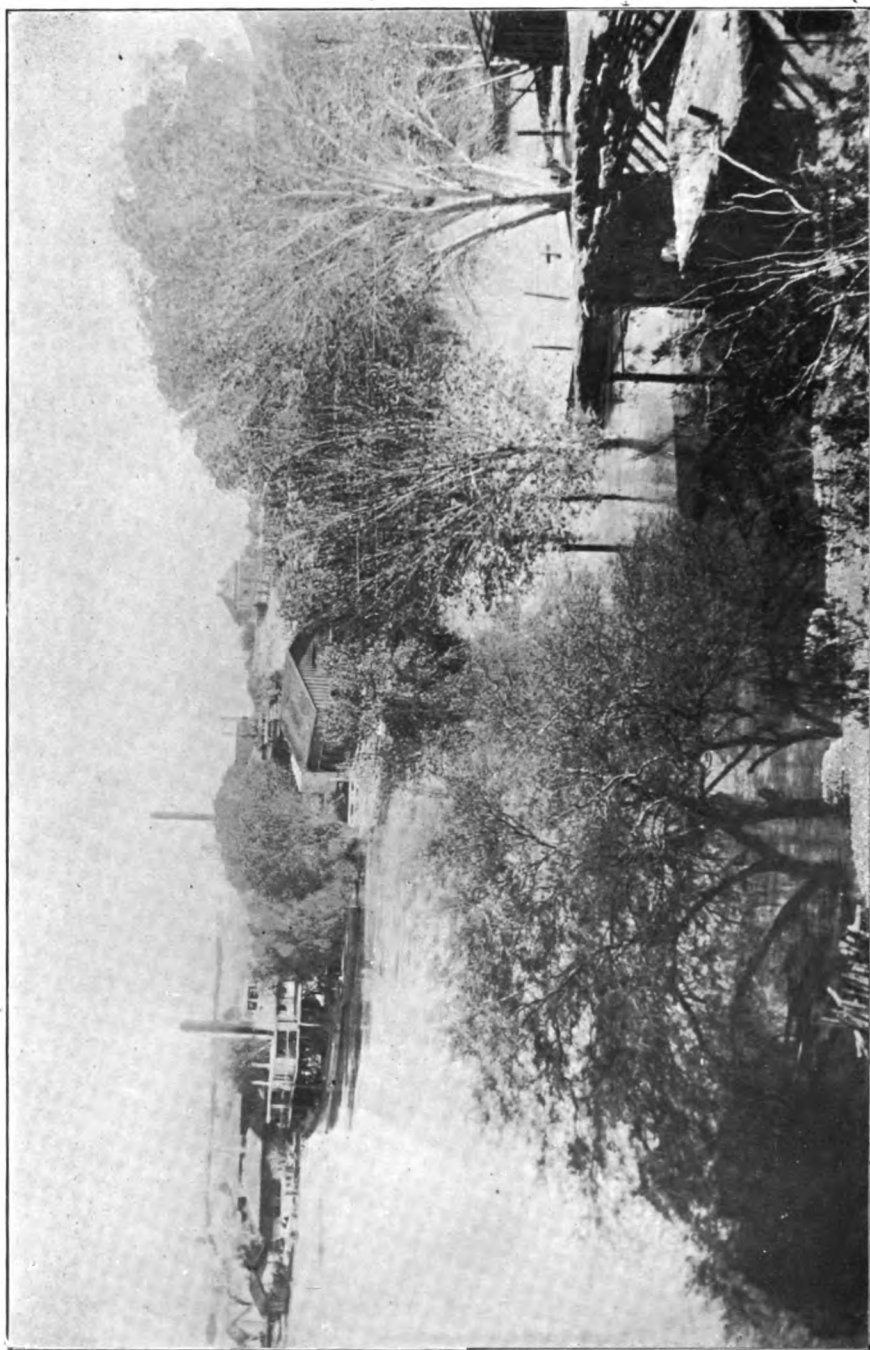
The first railroad projected from coast to coast crossed it on its imaginary way, and in 1879 the Southern Pacific made good the dream—its latest miles laid and spiked at night, because the rails



A FORAGE CROP ON IRRIGATED DESERT LAND.

burned the hands of the track-layers under the mid-day sun. Following the railroad cautiously, little towns grew up, each with its cluster of tall tropic palms and its outlying ranches; few, but sufficient to speak a significant word to the keen observer. If the bare fringe of that Land of Mystery turned to such lavish blossom at the touch of water, what might not come of the far-floor-like level of the basin?

As early as 1856 one man, Dr. Wozencraft of San Bernardino, had seen the answer in his imagination, and urged upon the government the wisdom of reserving the whole region for irrigation. Major John W. Powell, founder of the Geological Survey, than whom no one knew better the arid regions of the Southwest and the water avail-



HIGH WATER ON THE COLORADO AT YUMA.

able, saw clearly the great possibilities of the Salton basin and the entire Colorado river valley.

Others were not slow to see. There lay within the sink itself near to a million acres of land, from sea-level and a bit above to 280 feet below, all of it with a climate of tropic mildness not to be equalled elsewhere in the United States. And there, a hundred miles to the eastward, flowed the one river whose waters were free and adequate for the task of watering the State That Might Be.

He was a prophet who first stood on the verge and looking away to the dim, blue mountain-rim, saw the silver line of canals leading in the unwilling Colorado, and the green of growing fields below

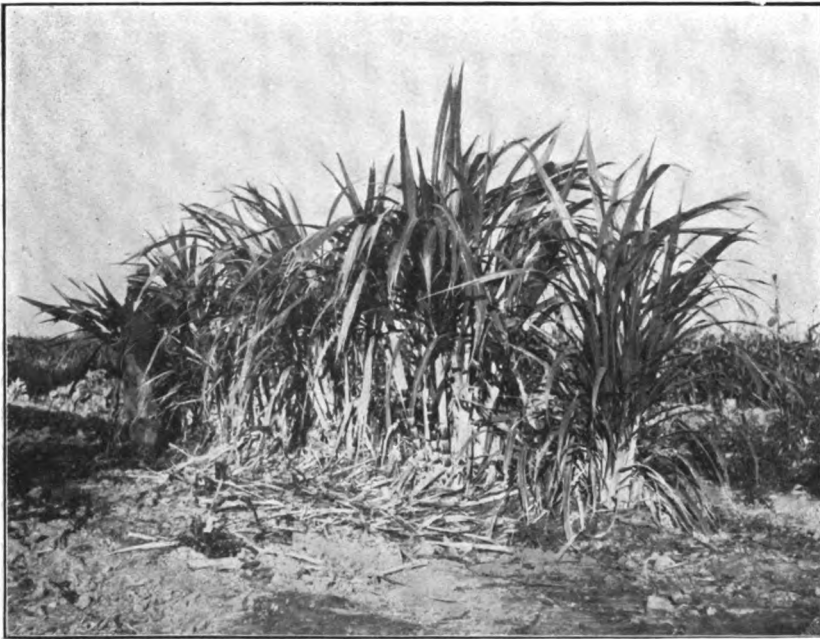


Photo by Putnam & Valentine

SUGAR CANE IN THE IMPERIAL VALLEY.

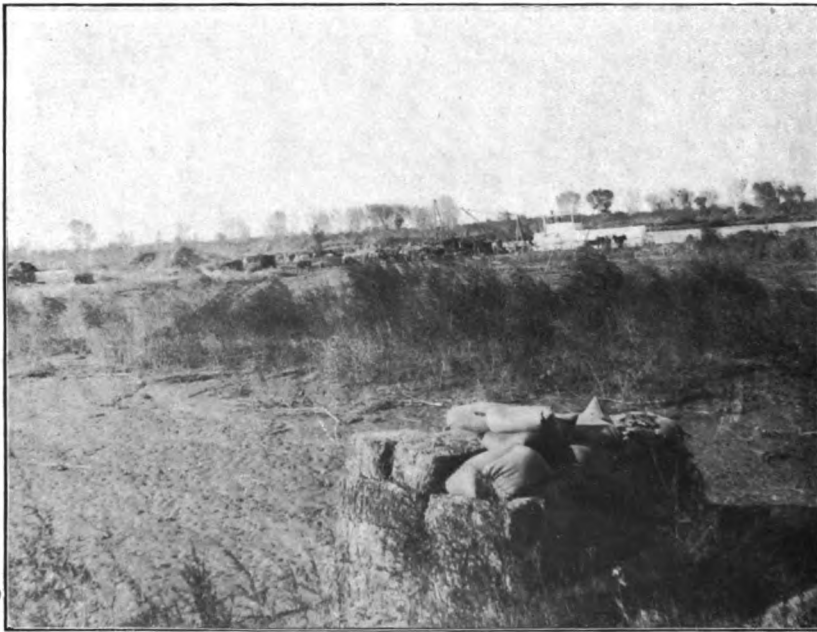
the old shell-whitened beach levels. It was a daring, a magnificent conception, a tremendous undertaking for private enterprise, however it may be viewed. It meant, carried to success, the homing of half a million people and the building outright of a rich and prosperous commonwealth in a land that had not supported a dozen families or added any appreciable sum to the wealth of the nation. And with 400,000 acres of land, at the least, on which water-stock could be sold at from five to twenty dollars an acre, it meant a princely fortune to the promoters.

Its very largeness caused the proposition to take hold slowly. Beginning in 1889 with a company that existed chiefly on paper

and yet managed to obtain several concessions and to do some preliminary surveying, the plan dragged along till 1896 before it took definite form, and till 1900 before construction was actually begun.

It was too big a thing to tempt conservative investors—a thing belonging by every right to the government and not to private individuals—as some saw at the time and many have recognized since.

Yet once aroused, and fostered with well-considered advertising, the interest in the possibilities of the section grew, and intending settlers, by their purchase of water-rights, supplied the funds which



GRAIN AND HAY ON LAND RECLAIMED FROM THE DESERT.

shrewd investors had refused. Canals were surveyed, the town of Imperial founded, and the first water came in to the waiting land in 1902.

The growth was equal to, perhaps beyond, the most daring forecast. There was a well-manipulated rush for lands, a good deal of it by persons who had no real intention of becoming settlers, but so much of it genuine that at the present time about 110,000 acres are in actual cultivation and 100,000 acres more are entitled to water rights. Shipments from the valley have been second in quantity and value only to those from Los Angeles; the feeding line from the Southern Pacific railroad into the valley is said to have been its best paying branch and a second line was projected and begun.

Now the future of this desert empire, with its population of 10,000 and its wealth not far from \$10,000,000, waits on the solving of as interesting and difficult a problem as has held in balance the fate of any modern community.

The flooding of the Salton basin has been called "one of the greatest assisted natural phenomena of recent times." It has brought with it the necessity of conquering at once and at any cost the most unconquerable river within the borders of the United States and of compelling it to return to the channel which it has abandoned to retake its old wilful way into the desert—and on to



COTTON IN THE IMPERIAL VALLEY. Photo by Putnam & Valentine

the Gulf of California by the filling and overflow of its old-time basin.

The great river has fought its way down from its distant source by sheer cutting power of water loaded with silt and sand. It has eaten its way inch by inch from the plateaus 10,000 feet in air to the level of the sea, depositing there, at the touch of salt water, its weapon and burden—the load of red earth from which it takes its name.

Year by year through uncounted ages it has built up the low delta sloping away gently from either bank, and pushed it out farther into the gulf. It has built so, age by age, the whole lower valley through which it flows—approaching 1,500,000 acres between the end of the Grand Cañon and the gulf—light, sandy, soil of great

richness when watered, and melting away like a bank of sugar before the floods of the high-water season that sweep over the low banks and inundate much of the valley along the course.

Down under this low, narrow valley from cañon to sea lies another cañon into which the river once poured its load—a cañon buried and lost in that age-long accumulation of rich red silt and soil. The Salton basin was doubtless only its lower and broader bowl into which was dropped the largest spoil of all that 2000 miles of slow-worn gorge and chasm above.

Drill holes have been driven 700 feet in the Salton basin without



Photo by Putnam & valentine

SUGAR BEETS IN THE IMPERIAL VALLEY.

striking bed-rock; how much farther it is to the stony lap of the earth, no one knows.

Along the Colorado from Yuma to old Fort Mojave, drillings have been made with reference to suitable dam sites and continuous bed-rock all the way across stream has never been found, the nearest approach being at a depth of 130 feet at Bull's Head Point, thirty miles above Needles.

The valley from the end of the Grand Cañon to the gulf is not unlike a great, rock-walled sluice-box choked full of the accumulated wash of 225,049 square miles of country, the drainage area of the Colorado river.

Every placer miner knows what happens when a string of full-

choked sluice-boxes can be made to begin scouring out at the lowest end—and that is the thing that is happening in the Imperial Valley today—the problem within the problem of the Colorado river.

It is not merely to return the river to the channel which it has abandoned before the Salton Sink shall be filled full enough to cover the lands already in cultivation. That is in any case a somewhat remote consideration. The imperative thing is to force the river back to its old level before it shall have sluiced out its present bed to such depth that return is impossible and the whole valley and basin will be left with a river as useless for irrigation purposes



OFFICES OF U. S. RECLAMATION SERVICE AT YUMA.
Built as headquarters and quartermaster's station for General Heintzleman, in 1854.

as it is a thousand miles above, where it sweeps through the gorges of the Grand Cañon.

The whole situation grew out of the attempt of the California Development Company to supply more water to the farmers of the Imperial Valley at the smallest cost of time and money.

The condition to begin with was this: Yuma on the Arizona side of the Colorado river is 140 feet above sea-level. Since white men have had knowledge of the river, it has flowed south from this point to the Gulf of California with a fall of but two feet to the mile in its seventy mile course. With this slight gradient it has constantly deposited silt all along the way, building for itself a slowly but constantly elevated channel which is higher on both banks

than the surrounding delta, and particularly so on the westward side, where the land slopes away so rapidly that at Salton, only 93 miles distant, the valley is 263 feet below sea level—a fall of over four feet to the mile.

Westward from Salton the land rises again, and sharply. Indio, 25 miles away, is only 20 feet below sea level, while Palm Springs, about 45 miles from Salton, is 584 feet above.

The Sink is a great oblong hollow, 137 miles across from Yuma to Palm Springs, with nearly 70 miles of the distance below sea level. It is walled with such barren, precipitous, iron-visaged mountains as could guard only a desert land; mountains of dim translucent blue color and spirit-like beauty and mystery, the San Jacinto—at the



BUILDING CANALS AT YUMA.

Background shows character of growth along river—miles of jungle of straight, slender willow and cotton-wood trees, growing as thick as they can stand.

upper end, many a noble, unnamed bulk eastward to Yuma, and far in Mexico the shadowy line of the Cocopahs.

Down along the western bank of the abandoned river-channel, shutting it for ages from the wide level of the Imperial valley, is a chain of low, ever-shifting sand-hills; sand fine as sugar and nearly as white, blown ceaselessly back and forth, heaped up in fantastic mounds today, rippled and lined as if the sea-waves had left them not an hour since, and tomorrow whirled high in the air to catch in some thin clump of grease-wood and repeat the round.

It was these lean, restless, ghost-like hills that turned aside the Spanish explorers; and to escape them, centuries later, the canal of the California Development Company had to take its way into Mexico, and return by a long detour to the Imperial valley.

Below the sand-hills several old channels led off to the right into the valley, for the most part filled with silt and only carrying a little water in seasons of flood.

When the surveys for the Imperial canal were begun, it was seen that it could not go straight west into the valley—it must round the sand-hills, and that meant a concession from Mexico, which was not difficult to obtain. The intake of the canal was in the United States, eight miles below Yuma and just inside the California line. It was simply an open ditch-head, into which the water was allowed to flow without any restraint, as it might have flowed through any breach in the river banks caused by high floods.



BUILDING LEVEES ON THE COLORADO RIVER NEAR YUMA

The plans of the Reclamation Service include protecting levees on both sides of the Colorado and on the Gila. They will be 8 ft. wide on top, 4,000 ft. apart on the Colorado, and 3,200 on the Gila.

For the first few miles the canal followed the river closely and then was dropped into old flood-channels leading around the sand-hills into Mexico and back into the Imperial valley—it being cheaper and quicker to use these canals of nature's make than to cut others.

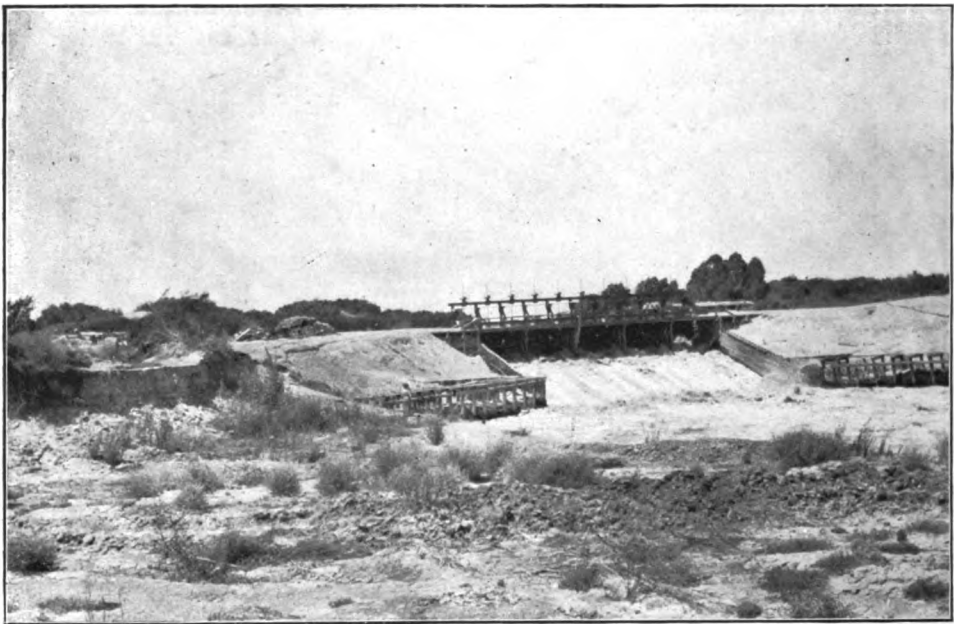
Three years of unusually low water in the Colorado river followed, and the intake of the canal slowly filled with silt and sand till it no longer carried water enough for the needs of the growing farm community in the valley. It would have been an easy matter at any time during these years to put in secure head-gates at the intake, and the cost would not have been above \$10,000.

The records and tradition of half a century showed that sudden.

violent, and prolonged floods might be expected on the lower Colorado river at almost any season after mid-winter; yet the men who controlled the Imperial valley canal-system not only ignored all danger and disregarded all warnings from competent engineers who knew the river well—they went forward and cut a second and equally unprotected opening in the banks of the Colorado.

These openings were only about one-quarter mile apart and between the two, where it seemed to have been the first intention to head the intake, wooden headworks were constructed; but they were said to be five feet too high during low water, and were never used.

The second intake silted up, and instead of dredging it, or the



SHARP'S HEADING ON IMPERIAL CANAL.

earlier one, out, the company went about three miles farther down the river, inside the Mexican line, and, having obtained permission from the government of Mexico, cut a third intake, a straight ditch from the river to the canal, and left it equally unprotected as to head-gates or controlling devices.

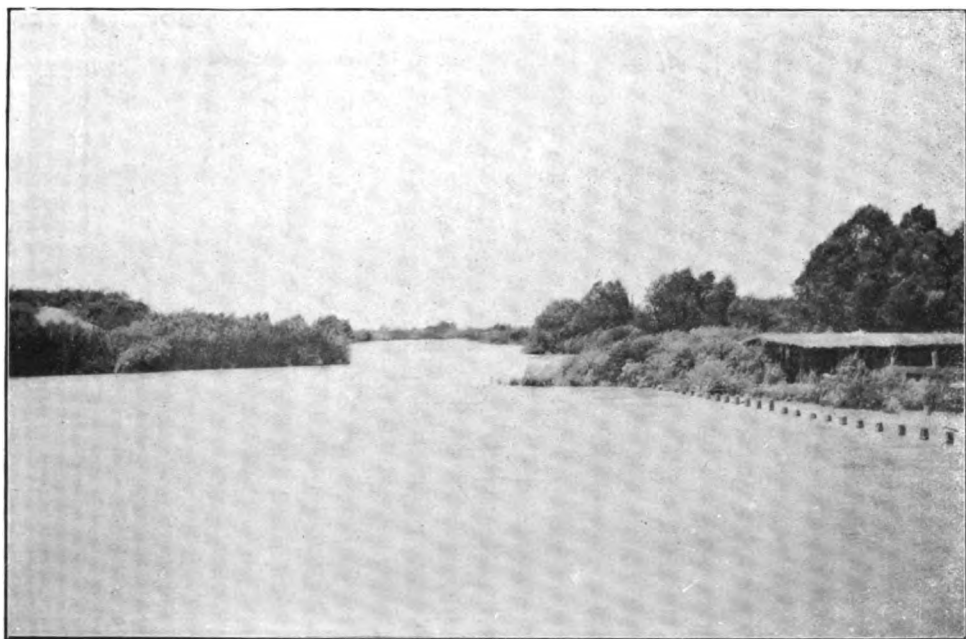
Some while before this, early in 1904, the California Development Company had come into inharmonious contact with the United States government. The company, under its original filing, claimed 10,000 cubic feet per second of the waters of the Colorado river. As the Colorado is a navigable river, they failed to secure a title to this quantity, which is more than the entire normal flow of the stream.

Through the so-called "Daniels Bill," introduced by Representa-

tive Daniels of California, an effort was made to secure the water by having the river practically declared of more value for irrigation than for navigation. This bill, which would have given the company virtual control forever of the waters of the greatest river in the Southwest, was defeated through the efforts of the friends of national irrigation.

Intake No. 3, on Mexican soil and outside the jurisdiction of the United States, was dredged in October, 1904, and a short time after the shallow lake in Salton sink began to deepen with an inflow of muddy water easily traced to the Colorado through the New River channel, and the unprotected intake of the Imperial canal.

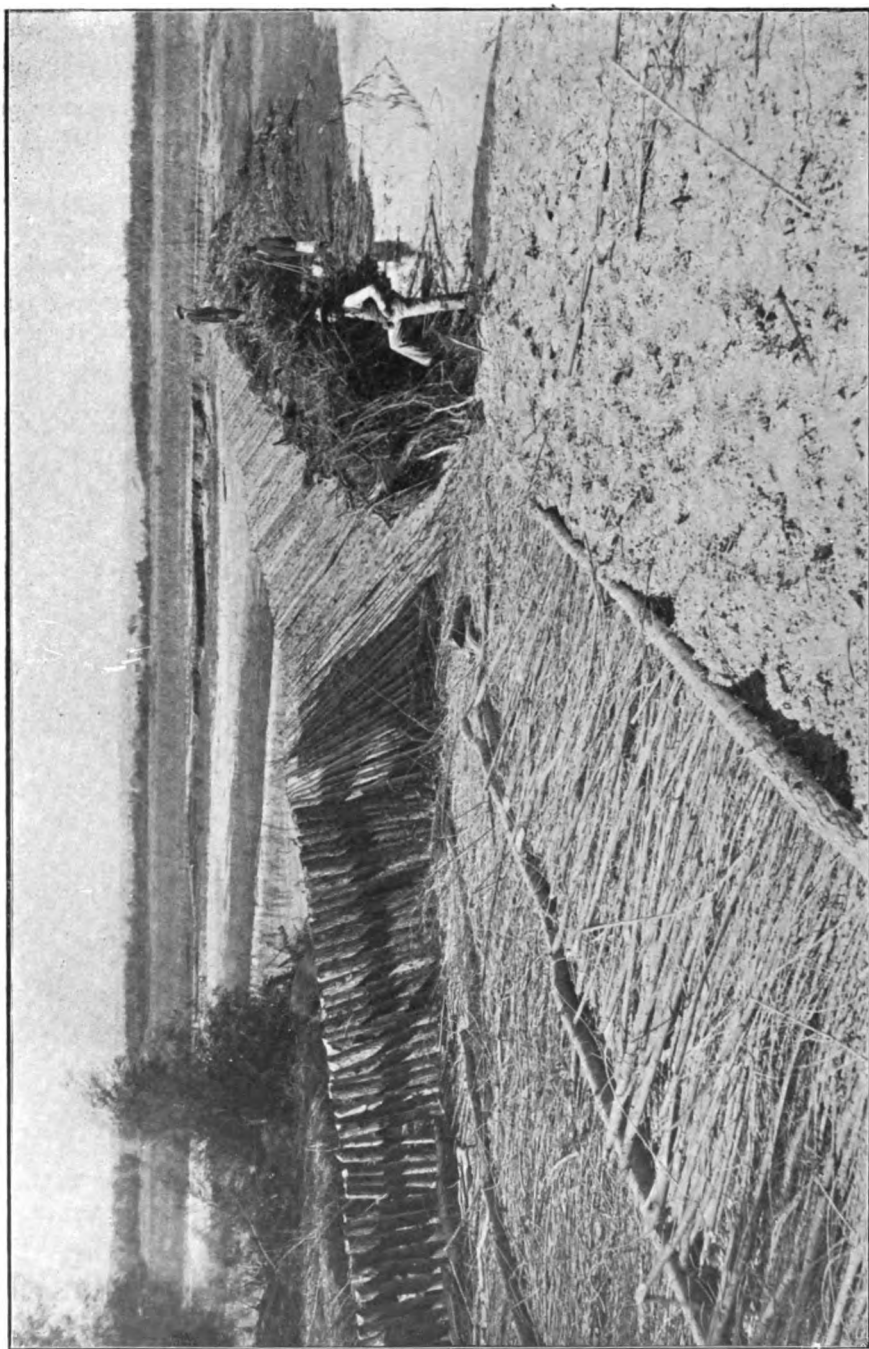
The problem of the Colorado had declared itself, and if the Cali-



IMPERIAL CANAL AT SHARP'S HEADING.

ifornia Development Company had desired to tie the hands of the United States, their course could not have been more admirably planned—but of this somewhat will be said later.

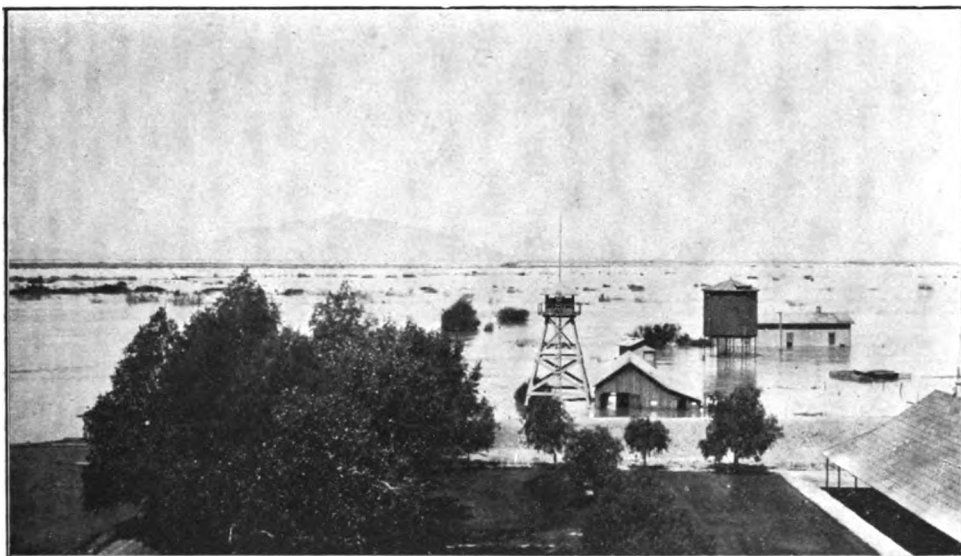
To trace the growth of the problem—from the beginning of the company's work the seasons had been dry, and there had been three years in which to make secure the canal headings on what was known to be the most treacherous and intractable river in the West. Nothing was done. The rainfall of the winter of 1904-5 was the heaviest for many years, that of 1905-6 even heavier. From all the great water-shed, but particularly from the mountains and plateaus of Arizona great floods swept into the Colorado.



ABBATIS ON THE COLORADO RIVER CONSTRUCTED BY RECLAMATION SERVICE TO PREVENT CUTTING OF BANKS.

The winter of 1904-5 began the work of cutting down the level of the canal and the Alamo river into which the canal dropped—an ancient bed of the Colorado, dry except at flood-time before the company decided to use it as a cheap and ready-to-hand canal. Swiftly a lake formed in the Salton basin, growing unnoticed till it crept up and destroyed the salt-works at Salton and menaced the track of the Southern Pacific railroad.

The Canal Company made a number of inadequate attempts to turn the flow into another old channel leading to the Gulf by way of Volcano Lake at the far southern end of the valley; but each proved in turn a failure, and the Southern Pacific, after moving parts of its track three times, was compelled to come to the assistance of the canal company and take up the fight with the relentless river.



THE NEW RIVER BRANCH OF THE COLORADO.

Photo by W. H. Sanders

This photograph was taken during the high water of June. The river was ten miles wide, and many grain fields were ruined by the flood.

In November, 1905, a dam 600 feet long and 100 feet wide, made of piles driven twenty feet into the bed of the river, with strong brush and wire mattresses 100 by 150 feet between, was approaching completion; and many believed the problem of the Colorado practically solved. On the 29th of November, the second largest flood ever recorded on the Colorado swept down the Gila—a wall of tawny, foam-edged water, rising sixteen feet in an hour and brushing away the work of months as if it had been a handful of matches. When it passed, the Colorado was secure in its new channel, and the old one was banked high with silt and drift. The waters of the river no longer reached the gulf, but poured their flood through an ever-deepening channel into the old desert basin abandoned for ages.

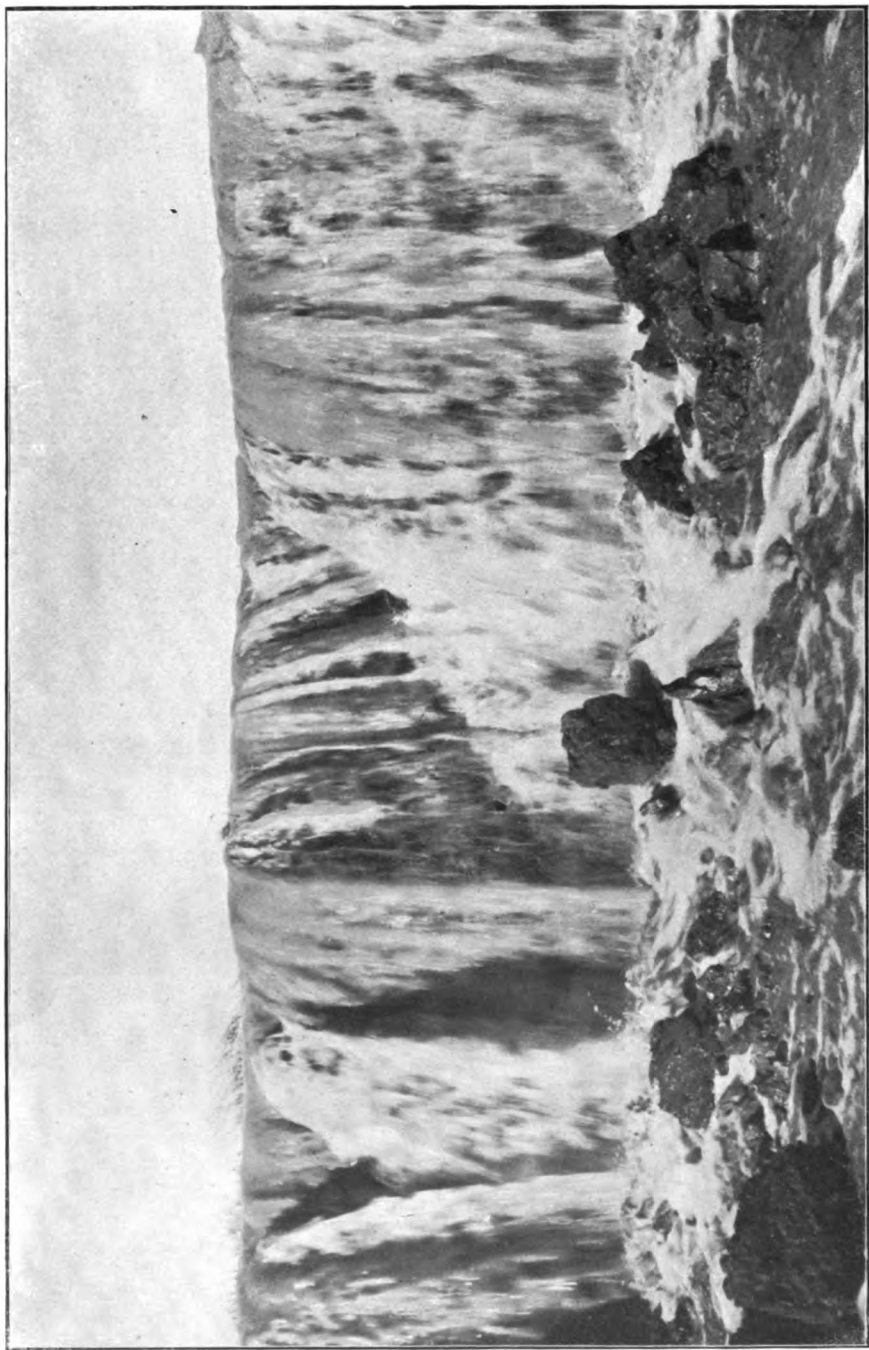


Photo by W. H. Sanders
FALL ON THE ALAMO RIVER DURING JUNE FLOOD, SHOWING CUTTING DOWN OF RIVER BED.

A second but lesser flood in February, 1906, clinched the problem, and the regular annual flood of June, prolonged through the summer, scoured the two great sluiceways, the Alamo and the New river, hourly deeper.

In August, with the Colorado still a third higher than it should normally have been, the Alamo river at Imperial was 815 feet from the top of the banks to the water, and the huge, ragged rent which it had torn in the level floor of the valley was 1160 feet wide. It was still cutting deeper and the banks were still caving in. Nothing could be more impressive than that deep, irregular gash in the earth, slashed out as with relentless fury and deepening as rapidly as the



ALAMO RIVER NEAR IMPERIAL DURING JUNE HIGH WATER Photo by W. H. Sanders

turbulent water had power to carry away the soft, "quick" silt and sand that formed the soil of the valley.

At Calexico, in mid-June, the New river branch of the Colorado was ten miles wide; fields of grain were flooded and destroyed, and the Salton Sea rose eight feet in fifteen days. In August it had returned to its channel, after cutting away part of the town of Mexicali, and was gouging down into the earth as fast as it could; sweeping along a moving mass of sand of tremendous scouring power. In early July a constantly receding water-fall had formed in both branches, advancing nearer the intake at a rate of a third of a mile a day, and reported to be sixty feet deep in the Alamo and eight in New river.

In August the depth of the falls was known to be much less, and the encroachment upstream was very little, owing to the more resist-

ant character of the soil in the channels at the point then reached. The old bed of the Colorado, from Yuma to the Gulf, was dry, except for pools and lagoons in some of the lowest places; but a small amount of water still found its way to the gulf by the Padrones river and Hardy's Colorado.

The problem has resolved itself into this: There is yet an indefinite time, probably a few months at best, before, in the scouring and sluicing process, the channels of the Alamo and the New river can be cut down to the lowest possible level throughout their length and so on, up the Imperial canal, to the old river-bed below Yuma.



NEW RIVER AT CALEXICO, AUGUST, 1906

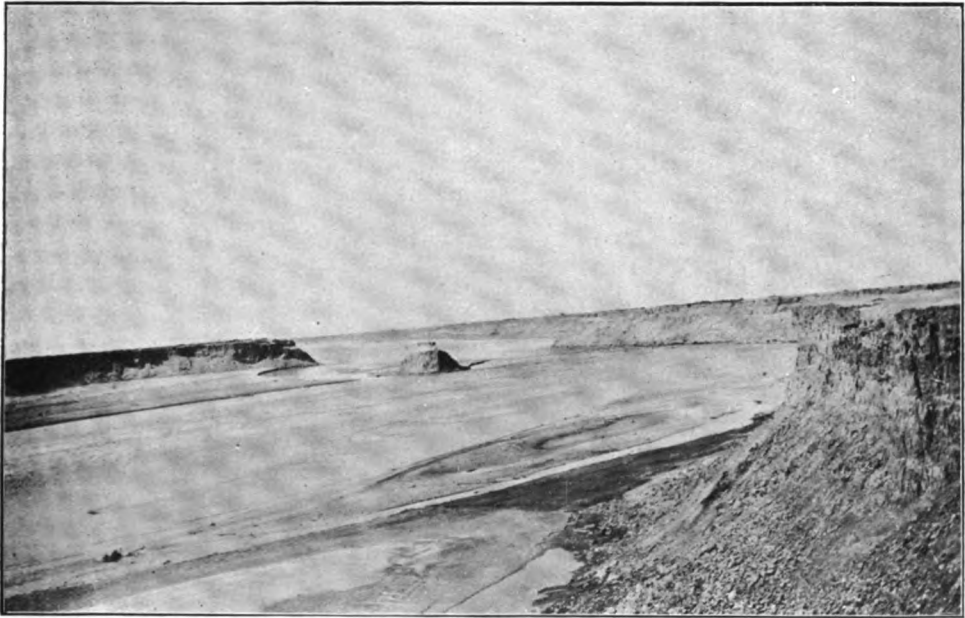
Several houses and the Mexican graveyard have been cut away at and near this point. Concrete blocks from bridge-piers and buildings lie at edge of water.

Low water would make the process slower; such a flood as that of last November would speed it to swift and disastrous conclusion.

If the cutting is not checked somewhere, but is allowed to proceed on up the Colorado as far as the grade of the river permits, which would be above Needles, a new cañon will be formed, similar to the deep channels at Imperial and Calexico, but so much deeper that the river will no longer be available for purposes of irrigation, and Salton Sea (already the third largest body of water entirely within the United States, covering at present over 400 square miles) will become permanent, and will cover close to 2000 square miles.

Work designed to control the water of the river and return it to

its old channel is at this writing (August 15, 1906) being carried on by the Southern Pacific railroad at two points. At the old Imperial intake a specially designed headgate is being built to control the flow of water into the canal. A short distance above this point, where a spit of conglomerate juts out toward the river, affording the nearest approach to solid foundation anywhere within miles, an intake is being constructed of steel and re-inforced concrete. If these two pieces of work can be brought to completion before the next season of high water, or before the occurrence of any considerable floods, it will be reasonably sure that the river will be forced back into the



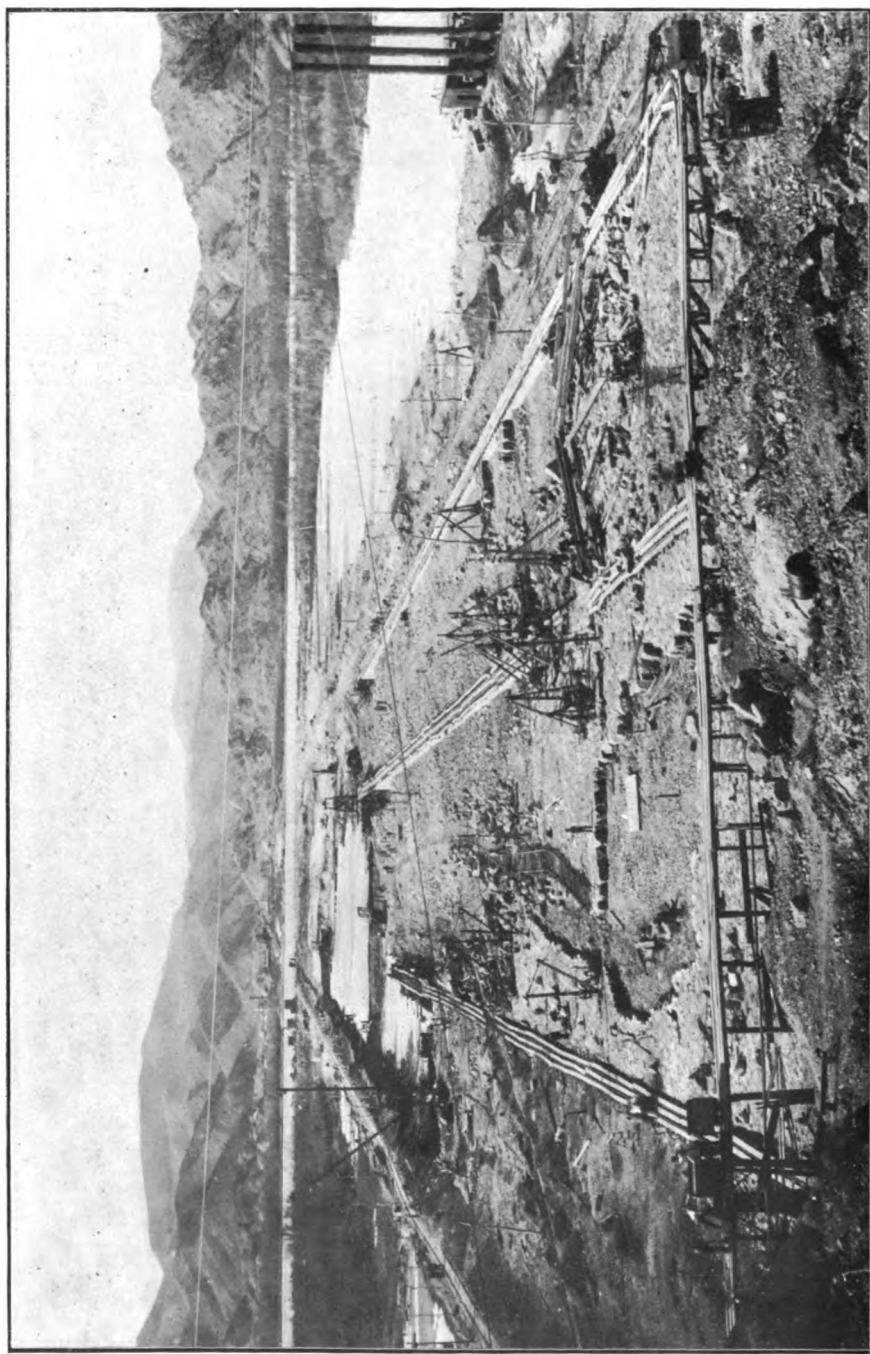
ALAMO RIVER NEAR IMPERIAL, AUGUST, 1906
Banks 85 feet high, width 1160 feet. Cut in the level floor of the valley

old channel, now dry and some eleven feet higher than the present water-surface.

If these works should suffer the fate of the brush-mat-and-piling dam, which was swept out in the November flood last year, the next stand in the fight for control of the river will probably be made at Laguna, twelve miles above Yuma, where the Reclamation Service of the United States Government has under construction a great river-dam of the type which has been used so successfully in India and Egypt, where conditions are similar.

This dam, however, cannot be completed for a year, perhaps two years, though the urgency of the situation will doubtless hurry its progress.

At Laguna the low granite hills come into the river's edge, afford-



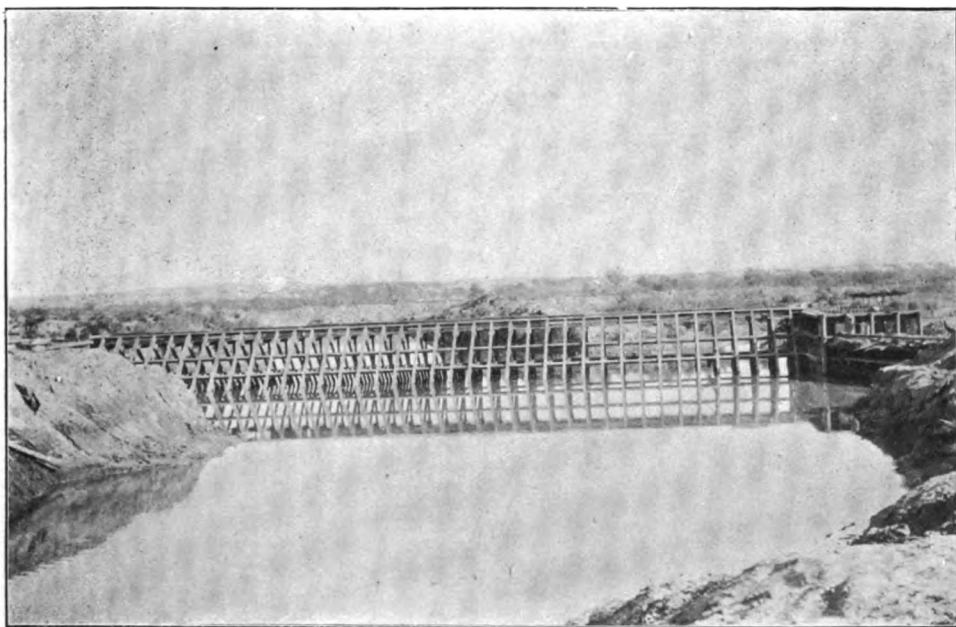
GOVERNMENT WIER DAM AT LAGUNA, 12 MILES ABOVE YUMA.

Photo by Walter Lubkin.

ing the first solid abutments up-stream from the gulf, and here a dam nearly a mile long is well under way.

It rests on the shifting sands of the river-bed, for solid bed-rock was not found anywhere along the channel for a hundred and fifty miles. It consists of three great parallel walls of concrete, built over heavy piling driven into the bed of the stream. The spaces between these walls are filled with broken granite rock blasted out of the wide spillways at either side of the dam. When completed the dam will be about 250 feet across, with a wide, sloping apron of loose rock on the down-stream side.

Its very weight, above 600,000 tons, is designed to hold the sandy



THE ROCKWOOD HEADGATE BELOW YUMA

Specially designed to control the flood-flow of the Colorado.

foundation firm, as it has done on the Ganges and the Nile, and the water for irrigation will be drawn off in canals on either side, one for the lands in California and one on the Arizona side. With these two diverting canals, it will be possible to clear the bed of the Colorado lower down for whatever restraining works may be decided upon.

The government dam now in course of construction at Tonto creek, and the diversion dam to be built lower down on the Salt river, will materially assist in controlling the floods that have swept in so disastrously from the Arizona tributaries of the Colorado.

Other storage projects under consideration will, when completed,

control and distribute the waters of the Gila and Little Colorado, so that eventually the streams which are responsible for the severest sudden floods will be under fair restraint. These are all works which are parts of the plans of the United States Reclamation Service, insuring the ultimate control of the situation by the government—which is the only wise and adequate solution.

Meanwhile there are serious complications in the fact that the water which is working damage in the United States enters the country from Mexico, and that the intake of the Imperial canal was not cut by a company operating under the laws of the United States with a concession from Mexico, but by a company organized and chartered under Mexican laws—the “Sociedad de Yerrigacion y

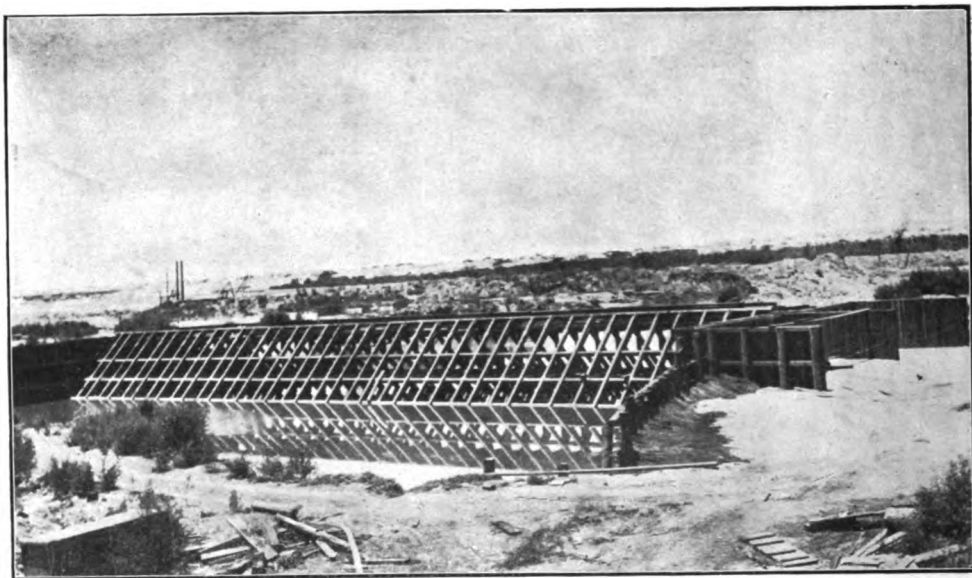


Photo by L. M. Lawson

WOODEN GATE OF COLORADO DEVELOPMENT CO. AT LOWER HEADING, AUG. 25, 1906.

Terreños de la Baja California.” True, this company is composed largely of the same men who make up the California Development Company; but that does not relieve Mexico of obligation for the damage which a Mexican company has worked to citizens and territory of the United States.

Before the United States can take control of the situation on the Colorado river, should that course become necessary to save the Imperial valley and the other lands along the river from permanent disaster, an adjustment of this matter will be necessary, and also a definite understanding as to the future status of the river. In existing treaties with Mexico, the Colorado has been regarded solely from the standpoint of a navigable stream; irrigation as a matter of na-

tional, or even of private, importance had not arisen when these treaties were made.

Except for one brief period from 1860 to 1870, when the supplies for Arizona came largely by way of the Gulf, from San Francisco or Atlantic ports, the river has had no importance in navigation; but it is the one source of water-supply for the irrigation of nearly a million and a half acres of land, lying about equally in the United States and Mexico, from the end of the Grand Cañon southward. The water of the river is sufficient for only about 1,000,000 acres of this land, but storage projects could be made to reach more. A harmonious adjustment of the division of the water of the Rio Grande has already been reached between the two governments:

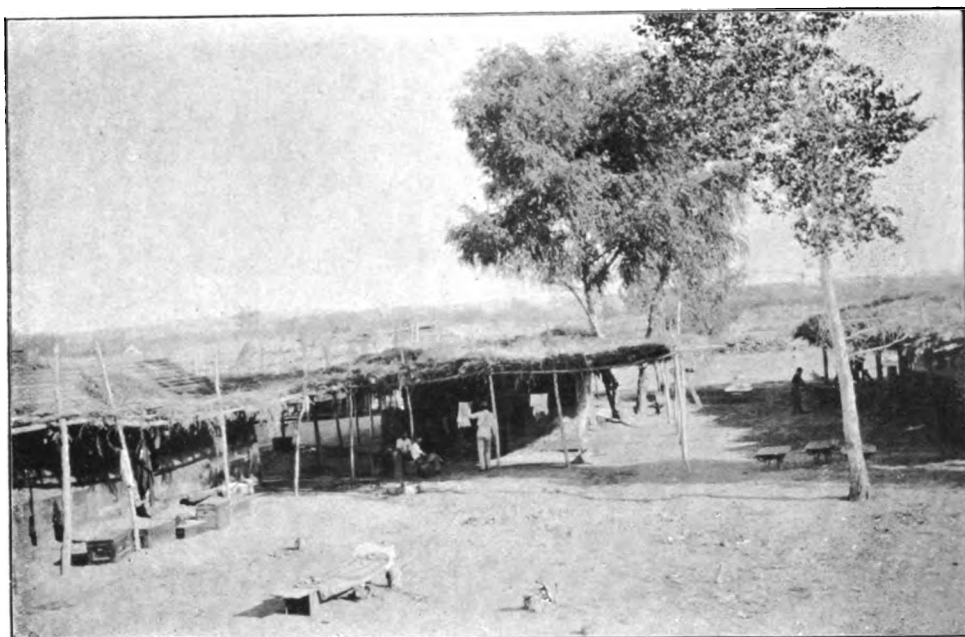


SUCTION DREDGE AND SCRAPER TEAMS CUTTING CANAL TO WOODEN HEADGATE.

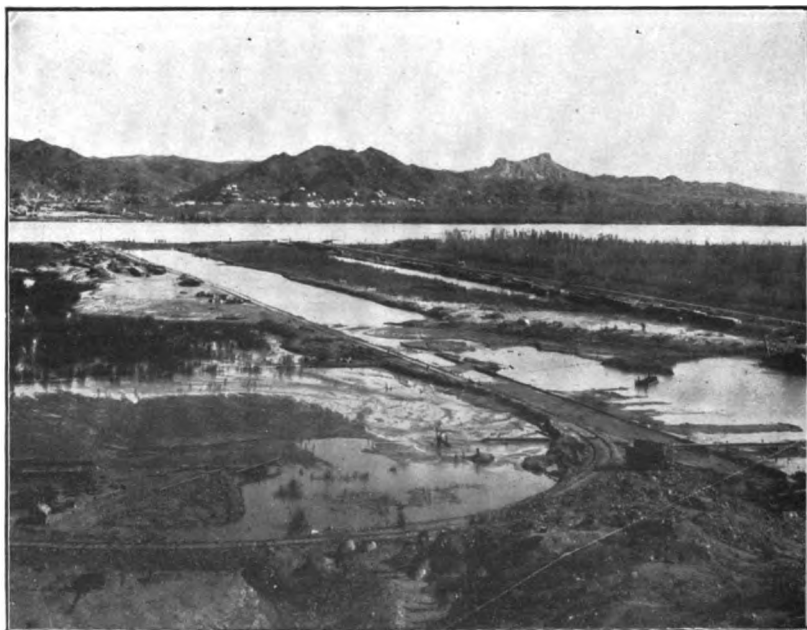
Photo Aug. 25, 1906, by L. M. Lawson

and, with more at stake, it is to be hoped that a similar understanding will not be delayed on the Colorado.

The people of the Imperial valley are dependent upon the Imperial canal for every drop of water they may use for whatever purpose. There is not a well in the valley, and drillings to the depth of 700 feet have shown no underflow. There are few springs in the distant mountains, and the Salton lake is too salt to be available, were it near enough. It will be seen that unless the canal is properly and rapidly safe-guarded with headgates, and, in addition, sufficient and adequate waste-ways for the control of flood-waters, another season of high water may well deepen the main canal so far below the distributing canals that no water can enter them, and the whole



PART OF "CORY'S CAMP," BELOW YUMA



GENERAL VIEW OF LAGUNA DAM FROM CALIFORNIA SIDE, SHOWING
GOVERNMENT AND CONTRACTOR'S CAMP.

community be left without so much as water for domestic purposes.

Even this is a lesser calamity in its ultimate effect than the loss to State, nation and humanity of so great an area of the richest land in the United States—land of which five acres, properly watered and cultivated, are sufficient for the support of an average family and 160 are equal to a liberal income. The climate is such that there are practically twelve growing months in the year; early vegetables alone, which reach the markets weeks in advance of any other section, have brought large returns to the farmers of Imperial valley. Grapes, oranges, figs, dates, and other fruits have been found admirably adapted to all the section.

On the large grain-farms, barley has been found to yield seventy-



Photo by L. M. Lawson

LOOKING SOUTH ACROSS THE RIVER AT IMPERIAL HEADING

This is the point at which it is proposed to stop the river. The photograph, taken Aug. 25, 1906 shows the method of making the brush mats.

five bushels to the acre, and wheat sixty; alfalfa gives from four to six crops a year, and the dairy interests of the Imperial valley have been as important as any in California.

All of which means that this great valley from Needles to the Gulf might be the home of half a million people, at a modest estimate, and return to the nation a sum beside which the amount needed to permanently conquer the menacing river sinks into insignificance. The problem of the Colorado is of national importance, and cannot long be left to the ill-directed or inadequate efforts of private corporations.

In mid-August, the river at Yuma showed a flow of 20,000 second-

feet, and Salton Sea was rising at the rate of about one inch a day. It lay, a steel-blue sheet of silent water, the bare, brown, iron-fronted desert mountains standing like an implacable wall beyond it. For miles it followed the track of the Southern Pacific railroad; its beach seamed by deep ravines, radiating like fingers, through which the water lapped quietly, affording hunting-grounds for hundreds of cranes and pelicans and gray clouds of sea gulls.

In places it touched the embankment and a swift desert wind-storm would have sent it leaning over the track. It had taken the little farms lying near the stations of Mecca and Thermal and Coachella, and the lines of fence posts could be seen far out, almost lost

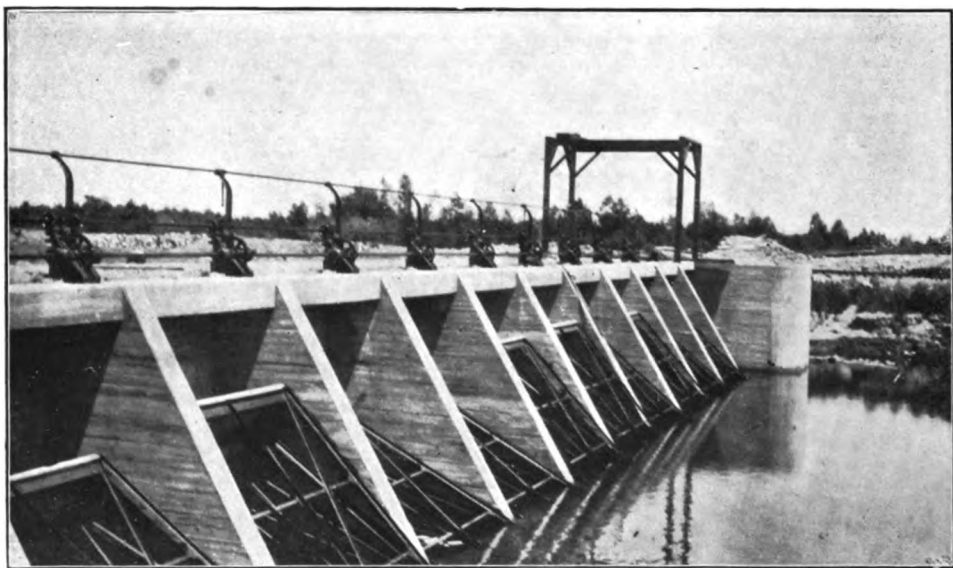


Photo by L. M. Lawson

CONCRETE GATE OF COLORADO DEVELOPMENT COMPANY AT UPPER HEADING

in the rising water. Beyond, the telegraph poles were buried half their length, and patient gulls and pelicans sat on the cross-bars looking for fish. Along shore the tops of the greasewood bushes made deep-green, faintly swaying islands, and the abandoned ties of the submerged railroad floated in water-logged rafts.

At Mecca and Thermal and Coachella the Indians had been dancing and rejoicing for two months past, hailing with joy the always advancing water. They have kept, out of their unrecorded past, many traditions of the rise and fall of the mysterious water—traditions touched and colored by contact with the whites and yet holding some thread of truth, there can be no doubt.

The simplest version, as told by old "Fig Tree John," a Yuma



Photo June, 1906 by W. H. Sanders

**BLASTING OUT THE BED OF THE NEW RIVER, AT CALEXICO, WITH GIANT
POWDER, TO TURN THE CURRENT OF THE FLOOD.**

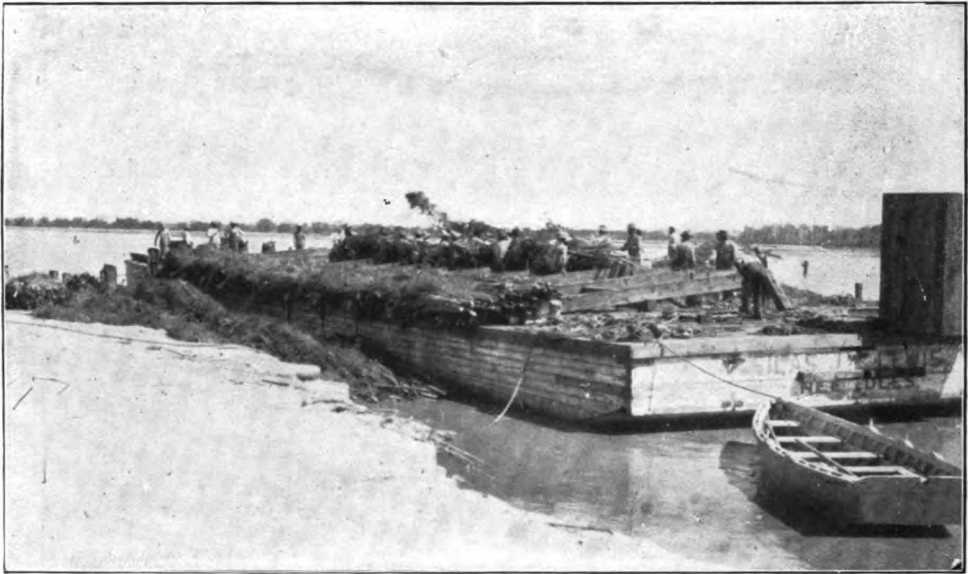
with grizzled, mud-crust hair and the map of all the desert in his dark, wrinkled face, runs thus:

Thirty chiefs ago, the water filled the Salton Sink, not as it does now, but much larger. The Indians all around its edge were prosperous and happy, but the young men of the Yumas, growing restless, went down to the south and plundered and killed a peaceful tribe.

Before they returned home, the water began to shrink away; the old men of the tribe held dances and tried to sing the water back, but it went away faster.

At last the oldest man of the tribe put mud on his head and blackened his body with charcoal and went alone in a canoe out across the water, naked but shaking his gourd rattle and letting the boat drift as it would.

For three days the old men waited for him on the shore. On the



MAKING BRUSH MATS ON THE BARGE

Photo by L. M. Lawson

third night at sunset the canoe came back, drifting of its own will, the old man lying blind in the bottom.

He said the Sun Spirit had met him at the other side of the lake and told him the water would all go away and the Indians grow poorer; but after a long while, when they had been punished enough, the water would come back and plenty would return to all the tribes.

So the Cocos and the Cohuillas along the upper end and the Cocopahs and Digueños far to the south watch with joy the growing sea, and dance and shake their curious gourd rattles and sing their wild chants as it advances; while the Yumas work for the white men who are fighting their great river—and in the white man's money find fulfillment of the old tradition.

Prescott, Arizona.

PAST SLUGGARD RANCH

By MARY H. COATES.



THE CALIFORNIA "NUTMEG."

TAKE, for the eyrie of your mind's eye, the extreme western cape of Redwood Park, fifty miles south of San Francisco. 'Tis a vasty lookout—sky high above the ocean, with the mountainside spreading fanwise down to the shore; cañon curbed on one hand by Waddell Creek—a stream of many trout—on the other by Purdy's Gulch, the trail meandering seven miles from summit to sea-level, every league sealed with Nature's favors. Down shore—the coastwise border—past Sluggard Ranch, with New Year island for a punctuation-end to

the ramble, there are even more of the finger-marks of her approval.

Starting from the Park, a bridle-path slips the shade of the grand sequoias bivouacked in the Big Basin, scales the rim, and cuts across a bald knob, the vista spanning many a rugged ridge and ferny glen, with a hint of the fifty-mile coast mountain-chain. In Spring and Summer the forested slopes are exquisite marqueteries of one color—infinite shades of the green of sycamore, buttonwood, alder, laurel and conifers. One of the darkest tones belongs to that oddest of all evergreen trees—the Tumion, or false nutmeg, which by right of foliage should be a cone-bearer, but by grace of Nature's pleasure sports a fruit.

This tree is one branch of only four species—one each for Japan, China, Florida and California. It has a twin-brother in the Yosemite Sierra Nevadas; but here, where harsh frosts never remember to come, where rains never forget to fall, and where fog hovers frequently and dense, it attains a most luxuriant growth, more than sixty feet in height. With its uncommon, roundish, pyramidal shape, slightly drooping branches, and pungently odorous, prickly foliage, it is a distinguished tree—rarely beautiful when the sun strikes full on its glossy fruit, changing them to silver figs. The figs, alas, are worthless, for the waxen, green rind covers a thin layer of whitish pulp, enveloping a nutmeg which is but a wooden shell filled with white meat.

To-day fog-wool and rain-cloud are gone; the eye has full right-



"WRAPPED ITS HEAD IN A FRILLY MUFFLER."

of-way. Down, down at the foot of the slope is a narrow grey ribbon, the sand beach; and a feathery, slow-tossing white scarf brodering a blue field—blue so far away, so still and so harmless it might be levels of turquoise. On the plateau, barely above the surf-spray, is a yellow line—the stage-road which traverses the dairy country west of the peaks; and a mottled cord, the new trolley line connecting San Francisco with Santa Cruz.

Woodsy, mossy second-growth timber, live-oak and madroño, canopy our trail, with chaparral of cascara, buckeye and toyon, where the hunter may bag mountain-lion, deer, wild-cat, badger, coon and quail. Skirting a rocky spur, the trail joins the highway, which swings inland from the south, crosses Scott's Creek and Purdy's



A FERNY GLEN.

Gulch, zigzagging up hills, avoiding a granite mountain-rib which ends in a sheer sea-wall.

Snuggled among the trees on the cañon-side is a fine specimen of coast pine, which, tiptoeing up a hundred feet to peek over at the ocean, and finding a draught, bundled its head in a thick, frilly muffler. Now a slur of the road westward over the promontory and an exhilarating intake of the scene; then a plunge to the seashore along a snakewise grade following the flutings of the mountain, with but one halt—Sluggard Ranch.

Once this ranch—large in acre-title, thumbnail-farm-size in level land, rich in ocean-faring scope—was an important stage station,



"FLUSH TO A PERPENDICULAR SEA-WALL."

and its one-time owner, having in his make-up a grain of humor and ten grains of "hate-to-be-hurried-about-doing-things," gave it the tell-tale name. The level acres are flush to a perpendicular sea-wall, and perched upon them is the cluster of white buildings, fitting into the landscape-scheme like a gull on a shelving rock. Here, for the man in a hurry, is a private road.

It begins at a rope-end knotted to an iron crowbar driven in the bluff. "Yes," chuckled an old fisherman, "it's a short-cut over the wall to the sand-spit, by way of a long rope; and a fellow thinks it's twice as long when he's caterpillarin' up an' down it. But if he's a sure-enough angler, he can hook his reward off the rock-cod reef."

The reef caps the sand-spit under the cape, and is mesmeric with sea-charm, for the water pouring over the lower rocks is so clear it is more like green ice than ocean brine, ever welling and sinking, shattered, into crystal chips.

The stage-road reaches the beach at Waddell Creek bridge. The creek, binding the peak-top to the rim of the sea, is one of Nature's finest lyrics, a filigree of fern-banks, dizzy walls, lacey cascades and pools. The name, to any old-timer, recalls a gruesome scene—a man and a bear, lying a few feet apart, each having given the other a death-blow.

Across Waddell bridge, straight ahead for two miles, is another of those sliced-off capes; and between it and the ocean is a strip of sand. On the mountain-side, in the long-ago, there were tall trees, and a



"NOOKS JUST BIG ENOUGH FOR TWO."

sawmill, and, spile-spiked to the bluff, a wagon-road. But the mill ate the tall trees, and the sea ate a huge slice of the land—including the road—so the public farer traveled the sand-lane for thirty years, or till the era of the indomitable trolley.

The stage-driver, unmindful of a time-card, took the beach as he found it—wet or dry; but those with leisure waited for the smooth, hard, sand boulevard of low tide. 'Tis a pleasant way, with the treasure-trove expectancy of the beach and playful antics of leopard seals; a fearsome way, hedged between uncurling, roaring breakers—the ocean's close-range impress of awfulness and power—and the bluff so high that a human figure against it is as a match against the side of a wash-tub.

Land-slides and springs are ever etching the cliff-face; and in one

spot is a brook with a tiny waterfall and a massive bridge—souvenir of the old read. Scattered coast-pines dwell here—crouching, wind-twisted dwarfs—clinging with a life-and-death grasp, but soon to obey the inevitable move-on order, sliding to the beach, lodging with cast-off toys of the breakers, and dying, lying so, suggest a pathetic sequel to Heine's poem of the pine and the palm, as they mingle with the palm-drift there.



"AS A MATCH AGAINST THE SIDE OF A WASHTUB."

This "palm-drift" consists of quantities of cocoanut-husks—coveted flotsam for the camper's fire, and fun for the jolly ranchman hereabouts, with his love for an assumed solemn countenance and a "Wrecked ship loaded with cocoanuts—yes, every soul aboard was lost!" The evidence? "A lost spar in the sand." But when faced with a section of husk, not broken or torn, but clean-cut, he acknowledges that it is garbage from passing ships brought to this haven by freakish currents. But experiences? "Oh, a whaling schooner



"IN THE SHADE OF THE SEQUOIAS."

dragged its anchor while the crew were in the cabin at a game of cards, from which they were called by a dull thud as the vessel struck shore."

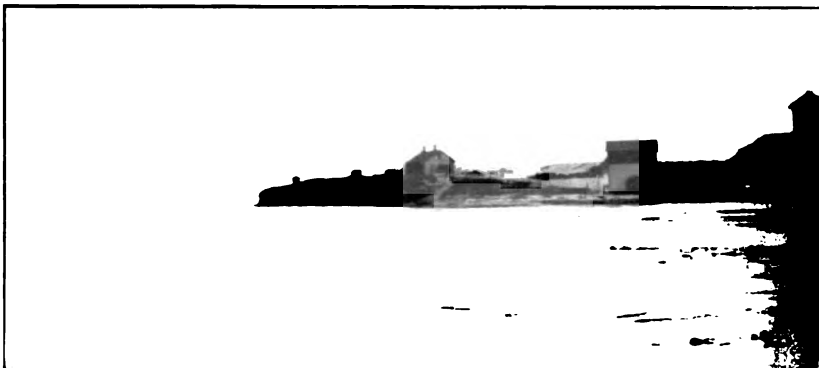
Two miles of sand-lane, then a steep climb up hill into clover-sweet dairy meadows, sloping gradually to the beach, the bluff broken at near intervals into little coves which are usually the mouth of a fresh-water brook. Ideal camp sites they are, festooned with wild black-berry vines, fuchsia and pink everlasting, fragrant with mints and wild roses; cozy nooks for two, "comfy" by day, but awesome by night, down so near the incoming tide, with the harsh bark of sea-lions, and the seaward dark pierced now and then by weirdly moving gold eyes—the lights of passing ships.

Cormorants, guileless and interesting, keep house on the ragged yellow cliffs over Dickerman's Caves. The archways lead into cool, dim chambers ever echoing the vaulting song of the breakers; and, if the listener's imagination be attuned, will repeat the old tales harking back to a Spanish Main, treasure trove galleons, and the deeds of bold explorers.

Farther along the cliff is a shaky ladder reaching down to perch-fishing grounds; and straight into the west, a mile at sea, lies Año Nuevo island, a wee continent, yet big in responsibility for its fog-horn and lamp-flame are never-sleeping clarions of the craggy coast. To-day it is a summer isle in a summer sea, linked to the mainland by unending processions of long, hoary combers.

Once in the long ago, when the good Padres were cruising here, a thick fog settled down, and they were lost; but, wishing very much to find a port, made for the nearest land, which chanced to be the shore of this island, where they landed safely, on a New Year's Day. At once the island received a name and took on a personality. Besides its interest as a lighthouse station, it is a horn of plenty in marine attractions; creepy with abalones and noisy with herds of howling sea-lions; and over its outlying isles the busy hands of the breakers are ever tossing their changeful harvest of white sheaves.

Santa Monica, Cal.



AÑO NUEVO LIGHTHOUSE

AN ARCHÆOLOGICAL WEDDING JOURNEY

By *THERESA RUSSELL*

CHAPTER X.

COLORADO CHIQUITO

"Where the sun never slept,
But unwinking, unblinking, from his quiver of ire
Like a desolate besom the wilderness swept
With his arrows of fire."



THE next thing on the schedule was an item to go West, young man, and reconnoiter the country along the Little Colorado by way of finishing up the summer's work and play. For this voyage, the ship was lightened as much as possible. The Collection was left at the nearest Post for eastern shipment. Sliver and the pony were turned loose, headed for home. Erminio made a present of the dog to the Moqui who entertained us at Burro Spring, the first night out from the pueblos. And thus light-armored we made ready to plunge into the deepest desert yet.

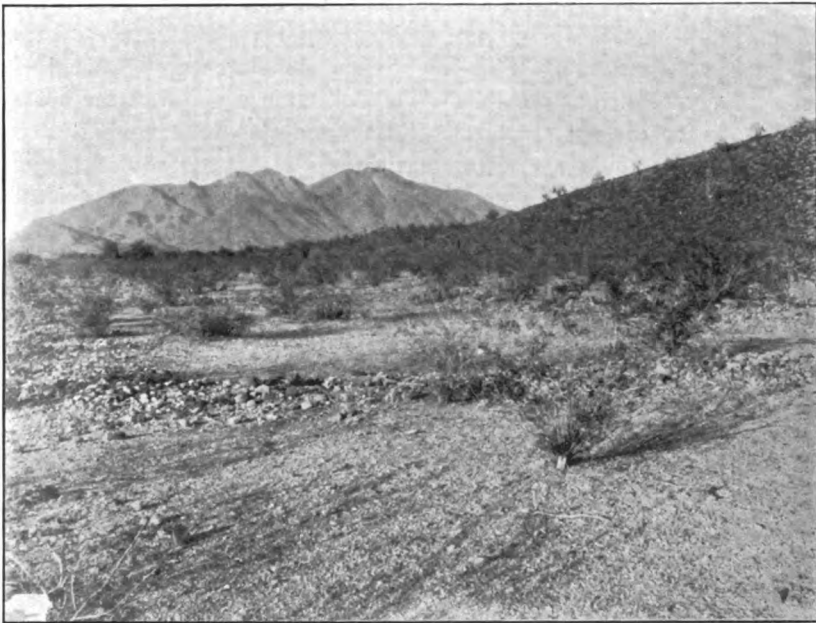
The second night brought us to the second habitation on the road. It was a trading post, dumped down, apparently without excuse, in the midst of the wilderness. Even the fact that it was a human dwelling-place, always of itself an omen of good cheer to the famished traveller, could not throw much of a halo over its desolation. It was so small, and the encompassing waste so outrageously big. It was so unsheltered, and the sun beat down so relentlessly. It stood so alone, and was so far from being complete in itself. Yet it was infinitely better than nothing, even as the tiniest drop of protoplasm is infinitely beyond non-existence, so potent is that little line between what is and what is not.

We were not astonished to find the inhabitant of this drear abode a grumpy and laconic host. But this should not look discouraging to those who believe that the desert holds forever the potential rose, and that the most arid nature will show signs of sprouting, under sufficient inducement. It came true. Beneath our blandishments a smile responsive to his grim lips sprang, and luster to his eyes.

The Señora was politely shown into the parlor. The parlor ran the entire length and breadth of a building eight feet square. It was carpeted, papered and painted in Navajo blankets. In addition to the blankets were some snap-shots and the kodak that bagged them, and a guitar. But the apartment did not look as though it were accustomed to occupation, and so, to give it relaxation from the unwonted strain, the Señora, after a brief season of solitary stuffiness, took to the woods—that is, to the cottonwoods, out by the

spring. Of course, there was no other Señora about the place,—nobody but the Store-man, and a couple of Japs to cook his meals and save him from death by lonesomeness.

The discovery next morning was neither of increase nor of decrease, but of illness in camp, and that was a real novelty. The novelty was Bill. He lay on the ground, and over him in affectionate guard stood Bob—Bob, the grouchy and distrustful, the rascal with whom you never could tell how much was “can’t” and how much “won’t,” but from whom obedience and balkiness came alike ungraciously. Yet all the time, hidden away in the depths of his evil disposition, lurked this love for his comrade, and he now so



“ALL DESERT.”

far removed his surly mask as to give us a hint of it. Suspiciously and yet anxiously he watched our ministrations to the invalid, and through it all sturdily maintained his station close to his afflicted friend.

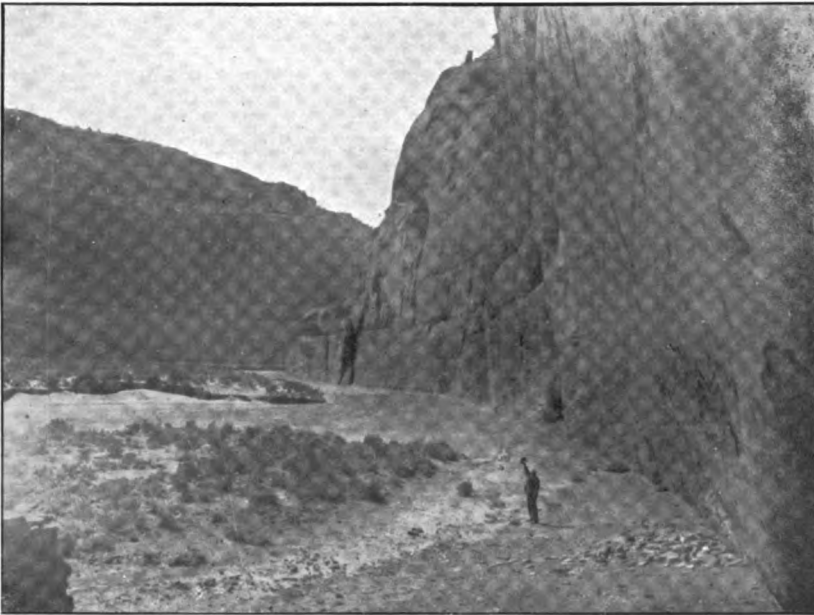
“If you can furnish us some ponies,” said the Anthropologist to the Trader, “we will take a horseback jaunt down to the river, and through it all sturdily maintained his station close to his afflicted friend.”

Yes, he could let us take a couple of his, and the Mexican might get one from the Navajos. So presently the trio were on again, off again, off for el Rio.

We had not descended the trail from the plateau down to the lower lava-strewn plain before two things were made manifest. One

was that we were to have something novel and distinct in the way of scenery. For all desert does not look alike, not by any means, though it may all sound alike to those who have had only the green-field-and-running-brook sort of experience. The other was that we were to have something new and delightful in the way of equestrianism.

This little love of a buckskin pony, beautiful in his silver-mounted bridle and crimson saddle blanket, easy as a cradle in his swinging, soothing motion, swift and sure and so full of his own happy life! No, no, my big, white Bill, this is not in disloyalty to you. We need and we appreciate your patient, plodding feet, your broad back, your dutiful heart. But we are just so saucy, dear old Bill, that we some-



"DOES NOT LOOK ALIKE."

times care more for beauty than for duty. We fall in love with the lightness of life. We would skim and not plod. We would reach out for an intoxicating cup and disdain plain food. Just for a time, old Bill. Then we come gratefully back to you and your slow, strong ways. Only, not on a morning like this! I fear we should never come back as long as the sweet draught lasted, the buoyancy of motion, the elixir of ozone. At least we must stay until all morbid imaginings, miasmatic fancies, mouldering in dark corners of the brain, are brushed sky-high, sailing away into the clouds like a witch on a broomstick, and their place is air-swept and clean.

So we ride on. The rainbow hues of the cliffs behind us grow fainter. The gleaming green line that marks the tree-bordered river

grows clearer. The crystal-spread plain, reminder of ancient volcanic fury, grows blacker. Far away, over the translucent obsidian, beneath the glowing azure, quivers the mirage, that mocking sprite of the desert, that lures and laughs and eludes. Then at last we discern separate trees waving. We perceive water running. We distinguish houses and people over on the other side.

We cross the river and bring up at the Indian Mission. The missionary is not at home, but the missionary's wife sits on the porch. It looks so inviting, as we ride up, to see a lady in a blue gown sewing on a pink shirt. It looked less inviting as we rode on, having been briefly directed by the lady in blue to the trading post,



"THE GLIMMING GREEN LINE GROWS CLEARER."

three miles on up the river. She had not found us so interesting to look at as the pink shirt.

We learned afterwards, however, that it was not through lack of a cordial soul, but of a sound mind: and that her mental unbalancing had been brought about by bereavement, a Rachel mourning for her children. We are usually ashamed of ourselves, I notice, when we make lightning calculations about people of whom we know nothing.

But a chain-lightning calculation was enough to size up the missionary and to do his qualities full justice. He was discovered loafing around at the store, and eyed you attentively as you flung yourself from your pony, thereby showing that he was no true Arizonian. Besides, he was too fat for the desert, too complacent and communicative. He had worked in a pork-packing establishment for years until the Lord called him to the Navajo vineyard. One observed

that grape-picking seemed to agree with him. It was quite certain, too, that no Indian would ever pitch him over a cliff, for with all his drowsy sleekness, he was not of the sort to be caught napping.

I had been told that I should find a Señora at the Tienda on the Rio, and had allowed my anticipations to rise accordingly. But they had to subside in an ebb of disappointment. The Señora was away on a visit, and again we had a preponderance of host, but no hostess.

The Preponderance did its masculine best, however; and for the next two days I took turns staying at home with one of them, while the other went with our two boys to "buscar" around the country. The first day it was the young man, nephew to the Trader himself. He was plainly a little scared of a woman; but he was possessed of information and ideas, back of the tongue that had to be oiled before it would run. Wherefore I sat on a wooden bench in the kitchen



"THE TIENDA ON THE RIO."

while he was making corn bread and peeling potatoes, and swapped observations with him, until he reached the point where he would talk right along by himself. Then I learned things.

How the Navajos rub sand into their blankets, for instance, to make them heavy-weights, being sold by the pound. How they spread their money out and calculate how far it will go before plunging into investments. Your Indian takes no stock in frenzied finance, but he is bent on coming out even—there must not be any money left over. How fond they are of stick candy, prizing it almost as highly as Star Plug. How they insist on the store having a fresh supply of calico every season, even if there is plenty on hand; for no squaw is going to buy a new dress off the same piece as her old one. How liberal they are with sugar; how indifferent to cream. How they love to buy a box of crackers and a can of fruit, preferably

pears, and eat it then and there, over the counter. And a number of things.

Next day it was the Uncle. He was young also, a lusty Texan and athletic, and would have made a perfectly splendid center-rush if he had only worn his hair longer. His manner was affable enough, but not, so to speak, ingratiating, and his acquaintance also must be wilfully cultivated. But as you sat on the wooden bench, your admiration grew and grew for the deftness of his loose-jointed movements, for his beautiful common-sense and his saving sense of humor.

The event of the day was a procession that passed through our premises and forded the river. There were three or four wagons



"To 'BUSCAR' AROUND THE COUNTRY."

of the prairie-schooner style, filled with a rattling big crowd of furnishings and folks. They halted only long enough to barter a second-hand wash-tub for some provisions and without dalliance took up their creaking line of march again. But before they reached the opposite bank, they became mired in the quicksand, "all bogged down" indeed, and then how promptly the women (there seemed to be a lively squad of them) slid out from under the white covers, how skilfully they assisted with shovel and crowbar, how successfully they shouted at the teams, until the wheels consented to go round again.

"Looks like a moving village," I remarked.

"Jes' one little family," corrected Mine Host, "but it's a Mormon family. They're hittin' the trail back to Utah."

"How can you tell a Mormon outfit from any other?"

"That's a cinch. If the women wear slat sunbonnets, that-a-way, and the wagons have a hole punched in the cover for the stove-pipe to stick through, it's shore Mormon."

On the evening of the third day, Erminio returned from the other store, whither he had gone to exchange our borrowed ponies for the now recuperated team, and we knew that on the morrow it would be ours to ford the stream and disappear into the sunlit, all-swallowing distance.

"Now I shall have to get all undomesticated again!" I bemoaned. "Just when I have established these habits of washing the dishes and blacking the stove."

"Habits are dangerous," said the Man of Science, "particularly that of work. It is apt to develop into an acute case of Americanitis."

"Reckon we-all've got the best prescription for that, out here," drawled the Trader, leisurely tipping his chair back against the wall at that perilous angle achieved only by the accomplished, and deliberately rolling a cigarette. "Jes' take a handful of Mañanas an' dissolve 'em in a glass of Poco Tiempo, an', by gum, you'll think that exertion is a fable an' business a bad dream."

Stanford University.

THE MAUSOLEUM OF THE MOUNTAIN

By COURTENAY DE KALB.

HERE lifts his stately tomb serene,
Audacious still, though ages screen
The building of its granite halls,
And mar the writing on the walls.

We can but guess the lordly port,
The prowess, and the kingly sport
Of him who prized his fame so high
He would not yield to let it die.

Behind the tomb a mountain stands,
More mighty far than human hands
Would dare essay. There sent the king
The granite for his towers to bring.

Dull stones, hushed in the crystal vast
Of mute eternity, they passed
Beneath the kingly touch, and see!
They caught his immortality!

Los Angeles.

MICKY DENNY MAKES A GET-AWAY.

By PHILIP H. NEWMAN.



T WAS noon in the desert mining camp, St. Cloud, and the whistle of the Red Jacket mill drowned the roar of its stamps announcing the hour. Above the Red Jacket shaft, high against the blue, the shive-wheels spun merrily, hoisting the day-shift to dinner.

As the triple-decker cages halted, section by section, at the surface, Jim Stevens, the foreman of the Red Jacket, stood by a neat cube of framed timbers, watching the men boil like ants from the collar of the shaft. The underground workers, spotted and splashed with candle-grease and drillings, straightened and stood blinking at the sun as they gained the open. Spying the foreman, they went straightway about their business. His presence at that hour denoted that someone was to "get the can."

Not seeing the man he sought, the foreman dropped his gaze into the street of the camp below, swarming at the noon hour with leggy mannikins. The camp was huddled about the base of the Red Jacket hill, lying in a semi-circular wash that narrowed below the camp to a deep ravine, wormed through the foothills in a narrow box-cañon, and debouched on a wide sea of sand-drift, lapping the desert ranges. Beyond its magnificent sweeping fall and rise, the Granite Cliff mountains, mightily resplendent in the noon-day sun, stood sixty miles away, with silvery-blue peaks and spurs thrown in massive relief from purple-shadowed ravines. Beyond were leaping crests of desert chains, thinner of edge and dimmer blue until lost against the sky.

Living alone, amid sterile surroundings, undying passion for women haunts the heart of the miner. The foreman, being a married man, was not sentimental. But, as the bell in the hoist-room clanged behind him, he turned from the lifeless landscape to the peculiar object of his devotion—the great Red Jacket hoisting-engine.

Basking like a giant spider on the floor of the high, airy hoist-room, the great intricate machine spun in and out unceasingly its twin streams of flat steel cable, ascending and descending the shaft with the speed of an express train. It was, to the foreman, an endless marvel that anything mechanical could be so spirited, so gentle, so obedient. He always referred to the machine as "she," with a rough man's admiration. The engineer on duty, although he was a coward, and a liar, and "purty," was yet his friend, because of his skillful nicety in handling "her."

The last cage halted at the surface, and a short, lean and wiry young miner with a hard, wrinkled face got off with his partner. The foreman bestirred himself:

"Your time's in the office, Micky," said he gently.

Micky grinned—which was a very characteristic thing for him to do.

"All right, Jim," he said.

The foreman turned soberly, like a responsible person, and went down the hill. The engineer, having clutched and brake-locked the hoist, raced down its iron steps, and plunged down the trail after him. Micky sat down on a twelve-by-twelve timber. His pride was hurt. He was no longer one of the St. Cloud boys, and he had a hard sense of detachment.

He consoled himself with the thought that he had received his discharge from his friend, the foreman, who was an important personage, and not from one of the shift-bosses. It was, indeed, because of the earnest insistence of the superintendent upon discipline that the foreman, not wishing to put a disagreeable task upon another, had climbed the hill at noon to put Micky Denny, the camp rogue and jester, upon the trail. Micky had been three days drunk after pay-day, whereas the limitation was one. The foreman regretted his duty. In addition to general popularity, Micky had shown intrepidity in re-timbering the old glory-hole, which had recently caved, and the foreman scarcely knew how to replace him. The superintendent was hopelessly tenderfoot.

Utter passivity, reigning around him, mocked the spirit of the unfortunate one. The pine shavings, fresh and fragrant from the carpenters' planes, stirred listlessly at his feet. The impact of the air-compressor no longer throbbed along the pipes into the depths of the mine, and the cages hung empty, jarring idly with the concussion of the stamps. The spirit of the great hoist slumbered.

Micky arose, sighed deeply, drew up his chest, and hitched up his heavy, damp overalls. He walked to the edge of the dump and gazed off across the far blue desert-barrens. It was up to him to "make a get-away" with a few dollars in his pocket—something he had never previously succeeded in doing—and he was making good resolutions to that effect.

He presently raced down the sliding dump and took his solitary way across the wash to the palo-verde tree, which, with the assistance of a few gunny-sacks for "bay winders," as Bill Swain remarked, served him for house and home.

From this arboreal privacy a pair of heavy-nailed shoes were presently ejected onto the rocks. Next followed his digging clothes and a battered rimless crown of felt, with a neat row of matches in a slit in front—his digging cap. Emerging, he was clad in a spotless square-crowned black hat. In his hand he carried his bright steel candlestick, the only portable property with which he burdened himself in his adventurous rambles.

Micky threw aside the gunny-bag portiere of his late residence to

indicate to the next comer that it was unoccupied. Drawing his hat over his eyes, he carefully inspected his person and made his way to the office to get his pay-check. The superintendent, a courteous and kindly gentleman, albeit alien, was seated upon his veranda, and would have spoken to Micky, but the little miner continued his progress past in state, alternately scanning the sky line, and inspecting his well-clad limbs.

In the deserted boarding-house he encountered a string of "Chinks" bearing empty dishes kitchenward. He seated himself at a table where a clearing had been made on the oilcloth, and was presently attended by Charley Chung, the proprietor of the "dump," a celestial as truly to the manner born as Micky himself.

"Wha's a malla you, Micky Denny?" he drawled banteringly, wiping the table in Micky's immediate vicinity.

"What's the matter with you, you damned highbinder?" returned the miner.

"You no work to-day?"

"I've laid off," said Micky. Later, he hinted mysteriously that the mine wasn't paying, and he had quit. All of which was gravely received.

"Where you go now?" asked Chung.

"Black Rock Cañon."

The Chinaman departed and returned, his arm piled with dishes.

"Soup?" he queried, selecting the topmost dish.

"What kind?"

"Pipe-line."

Micky set the watery mixture at arm's length, and the proprietor arranged before him the inevitable fare of canned stuff, facetiously naming each dish as he placed it.

"Roas' turkee; cheeken—cheeken fligazee; quail—quail on' toas'. Coffee?" he asked, giving the table a final wipe.

Micky ate in silence, and the Chinaman posted himself with folded arms at the kitchen entrance, humming an air in high falsetto.

"What kind of a pay-streak this got?" called Micky, lifting the crust of a dried-apple pie.

"Led-wood shavings."

Micky devoted himself to his coffee. "How did you come out last night after I left?" he asked.

The Chinaman's manner changed. "Me lose. Losee like hell. Thlee hunded dollar!"

Again silence. Micky arose to depart.

"Anybody come in on the stage last night?"

Travel to St. Cloud came and went in the night, connecting with trains that preferred that time for passing a particularly dreary stretch of desert.

"Oh-h, ye-es. New p'lano player for Doggie Saloon. Nish young la-dee! Sixteen yea' old—flotee yea' ago."

Outside the boarding-house Micky sat down on a bench, eyed the ground between his feet, and debated his future. Gnawings of curiosity to see this new arrival from the great outside world began to undermine his resolution not to enter a saloon or go near a bar. He did not long debate the question. It was surely nothing but white to have his check cashed in Dog-face Sue's place and spend a dollar or two there. When he came to camp broke, had not Sue held him up until he caught on? He was no man to go away without seeing her. He ached, too, to get past the environs of the camp where he was once a king-pin, but now an outcast.

Abundantly fortified with fresh resolutions to take only a drink or two himself, Micky satisfied himself that his attire was still immaculate, and made his apologetic way down the ravine, on the road out of camp. It led around a point of rock, on past the three saloons of the camp—these were not allowed on company ground—and through the foothills into the dreamless waste of desert.

As he proceeded, the noise of the mill behind him sank to a dull, muffled drumming, and the flying rhythm of "rag-time" stirred his pulses from the saloon ahead. Sue had undoubtedly "seen him comin'." Arriving at her saloon, he stopped on the porch at the olla—hanging where the breeze struck it through the window—to get a drink of water, and a look at the piano-player.

She was slender, erect, white-handed, dark-haired, and gifted with a tense repose. Micky immediately invested her with a tragic and romantic history, and felt, at once, a consuming pity, and an intense desire for her good opinion. He entered the black-weathered, unpainted pine building, keeping step to the music, with a titillation of breast—such a budding of chivalrous instinct as a boy might feel.

The inmates were studiously unaware of his presence. In the corner a faro dealer industriously dealt bank, and the case-keeper kept the game going with a lone bet on the jack taking the king. The lady at the piano smiled faintly and friendly, and Micky was presently greeted by his ugly, humorous, friendly enemy, the proprietress of the saloon—a woman who was popularly regarded in St. Cloud as a philanthropist, inasmuch as she never refused to "road-stake" a miner who had wasted his substance at her bar. Moreover, she hated to take the poor fellows' money, but someone, she averred, would get it—which was undoubtedly true—and they wouldn't take care of the boys.

With a new accession of wealth in his pocket, Micky faced the occupants of the saloon, hanging his elbows on the bar behind him. His good resolutions were useless; while making them he had not taken into account the exigencies of etiquette. He had treated, according to custom, to get his check cashed, but Sue had treated

back, and had called up the house to drink in his honor, saying regretfully that "Micky was goin' away." The toasted one felt very keenly the social obligation laid upon him.

His truant gaze sought repeatedly the dashing, dignified stranger.

"She says she's goin' back tomorrow," said Sue, standing by. "Says St. Cloud's too slow for her—the boys are reg'lar pikers—she's goin' back where somethin's goin' on."

The open-handedness of St. Cloud was dear to Micky's pride, and he forthwith "called up the house." The piano-player clinked glasses with him timidly, took a chary sip of the liquor, and hastily resumed playing. The miner pulled his hat by the ear, swaggered to the faro table, displaced the case-keeper, bought a "couple o' stacks o' blues," and was soon deep in the mysteries of "system" and case-keeping, frequently drinking deep his lordly pleasure in the glass at his elbow. The piano-player came to stand by his side. She was innocently perplexed concerning the game, and marveled exceedingly at the boldness and skill of his attack on the bank.

Had that case-hardened cynic, Bill Swain, been present, he would have remarked, with his unfailing shrewdness and humor, her changed demeanor and abrupt departure when Micky was observed to be in the toils of the game. She reappeared in the evening with a coral rose in her dark hair. Micky's shift found him outstretched on a poker-table, dead to the world—"picked clean," as one of the human vultures expressed it, in apt professional phrase.

Duly apostrophized by Billy Keeter, his choice familiar, as the "best damn man that ever went wrong," Micky, on his table, was shoved into a corner and left to the healing ministry of slumber. Late in the evening the festive flow in Sue's place was interrupted by the brake of the outgoing stage, ground on before her door. The woman, bustling about, came upon Micky outstretched, his arms above his head, with hands loosely clenched, his face boyishly flushed, and for once, was genuinely touched to help the miner away to another camp. His limp form was accordingly placed in the waist of the stage, among the mail bags, the price of a ticket to Tucson inserted in his pocket, and the driver instructed to put him on the train. Once in Tucson, Micky would be on his feet again. It was his boast he could eat and drink and have a piece of silver to show, wherever there were miners.

"Riding on the cushions" was a luxury in which Micky had not indulged since his initiation as a knight of the drill and trail. In this instance it led to unexpected adventures.

Had he been left to his own devices he would have awakened in the morning, bright as gold and fresh and sober, and animated by a fine new zeal of repentance. "Ribbing up a road-stake" from Sue or his comrades, he would have taken the well-worn trail over the pipe-line which miners, "broke," were wont to take, in and out of St.

Cloud. Making the railroad, and boarding the first night freight through, he would have given the head brakie, first, a game of talk, and later, if necessary, a piece of money. Dropping off at a familiar point, by a hard, forced hike over a cross country cut-off he would have made Black Rock Cañon, and gone promptly to work. Micky was a fearless and skillful miner, and was a favorite, in the mine and out of it, until such time as his passion for high-life put him again upon the trail.

In repeated regular rounds he made many camps. By his presence being reported, by his traveling brethren, in the last camp of the circuit, his reappearance in St. Cloud was wont to be accurately predicted by Bill Swain. According to that cynic, Sue's generosity in starting Micky so far upon his way was to hasten the return of that prince of spenders. As it chanced the remark proved prophetic.

Jostled to semi-consciousness in the bottom of the stage, Micky's sense of weariness and exhaustion became poignant. At the station he was borne, by the busy stage-driver and a bystander, struggling, into the smoking-car, and left to sweet oblivion. An official in uniform presently descended upon him, carrying a lantern in the angle of his arm, and a shining steel instrument in his hand. He poked the latter into Micky's ribs:

"Tickets!"

Always forgiving of a first offense, Micky put the intrusion softly away, and slumbered on. The other continued the abuse of his person. Micky uncocked a wrathful blue eye, and presently arose with the celerity for which he was noted, and knocked the conductor down. He was conscious, afterward, of being roughly man-handled by others bearing lights, and of being left under the deep heavens, where a lasting peace came over him.

Undisturbed by the solemnity of his mighty couch, Micky slept several hours. He was roused to a sitting posture by the fearful flight of a monster with fiery entrails, vomiting sparks to the stars, lashing its high revolving wheels with flying steel bars. It was followed by the heavy roll of dark silent coaches, and then by two receding red lights.

He climbed the yielding embankment to the track. It ran along the base, and around the end of a sepulchral mountain. To the west the bright twin ribbons ran straight, narrowing rapidly down across a sweep of mesa, lying mistily vague and vast under the wide watch of stars. A portion of the way down, two lights burned steadily, one larger and brighter than the other. Instinctively Micky knew that midway between the switch lights was a haven where he would be, and staggered drowsily down the track. Deep weariness again overcame him, and he curled up, before the closed station-house, on a willow settee, where passengers sat in the open, awaiting trains.

At four-twenty the agent appeared to light the station for the

local west-bound passenger. The station lamp shone directly in the face of the now sobering Micky. He bore a grievance against an agency that had persistently flashed light in his face while abusing him—and was presently nursing a lacerated hand, smashed through the lamp-pane.

He got out of the station to escape responsibility. Steadying himself against a telegraph pole, he rescued a wind-whipped, bleached and rotten rag from a horn of cactus and tied its tattered shreds about his wounded member. He went through his pockets, with the other hand, in a perfunctory manner. Awakening at dead of night, in the midst of a soulless wilderness, held nothing of the unusual for Micky, but to find money in his pockets was nothing short of miraculous.

"Micky broke," according to Bill Swain, was an useful, energetic citizen, but with more than a dollar in his pocket, he was financially embarrassed. His manner became confident. He convinced himself that his hand needed medical attention, and the next freight through—which happened to be west-bound—found him ensconced in a box car, headed for Yuma, thus illustrating the scriptural proverb about the return of a sinner to his ways.

[To be concluded]

Vista, San Diego Co., Cal.

THE DESERT MOON

By MARY LAWSON NEFF.

BY FAINTEST wind of evening fanned,
I wandered on the desert sand,—
Transmuted in the moonlit air
To some dream-substance, soft and rare
That never was on sea or land.

The hills are those of dreamland, too,
Half hidden, half revealed to view,
With trembling outlines, dim and low
Afar or near, we do not know—
Nor words to name their magic hue.

The night hath, too, a voice, like one
We somewhere knew and loved—yet none
That ever in the light of day
Spoke its hushed accents on the way
We tread beneath the noonday sun.

This strange, new land is ours by right
Of primal knowledge; for our sight
Hath felt a spirit-touch—and, lo!
The vision we have seen doth grow
A heritage—the Soul of Night.

Phoenix, Arizona.

THE AUTUMN HIGHWAY

By VIRGINIA GARLAND.



HE winding mountain road begins to ascend at the bottom of a steep, walled gorge, planted almost to the inch in waving sapling redwoods and spruces and slender tan-oaks. Stepping into a cross-trail, I am able to look in a direct line up the deepest centre of the green cañon, and am at once submerged in a sea of flowing, eddying leafage—the road, the mountains shut out. The early light seems weirdly colored in aqua marine refraction as in recessed ocean caves.

Far up the cañon, near the sky, a spruce spire catches the light of the sunrise.

When, from higher ground, I look back on the eastern ridge, blocked against the rising sun, a creeping veneer of liquid gold touches the trees along the top of the slope into fiery, silhouetted fringing. The level sun-rays strike the edge of the ridge and then veer upward in a broad sheet of light. All below this line lies in peculiar shadow, unblurred, deep and distinct, yet colorless; the trees massed together in outblown whorls and bossy curlings, like white glass-work. The birds are hurrying forth on their morning errands and all wings are alike, burnished white, flying under the curious cast of sun rays. A moment more and the sun swings higher; the light streams through a gap up the valley, along the base of the ridge; and lights and shadows resume their normal morning aspect.

Always over the highway is wafted the elmy odor of cudweed, soaked and steeping in the rains, warmly rising in the sun—in Autumn fullest flowered and balmiest, mingling with the balsam of spruces and redwoods; transient everlasting-flower and century-seasoned evergreen tree giving the gift of their fragrance together.

The huckleberry thickets are black with fruit; the hazel nuts dropping, garnered steadily by the pretty chipmunk and grey squirrel; every plant maturing its seed or fruit in rich serenity; white pellets of snow-berries, clustered heavily; the ninebark's polished fruit drooping into wet places; mottled drupes of Solomon's seal held erect; the bright blue of Clintonia berries standing high; the beautiful branching sprays of *prosartes* hiding their drops of gold; the nightshade fruiting its, to some, purple poison; burry acorns on the chestnut oaks; warm seed cones opening on the spruce. Wild provender for the Wild.

The flicker is sounding his Autumn notes. I do not know whether it is a change in the atmosphere or a change which he turns, himself, to suit the Fall of the year; but I know by the end of September his call rings on the air brisk and clear and cool, with a new windy, Autumn quaver. Soon there will be kinglets and wintering war-

blers and flocks of robins from the North. What feasting!—for the madroño, and toyon, and manzanita berries are thick this year. Each day I look for the advent of the Louisiana tanager, that tropical red and yellow bird of passage, which is said to cross these mountains; and also I may come upon the rosy grosbeaks and crossbills, prying out the seeds of the Douglas spruce.

* * * * *

Moon of the falling leaf; the heavy-hanging berry-bough; the high, breezy, cloud-flecked sky; the low, hovering, brooding, golden haze; the wind-wafted, feathered seed; the dusty highway.

The road is pattered over with the tracks of the wood-folk. In a cloud of dust I meet a party of men and women who have been coquetting with camp life. With the distaste of their late recklessness strong upon them, they disappear, loudly lamenting the grime of the way, obliterating all trace of the furtive feet, and I must seek a fresher road. I might complain acridly of the dust, too, had I not learned the interest of deciphering therein the tracks of my wood brothers. The small spread-hand impress of the coon; the dainty pointed foot of deer; the five-pricked mark of the skunk; running, stealthy traces which I think may belong to the fox; the heavy, slow drag of the rattler; the big, round, padded press of the mountain lion. I have seen none of these people this season, but I have no doubt they have all watched me closely as I have climbed the highway. It gives me an odd sense of introspection to know that they surely take their turn in sniffing inquisitively at my footsteps.

Along the road there are clusters of maroon-centered white asters, and sparse plumes of goldenrod. The maple leaves are russet brown, threaded on shining red stems; great tangles of willow-herb, feathering out in cloudy mazes upon their stocks; and everywhere the poison oak climbs in scarlet and rose, trailing up and down banks, winding high about the tree trunks, hanging its berries from the top of a branch. The glory of the western mountain Autumn shows in the bright blue sky; the deep evergreen forests; the slanting rise of red madroños; the glowing hazes, purple in one cañon, drifting gold in the next ravine.

I turn off the road into a grove of madroños, just to rustle the talking leaves into response. In the quiet of the woods the sound is trebled; a snapping twig answers; with no breeze moving a shower of leaves comes down; in distant, leaf-heaped gullies the echoes stir. I wonder if my feet make all that sound; I am still, and wait—Silence! I walk again, and again the distance answers, the three-fold upon threefold rustling, the covert echoes surrounding me. I like to imagine mystery where mystery there is none, and stir up the leaves in childish delight; peering into shadowy vistas, half hoping for some uncanny forest revelation, some weird wood-happen-

ing. But I know full well how the long, rusty cords of the cashew vine droop in their winding from the trees, and run covered over the leaf-strewn ground; how a catch in these will shake down the loosening leaves when the winds are far; how the dry branch I step on twitches into friction crossed twigs many rods ahead; how the lizards and snakes scamper through piled mazes of leaves, away and away from the invading sound of my feet.

I know no other sound in the Open which so suggests with a rustling link the dominant tone of all seasons. As the heady crests break over your feet, you hear with this Autumn sound the soft pattering of Spring rains; the Summer stir of breezes detained in the trees; the shivery, exhilarant expectancy, the vague fore-heard swell of Winter storms.

It is cool and dim and colorful here; madroños shaded in new, pale-tan curled funnels of cast-off bark flung down, the burned red folded under, showing when unrolled their faint, purple brushing of Summer fire. Long cylinders of hidden purple and red hang from the trees, fall with the drifting leaves. A history of color rolled up and lost awhile—buried treasure which will be found and lavished abroad next year—wayward hues tucked snugly away for their Winter sleep. And such is the unending penetration and dissemination of color, I have taken with me down the trail the glow of purple sheen on copper-red, though I have left it here hidden, folded under in rustling scroll, covered in leafy harborage on the hillside.

* * * * *

On everything growing, living, that faint, bathing, clinging, hovering, light-dusted Bloom—on grey stones, on brown earth-patches, on tree, and flower, and cloud. It enfolds the ochre bole of a standing redwood in soft-brushing, blue-spirited grey; and when the low hazel-bushes stir their leafy shadows over the long-fallen tree, it is there still, woven vitally into the wood's texture, crumbling with the old log into the warm, waiting soil. You must not look too close at this Bloom; just to feel that it is there is sufficient to touch all your world into beautiful glowing, while to trace and fix it is often to find it vanished. On clusters of grapes, and on apple and plum, it is apparent enough, for we allow ourselves much aptitude for beauty in things we may eat; the bloom about a tree or stone is less often perceived. The gentlest touch will crush the blush on a peach, but the soft Bloom on the Open is more easily effaced—an indifferent, unbelieving glance of the eye and for you—it is not there.

On the oak it is a black-green and smoked light—an intangible mellowness emanating from the dark, rugged limbs through ridges of grey-green lichen. The Bloom comes from the deep heart of the oak; no skill can reproduce this live weathering on dead walls. It

may consent to show again in some fine old wood-panelled room, but not until after many magnetic years; seasoning of open fires; coaxing of sun-flooded windows, and that subtle interchange of influence which passes more often than we are cognizant of, between the human and what we name the inanimate.

* * * * *

In October the winds are visible; rising through Autumn hazes, carrying drifts of color upwards; trailing out in smoky light. With this lead you follow their spiral flow, higher and thinner until the color is lost. When a floating thistle-seed comes wafting down the air, if you will, you may see the ethereal river it sails upon; or when a broad sheet of movement sweeps over a slope, driving the whirling leaves in rising swell before it, you can follow its ebb as it settles again in glowing egress, in haze-quivering back-eddies in the depths of the cañon.

You may breast the movement of the wind for hours, storm-caught and shaken, or stand for long with your face to gentle breezes, and still not know the wind's intimate contact. You may be then but an obstacle in its way, an impersonal something which gets in the flow of its passage. Rather, stand some day upon the highway and woo and wait for its coming. Call to it as a tree calls; bring it to you direct; instantly you will feel the difference. It breaks over you in beneficent flood, lifting your hair, circling your body, swimming in breath-waves around each cell in your blood. You lift your lungs to its currents; you are a part of the free, free wind, the breath universal.

In the music of the winds there is no carrying of human victory or failure. To lift yourself to its joy one moment is better for the soul growth than any enraptured hour you may spend at a human symphony concert. There, no matter how keen is your exaltation, you are not listening to music uncontaminated. On the waves of sound will come to you the heart-beats of the crowd. Emotions from a hundred hearts, aroused by the music, are mingling and pulsating in its rhythm—storming, alluring, weeping, pleading, dancing, laughing, threatening about you. But stand alone on the mountain-side and listen to the song of a little breeze which goes playing past your cheek. Its touch is healing; its melody is pure.

Come! lose the burden of yourself in a trinity of beauty, motion, color, sound. Cast yourself with the Song of October Winds.

Brookdale, Santa Cruz Co., Cal.

THE PASSING OF SUMMER

By HARLEY R. WILEY.

SHE smiled to the hearts that enshrined her,
Then the gold of her banner unfurled,
And trailing her glories behind her
Passed over the rim of the world.

Berkeley, Cal.

STICKY PIERCE, DIPLOMAT

By EUGENE MANLOVE RHODES.



HERE was not a cloud in the sky when I awoke. The afternoon sun beat down in a pitiless glare upon the silent desert; the shade of the single lonely cedar where we slept had shifted till the blistering heat had wakened me, and Sticky's share of the shade was fast leaving him as well.

I rolled over and looked sleepily around. Our hobbled horses were contentedly cropping the tender grasses at the edge of the little pond, perhaps half an acre in extent, that we dignified by the name of "Cedar Lake." Behind us lay the Oscura range and Mocking Bird, through which we had passed in the cool gray of dawn. The San Andres and Organs stretched away to where, a hundred and twenty miles to the south, El Paso huddled at the foot of Mt. Franklin; beyond, in Old Mexico, two ranges merged mistily into the turquoise sky. Around us on all sides lay the desert, vast and level and bare, a dazzling patch of white in the center reflecting the light like a mirror. This mirror was the "White Sands," forty miles square. Just beyond them the Jarilla hills hung between earth and heaven, like Mahomet's coffin, the eye looking calmly under them to the plain beyond—this being a common effect of mirage in the Southwest. Beyond them, rimming the eastern horizon, were the distant low Hueco and Guadalupe; further north the massive flat-topped, pine-covered Sacramento; then the mighty stretch of the White Mountain directly east of us; sixty miles long, fourteen thousand feet high, its summit a spotless cone of purest white—six feet deep of dazzling snow under the sweltering July sun. We looked directly across the top of the Philip Hills to its base, and between us and the hills lay an irregular black ribbon—the "Mal Pais," or Bad Lands. This was a river of molten stone that had poured down the center of the valley centuries before and cooled off in all fantastic forms; seventy miles long from the crater to its southern extremity, from one to fifteen miles wide; its edges fringed with capes, promontories, islands, inlets, straits, and bays of weird and intricate design, where lava and desert mutually encroached upon each other, their fingers interlocking in an eternal clasp.

Farther north the White Mountain dwindled to the Nogal and Carizo, in whose foothills White Oaks nestled, ninety miles away. Due north the plain swept on till the eye saw nothing till it was wearied with the strain; and resting, saw beyond that—nothing again.

This it is—these vast horizons, this absolute freedom that makes so much of the indescribable charm of life out-of-doors in this "land where it is always afternoon." Whoso has felt that fascination shall

never quite escape it—though he has left behind the ashes of ten thousand camp fires, he shall forget not one.

"Sticky!" I cried. "You Sticky Pierce, wake up!"

He sat up and held out an habitual hand. "Le's curl one. Gimme the credentials."

I handed him tobacco and papers, and he was soon puffing vigorously. As he caught sight of the Jarillas, apparently floating in mid-air, he paused, with a flourish of his cigarette hand.

"They ought to be arrested for having no visible means of support. Le's eat and drift. It'll be plenty cool by the time we shape up."

"*Sta bueno*. I'll rig up if you'll build the dinner."

Accordingly Sticky started a fire of mesquite roots and branches, opened our little chuck box with a clatter, baked bread, made coffee, pounded jerky, fried it with bacon and made gravy. Meanwhile I fed the horses in their nosebags, harnessed them as they ate, and filled the twenty-gallon keg which swung on the side of the wagon. For we were to make a dry camp that night thirty miles on, and the only water we would pass—the Malpais Spring—was bitter with alkali.

By four o'clock we were on our way. A welcome breeze was stirring now, and it was cool and pleasant. The ponies snorted cheerfully as they scampered down the road, whisking their tails in high spirits.

"I'm getting plenty weary of the cow-clerking," I grumbled. "I yearn for an income that comes in, in place of one that you have to go out and run down—chase it all day, and have it break out of the corral at sundown. The way I figure it, I've been working for Armour and Co. all these years for my board and clothes—doing without the clothes and stealing the grub myself—all but a little coffee and flour and salt. Cowman is just *peon* spelled polite. You do the work and dodge the taxes, while some one in Chicago sits in his office and makes the profit—earning his bread in the sweat of your brow. And horses is worse. You sell them for about half enough to pay for half breaking them, and folks come back and kick because they ain't gentle. I sure hope I get my paws on this city job. And I think I can turn the trick by putting up a blue front and using a little tact."

"Tact," remarked Sticky, "is my long suit—tact and strategy. Speaking of tact—and the little disconcertaincies of the cow business—and imperfectly fractured horses—'d I ever relate to you my diplomacies in the case of Archibald Campbell?"

"So far, your conduct has been above reproach," I replied.

Sticky rolled his eyes compassionately. "Now is the appointed hour," he said. He sat further down on his suspender buttons, leaning luxuriously against the "lazy back" of the seat, and began.

"It was—let me see—ten, eleven years ago that I ran into a streak

of bad luck—end-ways. I had a ranch up in Mogollon county. First the shack burned down, and all our sticks with it. The wife took sick, babies next. Then a drought come along and I lost a hundred and twenty-two-or-three per cent of my cattle—and them not all paid for yet. ‘Never mind, Sticky,’ says the good wife. ‘Sometimes things’ll come like that for awhile, and then turn right around and get worse—so cheer up!’

“I was seriously considerin’ the buyin’ of a mask and another gun, and going into High Finance, when I got a letter from good old Jimmy Dodds. It stated would I come to oncet to Albuquerque, and he thought I could get a wagon to run for the Lazy H.

“That suited me right down to the ground—ninety silver-eagle-birds and a free hand. The old man didn’t just use you as a speaking trumpet to give orders through, nor yet as a pair of springs to break the jolts in rough going. You got the work done and no questions asked—hired, fired, bought and sold as you sweetly well pleased. The best ponies in the country to work on and as adequate a set of punchers as ever throwed a loop.

“The old Rod had resigned because things didn’t go to suit him. They stopped his pay and his chuck and then cut his mount from him—and he got mad and quit. Seems he hadn’t been observin’ the unities. He had a private brand, and was dreadful absent-minded, and disregarded the unities a heap. His cows was raising twins of assorted ages till it had occasioned a good deal of comment among the neighbors. They shot him, or was rude to him, or something.

“The old man was East, and the top hand was issuin’ powders pro temporary. And Jimmy wanted me to be Johnny-on-the-spot when the old man should develop, his orbits and trajectories bein’ some erratic and hard to foresee.

“Well, I assembles Mike Wolf, the same bein’ my most important and only creditor, and assigns to him, his heirs and assigns forever, all my right, title and interest in an undivided sixty-or-seventy-millionth share of the public debt, lands and buildings, includin’ the City of Washington and a lot of ornamental post-offices, some forts and a navy, and the hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto—the aforesaid bein’ my total assets—as security for what was due him on my late neat cattle, until such time as I should be willin’ and able to lift my debt by transfer of money current with the merchant. He was some remonstrative at this, but I explains that I had pawned my American citizenship to him, and wouldn’t vote till I had redeemed it, addin’ that the hardest thing in the way of sleight-of-hand I never learned was to put my hand in my pocket and pull out a dollar that wasn’t there.

“Then I rides over to the burg, landing there with a net capital of no dollars and no cents, the savings of thirty-eight years. Jimmy wasn’t more than twice as well hooked-up as I was, but he whacked

up fair with me, and I starts in to play the slow game of set-down, there being two-and-a-half men per job per day in Albuquerque just then.

"Well, I got the wagon all right and one fine, large and subsequent day I pays Mr. Wolf in full, him sorrowfully but firmly declining to partake of any interest; which was pretty damn white of him, when you stop to consider the style of nose he wore, and shows what climate will do.

"Well, what I'm alluding at only concerns my trials and tribs whilst waiting for the old man to conclude his deviations in the effete East and return to the path of rectitude for the purpose of engaging my valuable services as the General Staff of the Lazy H.

"To make a short story long, Jimmy had just blowed in all his dough building a nest for his corn-fed bird down in Texas, and had rented it to said Archibald for twenty a month till mating time, reserving one room for himself. And he was grubbing away in a lumber yard, saving up his *dinero* to buy lining for the nest.

"Him and me camped in that room, cooking on a limited oil stove. I ain't never cared much for coal oil as seasoning since. Believe I like *chili* better anyhow.

"I had been there mebbe-so two-three weeks when along comes a letter from home, and the wife and one baby was sick again—the baby pretty bad. I walks up to the house, looking down my nose. I guess I was looking some *triste* and forlorn, for Mistress A., who was sewin' on the gallery, calls to me as I goes round the corner to my little old room, 'Oh, Mr. Pierce!' she says, 'is there anything wrong?'

"I thought that was real nice of her, so I camps on the steps and tells her all about it, from the Garden of Eden to the present day—staying there rising of an hour or two. I was used to having people help each other in trouble, so I didn't think nothing of it, 'cepting that the Mistress was just like folks.

"What do you dam well think? That night Archibald takes Jimmy out for a heart-to-heart talk, and tells him he'll be obliged to give notice! *Yes!*

"'Mrs. Campbell feels that she has no privacy,' he says. 'Mr. Pierce sat out on the piazza all afternoon and several of our friends drove by and saw him there,' he says. 'She was *so* mortified.' 'D I tell you where Archibald came from?

"*Geddap, you Roman-nosed white-eyed shirking snails! Earn your corn! You'd trot up and down in the shade of a tree all day! Goin' to camp here? Durn your hides! Rattle yo' hocks!*

"Jimmy talked to him like a maiden aunt—told him to go and be damned, with trills and variations. Expounded his theories as to Archibald's derivation and—as far as he was concerned—his destination, enlargin' on the grief he felt at his belonging, in a manner, to

the same species. He was very copious in his language when properly approached, was Jimmy.

"Naturally, he couldn't tell me about this little discrepancy, so he goes down town and confides in the first man he meets, the same being Sammy Clarkson.

"Now Sammy had a habit of getting drunk four times a month, each paroxysm lasting ten or twelve days; so the next time I sees him he ups and tells me all about it, first swearin' me never to name it to Jimmy or the Archibald. So there I was.

"I saddles my nag and disperses casually across the country toward Gran Quivera, searchin' for fresh air and room. I fetched up at Baldy Russell's, needing water, and stayed there for three days, moderating. My problem was to dissuade Archie from abstractin' that twenty per from the vacuum in Jimmy's pocket, without ever mentioning it to him—or to Jimmy either. And 'twas my move.

"Sunday I started back, still perplexed in my intellects as to how and what the bally hell to do. It was forty miles back, so I acquires a big canteen and fills it, havin' no desire to onkwore the experience of the trip out.

"I was nearly half way when I lifted up my eyes and became aware of a buckboard careering and pirooting madly across the landscape in a hasty, unpremeditated manner. Presently they struck a big soap-weed, and turned over, omitting the driver and all the rig but the front wheels. This aroused my curiosity and I loped up. The team had started for San Francisco like they was in a hurry. Every few yards they'd straddle a soapweed, and them wheels'd stick straight up over the horses' backs, givin' the outfit a highly indecorous expression.

"This roused the horses to greater enthusiasm and they faded tumultuously away beyond the Tropic of Capricorn. Long after the curve of the world swallowed them up, a meandering, billowy dust-cloud in the dim and silent distance marked their devastatin' course.

"The man was coming back to the road, so I slowed down to a jog; and when I got up close, behold you, it was Archibald!

"I greeted him cheerful and solicitous. He wasn't hurt, but some worried about his horses.

"'Oh, they're all right!' I informs him. 'The boys'll get them in the spring round-up. Our play is to get back to our fire-side or oil-stove, as the case may be. We'll take turn-about riding my horse. Them there steeds of yours is lost to sight, to memory dear. Say, they take less time to pass a given point than ary team I ever saw.'

"'I should say they was dear! That buckboard cost me sixty-five dollars, harness twenty-five, and the horses fifty apiece. The man said they were perfectly gentle. Just listen to this—it sounds nice from this angle.' And he reads me part of a letter to his dad,

statin' how he had just invested in a pair of broncos, perfectly beautiful, and him and the Missus was goin' projectin' all over the country. He was going out for a trial spin and would write more fully on his return. He had named them Alfred and Amigo—' Here I cut in.

"Which one was Amigo? I couldn't tell by the way they was comporting of themselves.'

"He turns red in the face. 'Not Amigo!' he explains—'O-mega.'

"Oh, I guess not!' I says, 'I been dwellin' with the *paisano* people all my life.'

"But this isn't *Amigo*. That's Spanish for friend—Omega is a Greek letter. See here!' And he holds the letter for me to look at it. But the first thing I beheld was the way he had spelled bronco—*b-r-o-n-c-h-o*.

"O that mine enemy would write a book!' is what I thinks. Out loud I says:

"I'm sorry—but I'm sure obligated to lick you. I've been trying to break folks of spelling bronco that-a-way for years, writing letters and arguing, and it does no good. Folks seem to think a bronco is a horse afflicted with bronchitis, or consumption, or puny some way. B-r-o-n-c-o—is a Spanish word signifyin' wild. The c has the sound of k—always. If it was spelled c-h-o—it would rhyme with *poncho* and wouldn't mean nothing at all. If you was guessin' now, would you say Alfred and Dago was afflicted with lung trouble, or just wild and dissipated?

"Wild,' says Archie, laughing. 'Wild and debauched.'

"Very well. All the writers spell it wrong, just the same as the magazine pictures always depict a man throwin' a rope in such a way that he's bound to snare his own horse and the horn of the saddle next whirl. Fame and undying gratitude await that man who can draw a cowboy throwin' his twine right-end-to, so's he can drop it over somethin' if the fancy struck him.'

"I have tried patiently to reform this light-hearted and disrespectful habit of spelling Spanish by the light of nature, and I promised myself that I'd wallop every one I found trying to disseminate the misleadin' idea that a bronco was a meek, dejected and spiritless invalid. So get yourself in shape, for it's a long ways to town, and we've got to be promenadin'.

"You're joking,' says Archie.

"Never was more serious,' I says. 'This is a subject on which I feel deeply.' And I swatted him.

"He was a real nice little fellow and fought hard. He could box too, but of course he couldn't stand any hack with me. I was hard as nails, and in earnest, and knew what I wanted. More than all, I knew I was going to win—and he didn't. And Archie was too puzzled at my ways and means to do well.

"My plans and specifications didn't require that I should disfigure him much, so I worked on his body. I got skinned up some, but I got his wind after a while, and he collapsed.

" 'Now, you remember and correct any one that makes that error in the future,' says I. 'Take a drink and rest a little and we'll be going. You ride the horse first.'

"He swore he wouldn't go with me, but I argued and coaxed. Told him it would be real inhospitable of me not to help him. Told him that the Good Book says to give the broke a drink, and a lift to a man afoot. Assured him that it was a matter of principle with me, that there was nothing personal about it; pointin' with pride to my bloody face, which I dassn't wash 'cause water was so scarce. This last argument helped most. I jollied him up and we finally goes on in good humor, gassing cheerfully, changing every two mile or so. He had never heard of how to ride and tie, and I explained that to him. After a while he breaks out into a great laugh.

" 'The most ridiculous thing I ever heard of—fighting to impress your ideas of spellin' on a man!'

" 'Well, you remember it, don't you?' says I, tartly.

" 'I certain do,' says Archibald. 'The impression is quite distinct. Say, I have a friend who would enjoy you. He will be out here before long. Come up and dine with us and meet him. He is a novelist, and I'm sure you are a character.'

" 'Up where?' says I, pointedly. 'And it's not *my* idea of spelling, but the right way. The other is the device of the intellectually becalmed, who are too lazy to inquire and too self-sufficient to respect the rights of an ancient and honorable tongue. Up where?'

"Archie was decent enough to blush. 'Er—why up to the Cisneros house, corner of Fresnal and Manzanares. We're going to move. Don't know just when my friend will arrive—we are looking for him any day.'

" 'Don't think I'll be able to come. I expect to go to work before then.' And we went on talking of other things.

"A few miles further on I offers to get off and let him ride again. He says:

" 'Oh no—I'll walk a while yet. I should think you'd hurt your feet awfully, walking in those high-heeled boots. I wonder that a man as intelligent as you would follow such a foolish fashion.'

"I climbed down. 'Fashion! Now you have hurt my tenderest feelin's. I want you to know that the cow business can't be carried on without high heels. If there wasn't one in the world, they would be invented in a thousand different places before night. There are two things that make them absolutely sinquonymous. If you go to get on a horse that is rarin', plunigin', pawin', kickin', and buckin' all to oncet, wearing them little dinky toothpick shoes like your'n, it wouldn't be no time before you'd stick your foot clean through the

stirrup. Then the bronc' would drag you, tear your clothes and spill your money and brains all over the range.

"The other reason is nearly as important. You rope a half-broke horse in the *remuda*. If you've got high heels, you jab one of them into the free soil of North America, bend the other knee, and sit down on the rope. That braces you and you stop the horse. No one can hold them with low heels. They just slide and the horse drags you till you waste him. And boot-legs keep the thorns out of your bow legs if you're not wearing chaps, keep your pantalets from working up under your elbows when you ride, keep rattlers from biting you when you're down.' I took a big swig of water and set the canteen in the shade of a soap weed. 'Now I'm due to learn you something. Put up your fists!' says I. 'You've insulted me.'

"'You double-damned idiot!' says Archibald—and we had it. I tell you he was mad, and he was doing mighty well too. Finally I stepped on the canteen.

"'King's X,' I cries, bein' willin' to encourage him. 'We can't afford to spill the water. Besides, I'm satisfied. You'd make a right smart man with a little practice.'

"Say, that lad was so vexed, he sat down and cried. Cussed me something awful. Wanted to fight it out to a finish. Dared me to. I said, No! I had sufficiently vindicated the good sense of me and my likes—that I hoped it was clear to him that high-heels was as necessary to a cow-servant as pedals to a wheel-fiend, or U. S. Senators to a Railroad. And after a time he got on and we started, him conversing real sarcastic.

"We hadn't gone a quarter of a mile before he drags in this writer friend of his again. This really did grate on me sure enough, for no one likes to be made a holy show of. Of course, I was just a-putting on about the other things. But I didn't want to fire up about anything reasonable. I knowed if I kept taking offense at far-fetched things, he would get his thought-mill geared up and grindin' after a while.

"'Really you *must* meet Burns,' he insists. 'He dotes on freaks, and if ever there was one, you're it. Come and give him your views on orthography and high-heeled boots—and any other subjects you're insane about. He'll put them before more people in a week than you'd reach if you went about belaboring your betters till you were older than Methuselah. You ought to ventilate your mind and get the cobwebs out of it. And he'll show you where you're as ignorant about most things as I was about your technicalities. He'll "learn" you something. Why, you unspeakable ass, don't you know that one person can't "learn" another anything? The teacher teaches, the pupil learns. And that ain't all—if you try any of your remarkable mnemonic systems on him, he'll lick you till you like it. I'll tell you what I'll do. You come and stay a week with us, and I'll not assas-

sinate you, as I fully intended to do when the opportunity offered. "I met a fool i' the forest!" Lord, how Burns would revel in searching out the tortuous and intricate windings of your darkened mind!

"I quite liked the creature when it spunked up this-a-way, but I didn't lose sight of the main issue. 'I'll see,' says I, trudging along. 'Where did you say you were going to live?'

"'At the corner of Fresno and Manzanara Avenue.'

"'Hardly think I can come. That's such an aristocratic locality. I'd have to blow myself for clothes to match—and then my *valley* wouldn't know how to get me into them.'

"'Goodness! don't think of dressing up. That would spoil it all. Come just as you are. You have no idea how interesting your mode of dress is. Especially the jaunty angle at which all of you wear your *sombreros*. You needn't tell me you don't know it is picturesque.'

"'Picturesque!' I says sadly, sitting down. 'Picturesque! Really you dishearten me! I never saw a man with such a genius for smoothing my fur the wrong way. Perhaps you think we spend an hour or two every morning before a looking glass trying our hats on. You blind bat, do you see that sun? Do you know it shines, daytimes, three hundred days a year and more? Do you know that the kind of man that wears *sombreros* lives out of doors and on horseback? Did you ever see a man chasing a steer and holding a silk umbrella over him—say? When the sun shines on this side of my face I tilt my hat *so*—when it shines on the other side I tilt it *so*—and other times I tilt it any which way because I'm never used to having it on straight! Picturesque! Bah! Get down off that horse!'

"But Archie was too premature for me. He hit the pony and loped up.

"Have I committed another solecism? You are the most sensitive man I ever saw,' he said, putting his thumb to his nose and wiggling his fingers. 'I suppose you want to fight again to soothe your lacerated feelings? Yah! You pachyderm! You fragile little angel! You Spanish Noah Webster! Of course, you try to look picturesque. You walk with a swagger and trot out your weird talk for the grand stand! You delicate, tender little hot-house plant! Now you make up your mind either to walk to town in your precious high-heeled boots or to come and meet my friend and then invite him—and me—to come out to the ranch where you're going to work and stay as long as we jolly well please! Do you hear, you long-eared crank?'

"'I hear. Where did you say to come to visit you?'

"'Damn you, don't come anywhere! You stay right where you are at Jimmy Dodds' place, as I'm going to.'

"'I am sure,' said I, 'that I'll be delighted to meet your friend. What you have said of him makes me sure I shall like him.'

"'Hold on!' says Archie. 'Stand still! How do you spell bronco?'

"'B-r-o-w-n-c-h-o-u-g-h,' says I, standing at attention. 'Bronco; a horse with asthma or hay fever.'

"'Correct. We've both learned something. Come along, old man. Motley's the only wear.'

"We had a real jolly time when they come out to the ranch. Gimme those utensils and drive while I twist a smoke."

Apalachin, N. Y.

THE STANFORD MAN IN STANFORD POLITICS

By KARL A. BICKEL.



EVERY college year whirls around, the life in these miniature worlds that form about the larger institutions of learning in this country becomes a more and more exact imitation of the real and greater world beyond their boundaries. The concomitants are the same in both. College communities have their "society" with its cliques and clans. They have their solid, intermediate class, with its clean, rich, young ambitions and aspirations; and they have their plodders at the bottom. From the collegiate plodders often come the future presidents, and from among those who nursed high social hopes often evolve the crooks. Taking a cross-section view of a college world at any given time, you will find that the campus commonwealth is streaked with the same dark dividing lines that give the lie to our boast of democracy on Broadway.

It is not strange therefore that the college politician boxes his compass by the same charts that have apparently led the greater politicians of the State and nation to ports of high office or power. Because Tammany Hall represents the acme of development of the American political machine, he attempts to build an organization as near like it as he can. Because attacking and destroying the "machine" has led others to fortune and control of their own machines, the "anti" attempts to break up the local machine. Counting out, repeating and the crude purchase of votes by direct recompense are not a part of the "system" of the collegiate political machinist, because he realizes that he is dealing with a community in which such efforts would almost certainly result in failure. They are functions in the work of the metropolitan machine which are useless to him, and he discards them. In their place he substitutes more subtle methods of controlling the results.

On the whole, the college politician, gang man or "anti," is honest.

It is not entirely upon grounds of expediency that he turns away from the direct doctoring of the returns to secure his ends. His love of fair play, engendered upon the athletic field, makes him demand a fair and honest count of the ballots. In this respect he refuses to incorporate wholly into his code the course laid out by his peers in the gentle art of winning offices. He studies their precepts and maxims, however, and it is not because he does not know that he does not do. And in this fact the country has cause for congratulation.

The student body of Stanford University is an association of about fifteen hundred persons. Thirty per cent of this number come from homes that are east of the Missouri river. The average mileage of the Stanford student is about 1050 miles. It is one of the most cosmopolitan aggregations of young people in America.

Because of its youth the association has few of the inherited vices of the older organizations of older schools. The right of suffrage is unrestricted, and the polls are open to every registered student. It has practically the final word in all things that concern its own institutions, as long as they do not radically conflict with the aims and purposes of the faculty of the University. If the conflict does occur, the situation is apt to become very tense for some time; but as yet no open outbreak has ever occurred, and as the years pass by, the relationship between the student organizations and the faculty becomes constantly closer. Both have an active appreciation of the other; and, as Stanford life is now organized, neither could get along happily without the coöperation of the other.

The Stanford student body owns and publishes a daily paper and a monthly magazine; it owns and controls a student hospital; it has built and is maintaining a great athletic field; it annually pays the expenses of a football, baseball and track squad, a crew and three debating teams. It stands sponsor for a combined musical club and annually takes an extended tour along the Pacific Coast, and occasionally takes charge of the direction of an undergraduate dramatic production. It annually collects and disburses thousands of dollars.

To control these various activities the student body annually or semi-annually elects its officers. These consist of a student body president, vice-president, secretary, treasurer, executive committee of two students from each class, an athletic committee, officers of the Guild hospital, and editors of the *Daily Palo Alto* and the *Sequoia*. The editor of the daily is elected twice a year. All other officers are elected for one year.

It is for the possession of these offices that the major political battles of the year are waged. There are skirmishes to be sure, and at times, as in the case of the annual race after the editorship of the Junior "Quad," the year book, and the Senior presidency, the excitement aroused over a class election will be fully as great as at the time

of the general election in the spring; but it is at the time of the general election that the campus political clearing-house is in full working order. It is then that the hopes of several semesters' nursing are put to test, and the well-laid plots for revenge are sprung. The canker-sores of the student politicians usually find their origin in the class fights of the first two years. They seek their salve in the general elections of the last two.

The active duties of the president of the student body are to preside over the meetings of the executive committee, to make the annual fall address to the students and to lead the athletic rallies and other demonstrations. The position of the president is much like that of the mayor in a small town; the executive committee has the same relation to the city council; the student-body secretary has in a general way the duties of the city clerk. In the case of the student body treasurer it is much different. He is by all odds the most powerful office-holder in the college. By the provisions of the constitution, he must be a graduate. The treasurer has charge of the disbursement of all funds, and the arrangement of the athletic schedules and of the itinerary of the musical clubs. He has under his direct charge a large number of students. He employs men to act as rubbers for the athletes, as ushers for the football games, and at the entertainments at the Assembly Hall. He annually appoints men to take charge of the publication of the football and track programs. He is in a position to build up a splendid political machine, operated by the best of incentive for that kind of an organization—self-interest. The possession of that office is a very big asset in the hands of any group of students. Through its ramifications, a following can be built up that makes it, in most cases, practically impossible to defeat. Only the shifting character of the college population, because of graduation, which annually takes away its best and brainiest men, prevents it from becoming a tremendously powerful factor in undergraduate life and a danger to the best interests of the college itself.

The executive committee has the final word in the disposal of money belonging to the student body. This committee selects the football, baseball, track and rowing coaches and settles upon the amount of their salaries. It has the power of making a long-time contract. The executive committee of 1905 signed a contract with James Lanagan as football and baseball coach for a period of three years. Acting upon the recommendation of the athletic committee, the executive committee grants to certain athletes sweaters with the Stanford "S" upon them. They also grant the debaters their pins.

The practical Stanford politician looks upon the student body as divided into four general divisions. Roughly speaking, these divisions are designated as the "Encina men," who live in the Encina dormitory and who control about 400 votes, the "Row," which includes all of the fraternities, sororities and the students who live at

Mariposa and Madroña Halls and at private houses, with a strength of about 375 votes, Roble Hall, the girls' dormitory, which holds 105 young ladies, and Palo Alto which can muster about 500 votes. Grouped with Palo Alto are the commuters or what is sometimes called the suburban vote, composed of students who are registered in college and who take daily work there, but live in San Francisco, San José, Redwood and Menlo Park. These students probably number 75, and as they usually vote as a unit their support is eagerly bid for. Another minor group, generally included among the Encina men, are the students who live at College Terrace. They number about 50 votes, and usually ally themselves with one of the factions in Encina Hall.

The line of party demarcation in most colleges is drawn between the fraternity and non-fraternity men. The battle between these forces is often bitter in the extreme. It was an undergraduate struggle of this kind that caused George Ade, of Purdue, to declare recently: "Had I not been a college man and a student of the intricacies of college politics I could never have written the *County Chairman*." Happily at Stanford there is no longer any well-drawn party-line between the fraternities and the dormitory men. The leading fraternity and non-fraternity men are found in both camps, a fraternity man working earnestly for the election of a "barb," and a non-fraternity man working against it.

Encina Hall is not as well organized today as it was several years ago. The old "Ukiah push," of which the present student-body treasurer is about the last active member, and which was named after the Northern California town because of the surprising amount of "get-togetherness" there appeared in the make-up of the high-school men who came to Stanford from that city, has given way to a new generation who know not the Josephs of former years. Its last great victory was won in the election of 1904, when it decisively defeated what was known as the "Press Club crowd," and presented its candidates, one a woman, with the student-body treasurership, the editorship of the *Sequoia* and a majority of the executive committee. Since then it has won a minor fight for the Senior presidency in the spring of 1905. With that election it sang its swan song and graduated its ablest leaders.

The petty jealousies and envies among the fraternities and sororities are the greatest thorn in the side of the Stanford politician who strives to coalesce the "Greek vote" into one solid front. It is practically impossible to do so. The nebulous association known as the "Press Club crowd" probably can muster more of these organizations under its ticket at any given time than any other organization, because of the fact that a large number of fraternity men are interested in collegiate publications. The Press Club proper never enters into campus politics as an organization, but the friendships engendered in

the club have often caused certain men to associate together in different political mêlées, and this circumstance has given rise to the name. As a matter of fact, it has often happened that the leaders of the two warring factions have both been members of the generic organization.

About the time that the "Ukiah push" were at the height of their power, the organization of the college branch of the Y. M. C. A. was in the hands of a few clever men who handled the association with considerable generalship. It rarely offered a ticket of its own, but usually combined with that ticket which would offer them the most. This combination of the puritan and the politician finally brought the organization into something akin to disrepute, and the simon-pure Association members rebelled and freed themselves from the domination of the students who were working the society for their own ends. The name still clings to a faction, however, and during a recent class election they made a successful combination with the "Roble vote" and defeated a very strong candidate for the presidency of the Junior class.

The Roble vote is the great question mark. It is the bugaboo of the toiling "worker." When it casts a full vote, it is a major factor in any election; but it does this rarely. A study of the poll-books of recent elections show that the Roble girls have rarely voted over half their membership. It is absolutely impossible to forecast what the Roble contingent will do in any coming election on the basis of their previous performances. One faction that has had a good working majority of Roble votes out in one election may find in the next, to their discomfiture, that the girls have either forgotten that the election is taking place, or, because of some sudden whim, are lining up four deep to vote for the opposition. The majority of the girls do not take a keen, active interest in college politics. There are a few who do so. They are generally relied upon to take care of the dormitory. Sometimes they have wonderful success; at other times a popular college man can, by a little personal talk and solicitation, break into their lines and capture the entire camp. Roble Hall as a political unit is about as safe a proposition to speculate upon as a rigged roulette wheel.

As yet the Stanford alumnus-body is too young to demonstrate in the greater world the full results of its early political training upon the Cardinal campus, but the directory of Congress is full of the names of men who imbibed the first principles of practical politics along with their Latin and their Greek. I have not been able to find any record concerning the political activity of President Roosevelt during his college days at Harvard, but the wars which were waged by Vice-President Fairbanks, Senator Beveridge and William Jennings Bryan are traditions among the alumni of their alma maters.

The college man takes his politics very seriously. He sheds his reputed idealism, as he does his sweater, when he enters the arena in which offices are the rewards. A vote is a vote, on the campus and off. It takes votes to win, and to win is everything in the collegiate political game. The college politician is determined to win. He will win—honestly—but he will win, and in the race he asks no quarter and expects none.

Stanford University.

ORLEANS INDIAN LEGENDS

By MELCENA BURNS DENNY

IV.

THE TALL SISTER



LONG time ago, in the days of magic and mystery, there lived near Oak-on-am-han-nich, the Long Lake, two young women all alone. They were so good that no women were spoken of beyond them. They were so good that no one ever saw them. Early in the morning before anyone in the village was up, they would go down to the flat by the river and dig the little potato, which is the bulb of the spotted lily, for their food. This little curly potato was all they needed for the day, and when they had enough they would hasten back to their wigwam and make beautiful baskets all day long.

The baskets they wove were the finest and smoothest ever seen. Not even the old women, who had woven baskets a hundred years, could make them as fine and smooth as could these two girls. The colors they used were the black of the fern stem, and the pale yellow of the sedge, and the red dye of the alder, just as did all the Indian women, but somehow when they wove them the colors seemed clearer and the patterns brighter than anyone else could make them. And all the old designs they adapted in new ways, to please their fancy: ta-ta-ca-tak, the triangle, and coo-cheechee, the backbone, and op-sonne-uph-wewe, the snake's nose, and all the other familiar patterns. But when they made fwecheena, the human foot, they talked of people traveling; and when they made a-in-ee-queewet, blocks of lumber, they talked of men working; and when they made oodeaheechuba, the blocks of flint, red or black, that fine braves carried in the deer-dance, they knew not what to talk of; for they had lived such good lives there all alone, that they had never seen a brave dressed for the deer-dance in all his fine clothes and feathers.

Now one morning when the Tall Sister went down alone to dig the curly potato, while the sun was yet hidden, she heard the soft sound of paddles in the river. The hidden canoe came up stream and she listened while the unseen boatman paddled past her, on and on, until there was no more of the hushed dipping of his oars. All this time she did not move. Then, when all was still, she began to dig again. But she dug slowly, and she was not thinking much of the lily roots.

After a while she heard the paddling again, slow and dreamy, coming down the stream. She stole to the water's edge, and hid herself in the high bank of ferns and red lilies, and waited.

No beam of sunlight came through the trees, but there, amid the coolness and shadows, his paddles barely disturbing the still water, came a young man. On his head was the fine head-dress they call *anhote*, all woven of colored twine. About his clear forehead was a fringe of seals' teeth, and down his gleaming back hung the drapery of the head-dress, red and blue, and at the bottom was a fringe of white pigeons' feathers. As he paddled, the breeze caught it and floated it out, so that the white pigeons' feathers seemed almost as if they were flying. About his waist hung the fine skirt that they wear in the deer-dance. In the broad back panel there was fine weaving of black and white, and a band of juniper beads, and a deep fringe about the bottom made of buckskin and tipped with shells. The narrow front panel had a band of juniper beads woven close, then a band of pine-nut beads, red and black, then other beads, costly and gay-colored, then the buckskin fringe, edged with tinkling shells. And the two panels were tied together over his gleaming hips with thongs of buckskin.

The Tall Sister watched the stranger paddle down the stream, hardly moving his oars, and he did not see her in her cool green hiding place. After a long time he came paddling back all in the bright sunshine, and she did not know which shone the most, the sun above the blue mountain, or the Stranger in his bright canoe.

The Tall Sister sat still and watched him. Slowly the Stranger paddled toward her, looking about him, bright-eyed yet dreamy. Slowly he lifted his paddles, scarcely ruffling the quiet water. Then he saw her.

"Where are you going?" said the Tall Sister, standing up among the ferns and lilies.

"Oh, I am just paddling," replied the Stranger in a voice of music.

"Where is your home?"

"I have no home. I am a wanderer."

"Come make your home with me," said the Tall Sister.

So the Stranger tied his bright canoe to a willow and went with the girl, the two walking home together through the morning sunlight. And as he walked his head-dress floated in the breeze, and the shells and beads on his skirt made a soft singing, and his moccasined feet were soundless. And the good sisters made their home his home. And they made their baskets yet more beautifully, for the gladness that the Stranger brought. They were so happy that now they were spoken of not only as the good sisters, but the glad sisters, for their gladness shone from their faces.

Every day the Stranger went and paddled up and down the river in his bright canoe, but every evening he came home again.

And every day seemed to bring the sisters added gladness, because his home was with them.

At last one evening came when he did not return from paddling. They waited and waited for him, but he did not come. They could not speak and they could not sleep. When morning came, they could not eat, though they were weak from fasting and distress. They could not talk to one-another, so deep was their sorrow.

At length the Tall Sister said, "He will never come back. Let us leave our home. Let us travel far away."

They took nothing but an acorn bowl and a stone to grind the acorns with. Down the river they found his bright canoe tied to a willow. They paddled across the river in it, and tied it up again, and the Older Sister took one paddle to serve as a staff, for the way they were to go was over many mountains.

Up the mountains they went, climbing the steep ridges, the Older Sister first, leaning on her staff, the Tall Sister behind, bending under her acorn bowl and stone. On and on they went, saying nothing, climbing silently, weak with fasting, sick with sorrow.

On and on up the steep cliff till they were close to the summit they went, still climbing silently. The sunset painted the sky about them. Then they turned and looked. There was the river, there was the village, there was the little home where they had been so happy. Then they looked farther. There was the ocean!

Before them it lay like a smooth cloud, misty and indistinct. But as they looked, they saw a bright canoe in the midst of it. In one end sat the Stranger paddling. His bright head-dress floated in the breeze, and the white feathers spread as if they might float away. Opposite him, with lifted head and happy eyes, sat a woman.

The women on the mountains stood and looked. Then the Tall Sister, saying no word, lifted the smooth acorn stone and held it high. The head-dress of the Stranger floated out behind him, and as she threw the stone, the feathers were severed from the rest. Boatman and boat and smiling woman disappeared, and where they had been, a great white bird floated up, up, up, on stately wings—the sea-gull! Far away it flew. They watched it disappear across the ocean.

Then the two women journeyed on, ever more weak, ever more faint with sadness. At last the older Sister threw her paddle that she had been leaning on ahead of her, and there you can see it still, in the flat outline of the mountain. They walked a little farther, and then gave up their journey. Still saying no word, so deep was their sadness, they let themselves be changed to stone. If you want to see them, they are there still, high on the mountains above Orleans and any old Indian basket-weaver could tell you where to seek them.

The stone that the Tall Sister threw stands in the ocean yet, out from Trinidad. It is all by itself, and by its smooth, round shape you could easily tell that it had once been an acorn stone; but the Stranger has never since been seen, unless he be that boatman of the waning moon, floating idly in an ocean of shining stars.

Berkeley, Cal.

LOVE OF THE WEST

By JAMES DUNCAN GALLOWAY.



BEFORE the door of our childhood there ran a road—did there not?—out of the unknown, over the hill, past the house, into the unknown again. And with the road there went a desire keener than all other desires for us. For every once in a while, in the midst of “tag,” or “soldier,” or “marbles,” or during the few chance moments of quiet our elders never perceived, the far-away gleam of the road, as it came over the edge of the hill, caught our eye with the power of another world. Then, for a time, nothing at all was worth while to us but to follow the road out to the gleam on the hill and beyond—out and beyond, into the unknown lands. Many things the gleam of the road promised, and we knew its promises were true. Somewhere in the country it came from were adventures and strange splendor; somewhere the foot of the rainbow arch, and the “perilous seas of faerie lands forlorn.”

My road was not a road at all, but a river—a huge, shifting river, forded in the autumn and a mile wide in the springtime—powerful, quick to change as a live thing, pulsing the seasons past with flood and drought. Panther-colored and panther-souled it was, and it came out of the sunset. Therein lay its lure for me. Once I had seen a little way into the sunset, had felt the sweep of the open plains and seen the morning come over the untrodden hills. Thereafter no farming country could be home to me; thereafter the huge river, chafed and alien among the plowed lands, must always call to me of the plains and the peaks, the sunset and the wilderness—the Far West to which we both belonged.

There are many who have felt this spell of the West. Some of them can express it—John Muir, though he thinks it is the spell of the mountains; John Van Dyke, that prose-poet of the desert; Helen Hunt Jackson, who, love it though she might, could not catch it into words quite so truly as the newer writer who signs herself Mary Austin. It is ironical that the western half of our excited young nation—the newest half, the most boastful, hurried, telephone-ridden American half—should possess a land full of such strange beauty. A land that those who love, love with a longing, a poignancy, that no country of conventional, poet-sung loveliness can ever quite inspire. From the flower-like snow-peaks of Oregon to the waterless red lands of Arizona, dwells a spirit that, once it has touched the wanderer, leaves him homeless in all other places forever after.

There is much in the common conception of the West that is true, but that bears a part in the attraction of the country scarcely understood by those who have not lived in it. Does not every one know

that mountains and rivers in the West are large, and that the Westerner loves their largeness? "Size is not quality," thinks the Easterner, gazing with affection at some delicate vista of the New Hampshire hills; and he prides himself a little upon his superior discrimination. But he does not quite understand. Though the High Sierras are not easily caught upon a foot of canvas, or cramped into the frame of a library window, yet because they are so large they have for those who know them a restfulness, a comfortableness, that is not found among lesser hills. The large, simple, frank lines of a western landscape, with definite landmarks visible for long distances, give a singleness of character that is lacking in the East. One may travel all day among the mountains of the West and know where one is at nightfall without a map. In the East the day would be spent in crossing a systemless tangle of lovely little mountains—each a thing of beauty, indeed, as a mountain must always be—but with no one big, friendly fellow dominating his companions and bringing a guiding unity out of their confusion. The day's journey in the East is an anthology of lyrics; in the West it is a single epic.

Again, along the eastern ranges of the Rockies, little noted by travelers seeking resemblance to the conventional scenery of literature and song, is found one of the lovely visions of this earth—an outlook to a large extent dependent upon size for its beauty. I mean the outlook over the great plains from the mountains. But first the beauty of the plains themselves must be understood.

Vast, dreary, desolate—all these the plains are reputed to be, and all these they are. To the new arrival, with, perhaps, a remembrance of Appalachian beech-woods, or the green shore-line of Connecticut, lurking in his consciousness, the plains are nothing more. But to eyes that have loved them since childhood they are one thing more—they are beautiful. Their beauty is a beauty to which the vastness and desolation contribute; a beauty utterly unlike the beauty of the mountains, of the sea, of the plains of the Rhine or Lombardy; a beauty unique, like a new color, unattempted elsewhere.

The prairie has been likened to the ocean. It is not like the ocean. It is level, perhaps, but it is not flat. The waves of the ocean are small, regular elevations and depressions following each other in order. The prairie rises and falls in long, easy, tender curves; in broken buttes and winding lines of bluffs; in a slow, subtle lift of the whole earth itself. It is stirring, indeed, not with actual formal action as is the ocean, but with the suggestion of an infinite vitality asleep. Because of this living variety of surface, the prairie horizon is not only in general much farther away than the ocean horizon, but is possessed of an elusive interest quite unknown to the geometrical circle of the water. Not one curve, but a thousand blending curves mingle and diverge in the distance, lines firm and delicate

airy, exquisite as the edge of a flower petal, sweeping out the division between earth and sky for a hundred miles. Such a combination of rest and life, of delicacy and power, belongs to the plains alone. Yet all these miles of shifting, lovely line are not line at all, but pale color—color that the rainbow or the shell of pearl does not possess; color that is like light itself, bright and pale and pure. Gray wastes the plains may be sometimes, gray like morning clouds before the dawn; again, polished copper in the sunset, and still again, with hail and rain chasing the sunshine over them, all colors that there are.

Now imagine yourself, O you who do not know the wonder of the West, standing upon the spur of some grim granite range that rises sharply above these plains eight thousand feet. Back of you and above you are the mountains; before you and below lies the world. Here a storm-cloud, flat and purple beneath, towering white in its pinnacles, and shot through with lightning, thrusts out from the ranges to lose itself in the sunny silence. There, a hundred and fifty miles away, rises some group of nameless peaks through air so clear you see the shadows on them. And, for the rest, the plains, to which peaks and storms are but incidents, are at your feet. Mile upon mile, league upon league, they stretch away to the shifting, elusive horizon, and mile upon mile beyond that, hidden only by the curve of the earth itself. Here and there, a tiny blur detected in the midst of their color, rises the smoke of some packed city, or of some loaded train following its threads of steel across the emptiness. Yet no sound of men comes to your silence. Wheel and whistle are lost in the mightiness of the space below you. Vast, sunlit, frail, the peopled world is airy as a dream. So dream-like are its colors, so fleeting, that you find yourself holding your breath lest it vanish quite away.

Color is found not on the plains alone, but all through the West. It is a land of color. In the North and among the Sierras the coloring is a little like that of Switzerland—high, white snows and cold glaciers breaking into purple rocks or blue-black forests; these in turn losing themselves again in the green, sunlit grasses of the meadow lands and parks. In the Rockies, the white of the snows is often absent, leaving gaunt peaks of brown or red-grey rock against the sky. Lower down comes the sharp black timber-line, and below that the slopes of dried grass, or the ranks of silver-grey pine stumps that show where the fires have breathed. Thickets of scrub-oak mottle the hill-sides, and the mountains are bound together by cañons and pinnacles, all of scarlet and buff and white and rich brown rock.

But the uttermost glory of color the deserts of the Southwest alone can show. The fragile unearthliness of the prairie color is but the ghost of the splendor of the deserts. Crimson and dun and blue,

rifted with the golden sands of some dried water-course, far and away stretch the desert floors, the white skies over them, and always the mountains, purple and lavender, beyond their horizons. Deeper become the colors; richer, more luminous, as the westward miles are traversed, until one catches up with the sunset at last, and stands in its midst upon the verge of the Grand Cañon. There, in the late afternoon, the walls of the tremendous chasm seem themselves to give out light. Their yellow is the yellow of amber; their crimson is the glow that lurks in the heart of a ruby; their orange is a stifled flame. And the blue of their distances is as brilliant as the hollows in the ice-caverns or glaciers, and as soft as a mist. It is the blue from which the seas and the skies were made, "the mother of all blues."

The loveliness and the mystery of the West, as well as its color, are in the desert. The desert loneliness is not that of the prairies, that seem free from the tread of human foot since the world began, but is a loneliness forever burdened with a sense of haunting, vanished races. Vanished races have been there; trail of them worn across the Painted Desert; home of them nestling in the crannies of the cliffs. But trail and home have nothing to do with the sense of their presence in the land. It is a thing felt, not inferred. Shadows of strange gods, spirits of forgotten heroes, half-memories of things we may not know, of struggle and sorrow and joy in the early dawn of a race, are the very air of the deserts. It was a race destined never to reach the great tide of life that is rushing down the ages. It has vanished as utterly as the rivers that run into the alkali valleys, mistaking the path to the sea. But the presence of the lost peoples still broods threateningly on the deserts—and their threat is the old, old question of the destiny of us all. For the deserts will be the same when the rusted rails shall mark the passage of our roads, as the silly, dangling ends of ropes mark the ladders of those who have gone before. The immemorial sunshine will fall across the barrenness; the mountains, purple and lavender, will waver in the mirage upon the horizons; over all will dwell the desert silence, then as now. The silence of the desert is not the silence of the upper peaks where the wind continually rushes; nor is it the silence of calm on the water, emphasized by the lapping of little ripples. It is the silence of interstellar space. It needs no emphasis.

A land of wide spaces, of simple strongly-marked features, of color and of mystery, is the West. It is clear-aired, and all the more mysterious because it is so clear. It is haunted, and all the more eerie because its ghosts are unnamed. It is beautiful with a beauty no other land has known.

But you may not easily feel the lure of this country toward the sunset, for it is a reluctant land. You may not truly see it from

railroad or steamer or carriage; it endures no such easy acquaintance as this. Unless you are willing to hunt out the flower-grown parks for yourself, to lie on the open ground under the bright, revolving stars; unless you dare face the lovely land alone, you can never know the West. The spell of the desolation and the color will come over you suddenly sometime when you are riding on the open prairie, out of sight of house or fence or road; or when in the sunset you stand among the curious rocks and shadows of some Garden of the Gods. Once it has overtaken you, it never leaves you. Every daily sight and sound adds to it. A gray ghost of a coyote slinks blinking across the rocks in the sunlight a moment, and vanishes again into his crystal caves; scarlet-flowered "Indian paint-brush" flames among the silvery sage; the yucca sways its bells uncannily in the moonlight, and trees whose leaves give out light, and in whose branches no birds sleep, hide deep in the weird recesses of the hills. And ever after, wherever you may be, the road past your door will lead into the West; the river will flow out of the sunset; the song you must hear in the very names "pueblo," and "mesa," and "cañon," "Navajo," "Ute" and "Cheyenne," "Cœur d'Alène," "Big Horn" and "Wind River" and "Lone Star," will thrill you with almost unbearable longing to follow again to the land where their music belongs.

Cambridge, Mass.

THE DOCTOR OF THE SANTA FÉ

By LEWIS NATHANIEL CHASE.



ONFOUND those Mexicans!" mused the Doctor of Santa Fé, as Miguel, the curio dealer, left the office. "They never pay. The Lord knows that I have enough charity-patients in my ordinary practice to keep my conscience easy, without dosing every Greaser that passes this door, with his aches, benedictions, and promises, although the aches are real and the benedictions sincere——" And he smiled slightly at his not finishing his mental sentence as he recalled the many, many unfulfilled promises.

"Hang it all," he continued, his mind still on unpaid fees. "Why can't I do as Brown does? He keeps a cash store and people think none the worse of him. I have it. I'll be an M. D. no longer, but a 'cash' doctor—a C. D. I am both now—a seedy M. D." And the happy pun on his unhappiness brought only a curl to his lips.

He raised his head abstractedly and looked at the wall opposite him. As if to chide him for his thoughts, his eye fell on a medical diploma which bore the seal of one of our proudest universities. He felt the reproach, and he thought of the day he got the diploma. Once more he saw in imagination the venerable dean and heard his parting words. "Sir," he had said, "you have done well here, and

I shall be pained if you do not become an honor to our profession."

"I am glad the old man didn't hear me five minutes ago," thought the Doctor of Santa Fé. "I guess I'll keep the M. D. after all. I've hit it. I'll be a C. D. to Mexicans. Miguel settled that. I'll not let another do me as he did."

There was a knock at the door. The Doctor opened it and a man stepped inside. He was undersized, but his muscles were well knit, and his arms and hands proved him a tiller of the soil. His dress was not distinctive, but his face was. There could be no doubt that José was Mexican, and the Doctor thought of his just-made resolve; but he also saw that the face was human and marked by signs of mental suffering peculiar to no race. He was not blind to its appeal, and threw his resolution to the winds.

The man's story was soon and briefly told. His wife and baby were consumed with fever; he had hoped they would get better without a physician; had watched over them constantly two days and nights, and had seen them get worse.

The Doctor was tired, the hour late, and the scene he was called upon to visit required at least a two hour's drive. But from the man's account, meager as it was, it required little imagination to conjure up the picture he was to see—two fever patients inadequately provided for. "I will go with you," the Doctor said.

For many weeks mother and child lay at death's door. Not a day passed in all that time but the Doctor of Santa Fé was in attendance upon them. He had seen the baby walk across the room to receive a toy the thoughtful physician had brought, and had seen the mother at work over her new machine—she was the best seamstress for miles around—before he stopped his regular visits. Not a thing had been left undone that he could do for them.

From the first he had considered it a charity-case—not naturally so, for many a poorer man than José had been known to pay for such service, but because the Doctor of Santa Fé had little faith, not in the individual, but in the race.

"Benedictions and promises," he repeated. "I have had the first," for both the mother and father had blessed him with devout ceremony. "Now for the promises," he said to himself.

It was a week after the Doctor had ceased his visits before José came to the office. "Señor Doctor, you save my wife, you save my baby. How much?" he asked.

The Doctor considered his services worth three hundred dollars. He said, "Fifty dollars."

"All right," José replied. "I give you ten dollar now; the rest some other time." And he counted out the money.

A month passed before José came again, carrying a bundle under his arm. He laid it on the floor, and unrolling a large Navajo blanket begged the Doctor to allow him ten dollars for it.

The Doctor, no connoisseur of such things, not aware, indeed,

that it was worth thrice the sum, was half amused at the form of payment, but was more impressed as it dawned upon him then and there that the debt had sunk deep into the Mexican's consciousness, and that he was doing his very best to pay it.

Nor afterwards would the Doctor have taken another cent had he known the straits the man and his wife were put to, to raise the money—how they, in turn, would rely on a debtor who would leave the territory without paying them, how the "rainy season" would pass during which not a drop of rain would fall, and their small crops would be ruined as a result; and how, all the while, they would brood over their obligation.

But the physician knew nothing of that yet, so he took the blanket in part payment. He added, however, in genuine acknowledgment of this sign of unexpected honesty, "Don't worry about paying the rest until you get ready. I know you are good for it. I trust you."

"*Gracias*, Doctor," José exclaimed. "I pay all in two months. Sure! Sure!" Then, with a cheerful "*adios*," he left the office.

The Doctor of Santa Fé had almost forgotten the incident. He had not kept track of the time. He had not asked José to settle the bill on such a day. There was no fixed date, and if José had not appeared for half a year the Doctor would have thought little of it. Consequently, when the night arrived, the date meant nothing to him.

It was late when José rapped at the office door. The Doctor opened it and would have remarked on the tired and worn face he saw there, were it not for the smile which greeted him.

"I said sure, sure. Pay all. Two month. Sure! Sure!"

And the man eagerly emptied one pocket after another and laid on the table quarters, quarters, and more quarters. Thirty dollars in quarters. Some of them new, some old, some bright, and some dull. He laid them down, still muttering with a nervous little laugh, "I pay, sure, sure."

"How in the world did you get all those quarters?" queried the surprised Doctor.

José, hat in hand, was already at the door. "Last night we had a raffle," he answered.

"What did you raffle?"

The Doctor's mind was on the barely furnished *adobe* of his visits, with its bare walls—save for a few Saints' pictures and the cross over the door; with its bare floor—save for a bed and two chairs. Surely, there was nothing in the house worth raffling. Yes, there was something else, now their chief means of support.

As he thought of this thing he repeated with greater seriousness, "What did you raffle, José?"

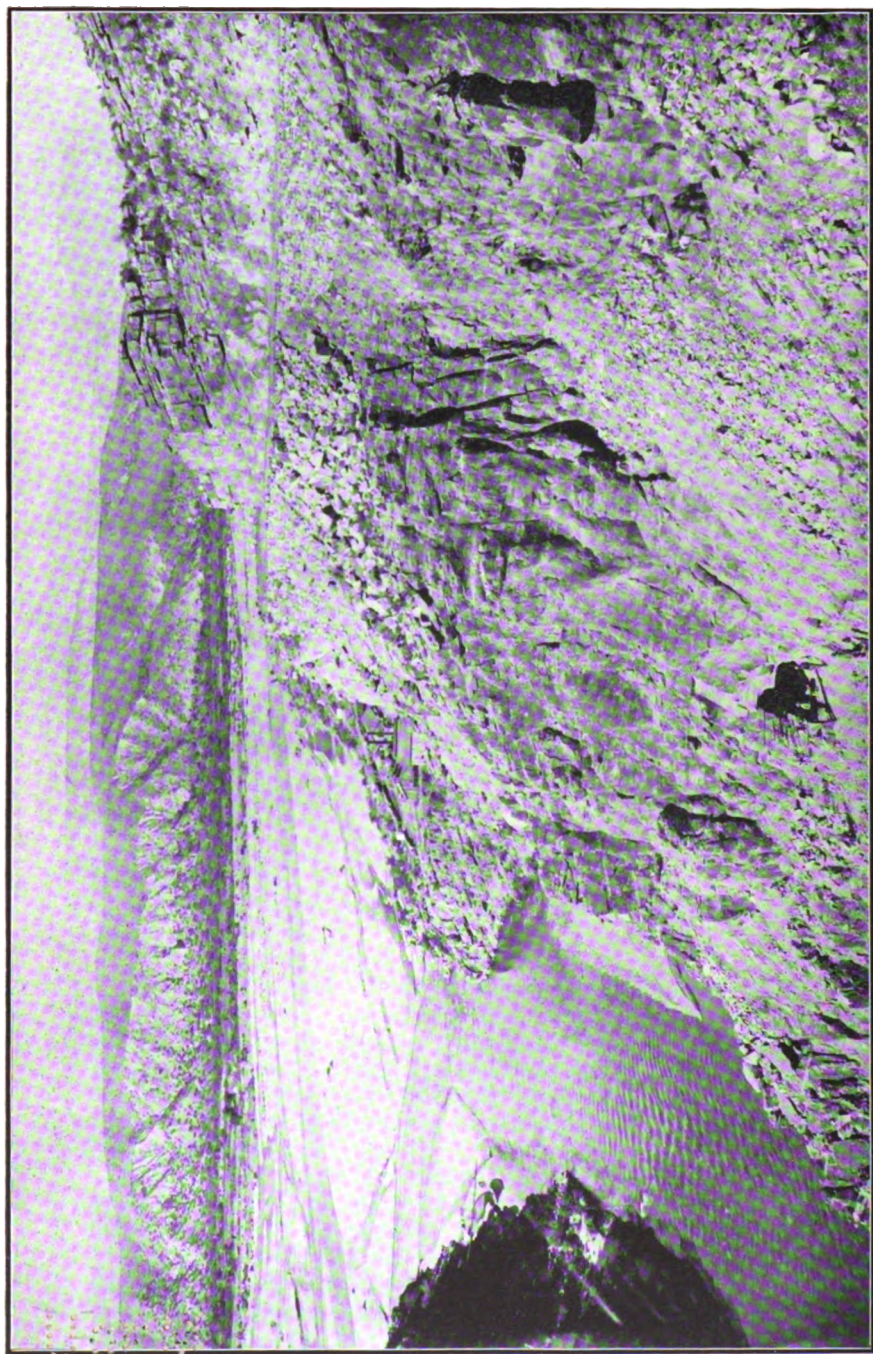
The Mexican's back was turned. He was on the door step. "The sewing machine," he said softly, and before the Doctor could remonstrate he had mounted his horse and was riding into the night.

The Doctor of Santa Fé went to the door, and heard the decreasing sound of the hoof beats; he turned into the office, reflectively looked at the money on the table, and then paced to and fro. He lifted his head, and saw the diploma on the wall, and remembered the first time José had called on him.

"I've changed my mind about those Mexicans," said the Doctor of Santa Fé.

Bloomington, Ind.

Digitized by Google



JUNCTION OF SALT RIVER AND TONTO CREEK ABOVE DAM SITE.



Vol. XXV, No. 5

NOVEMBER, 1906

THE GREAT TONTO STORAGE RESERVOIR

By SHARLOT M. HALL.

While your merchandise is weighing, we will bit and bridle and rein
The floods of the storm-rocked mountains and lead them down to the plain;
And the foam-ribbed, dark-hued waters, tired with that mighty race,
Shall be at the feet of palm and vine and know their appointed place;
And out of that subtle union—desert with mountain flood—
Shall be homes for a nation's choosing where no home else had stood.



CRIP—The Chief and Mascot of the
Surveying Corps at Roosevelt

HEN fifty, forty, even twenty years ago; the government was striving to give away recklessly the public lands that should have been administered with some measure of consideration for the citizens and home-makers yet to be, that man would have been laughed to scorn who had ventured to assert that on the sheer edge of another century the government would be spending millions of dollars to turn its deserts and waste places into habitable lands.

It seemed to many the right and natural thing that lands worth millions should be given over to be plundered of their forests and stripped of their grazing values and exploited for the greedy pocket of any comer. It was a long while before more than the few were ready to admit that the government had the right to *spend* millions that lands lying in the grip of prohibitive natural conditions might be freed and made ready for honest human use.

There are those who still doubt the wisdom of what they regard as at best a Quixotic experiment, a governmental tilting at windmills—if not *with* them. And yet, a little more than four years after the passage of the Reclamation Act, which made it possible for the

Illustrated from photographs by Walter Lubkin, photographer to U. S. Reclamation Service.

money from the sale of certain public lands to be used in redeeming other lands, public and private, from conditions of unprofitable aridity, there are under construction projects which will add 2,000,000 acres of richly fertile land to the available home area of the country—room, at a conservative estimate, for 50,000 families.

The ultimate possibilities are estimated at 50,000,000 acres—another great state to be added to the country by bits and sections, where today sage-brush and cactus and bunch-grass find scant encouragement.

The eleven projects, scattered through nine states and two territories, from Nebraska westward, are conquering adverse sentiment with every foot of masonry and every yard of embankment.

The first work to be finished was the Truckee-Carson canal in



ROOSEVELT DAM SITE (LOOKING UP STREAM.)

Nevada, but for several reasons the one which has attracted most attention has been the great storage reservoir in the mountains of Arizona—in the very heart of what was once Apache Land.

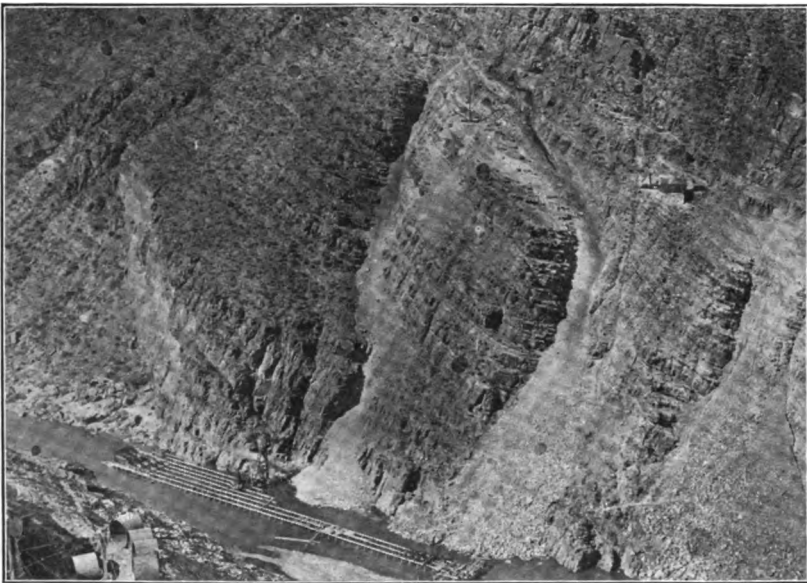
For one thing, it will be for some years to come the highest dam in the world, and conditions have been particularly favorable for the thorough trial of methods and materials never so fully tested elsewhere. This has led many engineers engaged in similar work in other places to visit the Tonto project and study the construction as it advances.

The natural location is unusually favorable in many ways. Where Tonto creek, coming down from the north between the rugged length of the Mazatzal range and the abrupt peaks of Ancha mountain,

meets Salt River pushing in from the east, lies a deep, narrow valley, in shape not unlike the widespread wings of some great bird.

Where the two streams enter one channel, cliffs of dark sandstone rise more than 300 feet, with rough, barren, precipitous mountains shouldering back to the very sky-line above them. The gorge is only 160 feet wide at the bottom and the united water plunges into it and is seemingly lost till the cañon widens a little, some hundred yards below. For thirty miles the cañon continues with walls of varying depth and fastastic form and coloring—less imposing but scarcely less beautiful than the Grand Cañon of the Colorado.

The Salt River for more than a hundred miles cuts through the



LOOKING DOWN ON THE TONTO DAM SITE.

The cliff is of fine-grained, hard, richly colored sandstone, of much value for building purposes.

wildest tangle of uplifted mountain ranges in Eastern Arizona, mountains that for their very inaccessibility have been the chosen home and last retreat of the Apache Indians, as of other Indian peoples before them.

The basin takes its name from a division of the Apache tribe, the Tontos, or fools, so named in derision by their White Mountain kinsmen.

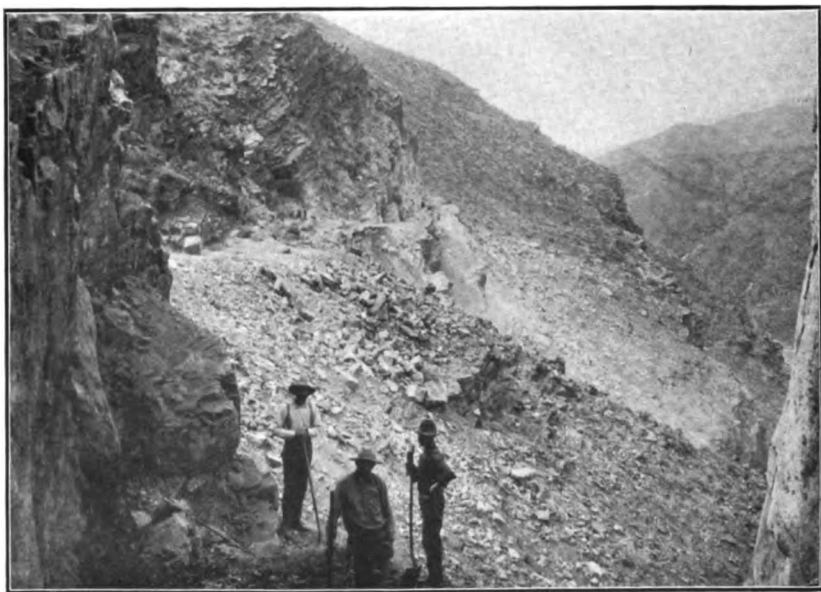
In the deep-cut cañons above the dam site are pre-historic cliff-dwellings, out of which fine specimens of pottery and stone implements have been taken; and the narrow valley of the Salt River for twenty miles above was scarred with the outlines of long-abandoned fields before the handful of white farmers came to plant it to acres of

grain and alfalfa that will presently be lost under the water of the largest artificial lake in the world.

As early as 1889, the peculiar availability of this location for a great storage reservoir was recognized, and in 1891 Maricopa county secured an appropriation of \$5,000 for preliminary borings and estimates.

When the engineers of the United States Reclamation Service inspected the various dam and reservoir sites in Arizona the many advantages of this one left no choice as to its selection.

The narrow walls of the cañon were found to be of the hardest, fine-grained sandstone, which would furnish on the spot material for



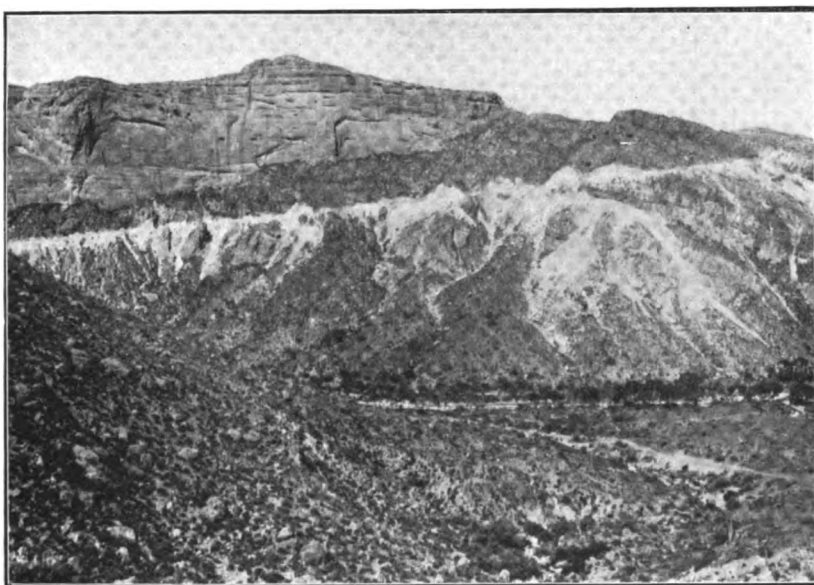
GRADING THE WAGON ROAD TO THE TONTO DAM.

the great masonry dam contemplated, and bed-rock was reached across the full width of the channel at an average depth of twenty feet. Above the cañon, both Tonto Creek and Salt River flow for some distance with comparatively little grade through valleys walled with abrupt mountains and affording an ample basin for the storage of a large body of water. In the Sierra Ancha mountains, thirty miles away, is a forest sufficient for the lumber and timber supply, and continued investigation showed all the materials for making an excellent quality of cement within a short distance of the dam-site.

The serious question was of roads. Lying deep in the heart of rough, much-broken, and intermingled mountain ranges, nature seemed to have forgotten to leave any outlet to the basin except the close-walled cañon, through which the water fought its way to the

open plain below. The few farmers along the valley above the dam-site had a rough wagon-road out by way of Pinto Creek to Globe, forty miles away; but though the first supplies and machinery for the dam came in that way, it was not an available route for continued use.

There was one other outlet—the old Apache trail which wound over the mountain tops and skirted the cliffs and cañons like a long riata flung from some careless hand. It went in the desired direction and an experienced road-hunter was sent over it on horseback to study its possibilities, and report. He was three days making the trip and most of the time he walked or climbed and dragged his horse up and down such cliffs as a mountain sheep would have shied at.



FISH CREEK GRADE.

This road cost \$25,000 per mile to build.

"Can we get a road in?" asked the supervising engineer on his return.

"Not the way I came!" was the conclusive answer.

The engineer saddled his own horse and went out over the trail, then back over it, measuring every mile with practical eye. He traveled it till the trip grew tame; then he made some estimates, gathered a working force—and the most carefully graded and best-built wagon-road in the Southwest began to climb along the old trail, worn by the unshod hoofs of Apache ponies.

If there was not one of the great pieces of public work going forward in the United States to be seen at the end, the trip over this road would still be worth while for the wild and varied beauty of the

country through which it passes. The big four-hours stage leaves Mesa (on the line of two railroads) before sunrise. Mesa is one of the old towns of the Salt River valley, founded by thrifty Mormon farmers.

It lies in the center of the largest unbroken body of agricultural land west of the Arkansas valley and one of the most productive in the United States. As the stage rolls along the wide avenue leading out past the canals, the vivid green alfalfa-fields lie on either hand, shimmering and glistening under veils of dew-like moisture touched faintly with the first sunshine.

The cantaloupe-fields are sown with gold and russet globes among the rough leaves, and little groups of "toppers" are making their

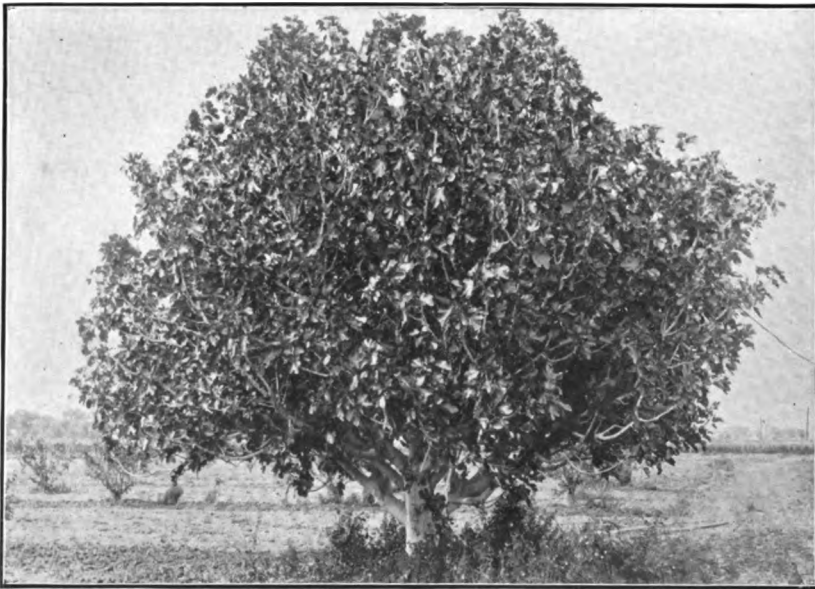


FIG TREE GROWN BY IRRIGATION ON LANDS UNDER THE TONTO DAM.

way to the beet-fields, rank and rich enough to prove the experiment of this year a certainty for the future.

All along, singly and in herds, fat cattle rise and feed lazily and lie down again in the deep alfalfa, over whose purple blossoms bees are hovering in swarms. Then, sharp as the slash of a knife, it ends—on one side the green fields, the cattle, and the homes, with the morning smoke beginning to curl up—a dry, rough, banked ditch between—and beyond the empty ditch, the desert, the mesquite and ironwood trees swaying their yellow beans in the wind, and the giant cactus crowned with clusters of ripe, red fruit.

That is what water means—and the lack of it. That is what the man out of whose dream the Reclamation Service was born saw on the

one hand—and what like a fair and wonderful mirage his vision created on the other. The colossal wedge of masonry filling the deep-throated cañon, toward which the road winds away into the distant hills, is the first step toward setting other homes and fields where only the zahuaro figs and mesquite beans have ripened for wandering Indians.

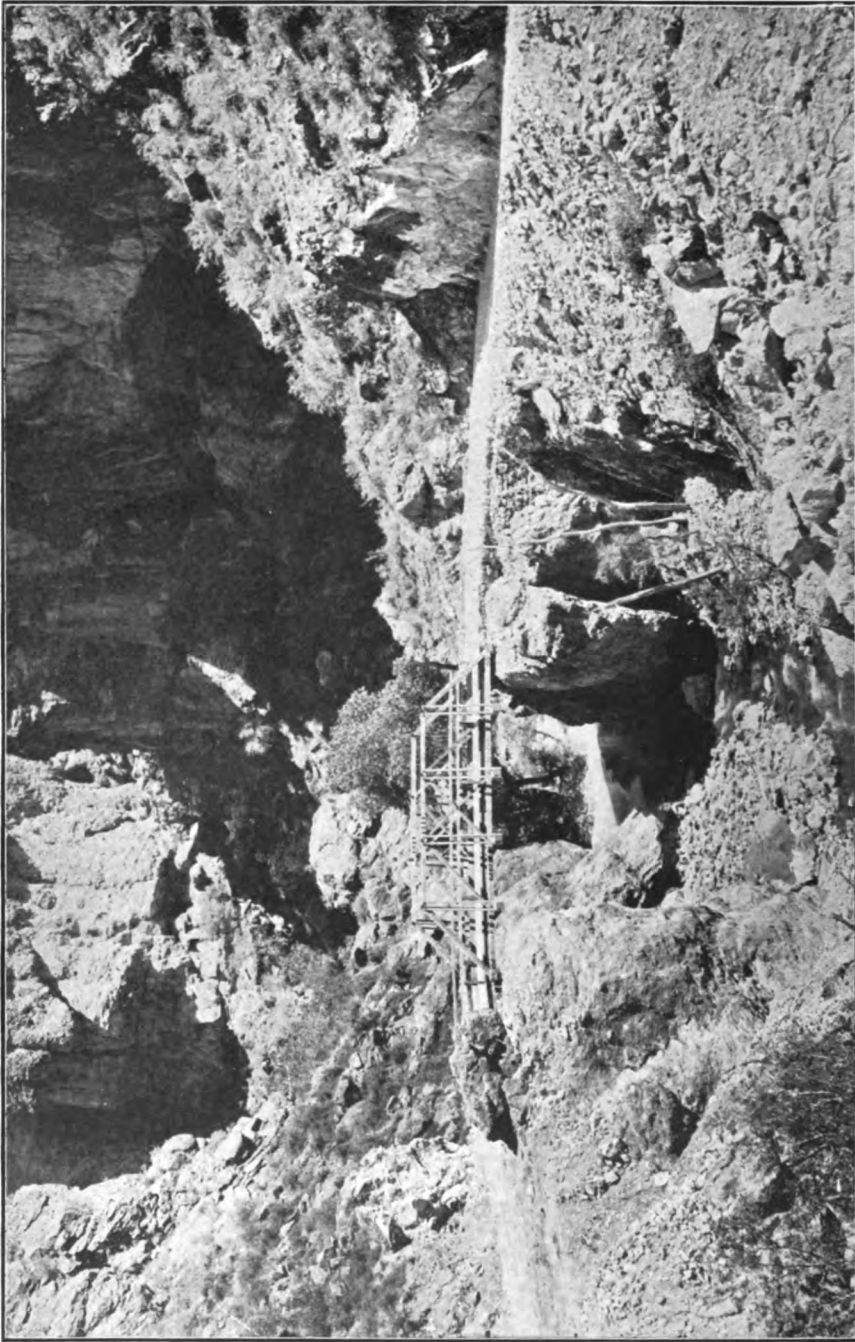
It would be far to such another valley as the one over which the road winds for twenty miles; a broad floor-like level, it reaches away to the dim, distant, ghost-like mountains on every side, blue as dull glass blurred into the sky above. Here, within the reach of keen eyes on a clear day, is half a million acres of land that with water would be as productive as the lessening corner of green behind.



GOVERNMENT ROAD BETWEEN MESA AND ROOSEVELT.

When the big reservoir is done and filled, the water will come to something less than half of it, and pumping plants reaching the underflow of Salt River will reclaim 60,000 acres more; while a second dam and storage project on the Gila will reach much of the far southeastern verge.

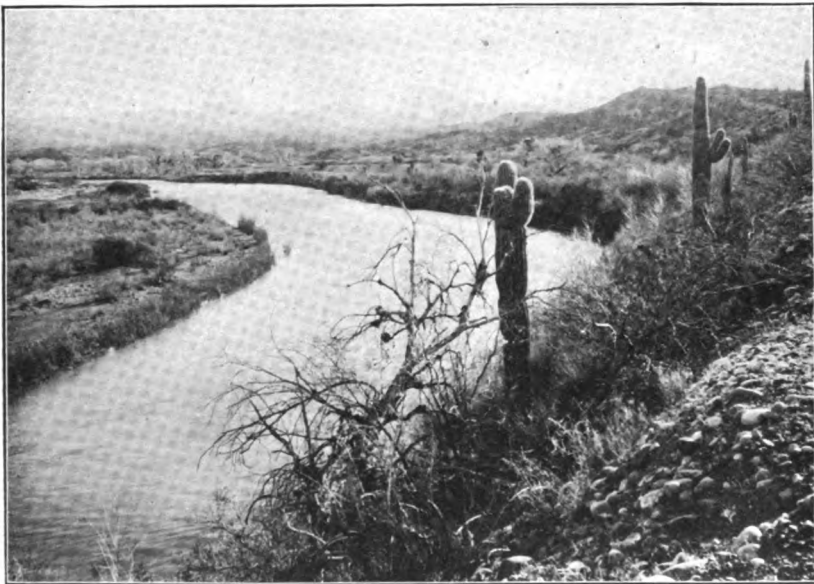
The wide, well-graded road swings away sharply to the northeast, skirting the fantastic, irregular red-brown foothills. The open spaces lessen and thick groves of tall cactus and palo verde trees press in—the twisted, uncouth cactus branches bent down with pendulous bunches of ripening fruit, and the palo verde waving gently in the desert wind like green spray of wind-blown water. In the shadow of Superstition Mountain, a huge, gray tufa bulk, wind- and weather-



FOOT OF FISH CREEK HILL.

worn into spires and pinnacles jutting out from the sides and crowning the top with fantastic semblance of a forest of broken pine stumps, the road rises and plunges boldly into the hills. It swings into head-long cañons and slashes its way like a knife-cut along the edge of sheer cliff-walls, where a veer of half the stage width would send all rolling into the far boulder-filled bottom.

Down in the rocks tall giant cactus hang and are dwarfed by the depths into stocky clubs; rare desert shrubs and flowers cling in the sharp-cleft ravines; mescal and agave clumps turn their lance-tipped leaves outward defiant along the road-edge—and the backward view from many a thin-edged "hog-back" is as fine in its way as anything to be seen from the rim of the Grand Cañon.



CANAL THROUGH THE DESERT.

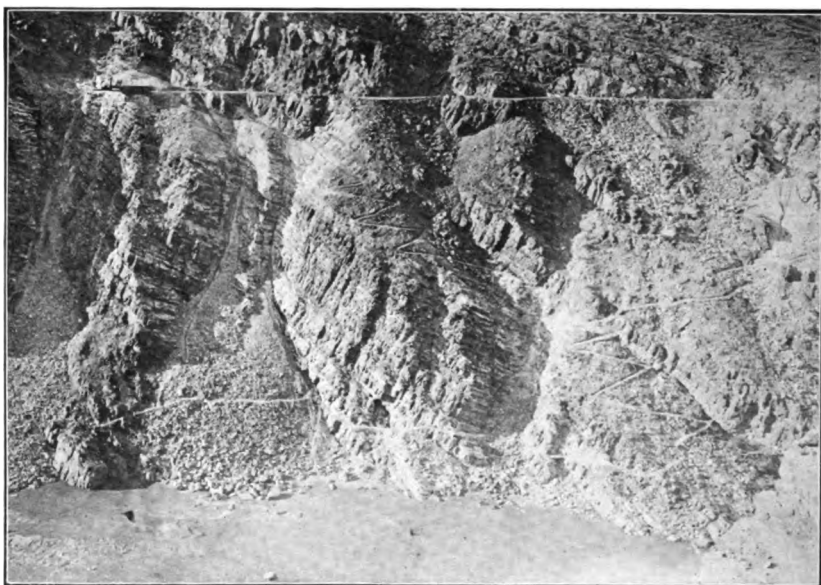
Every mile has seen the making of history—the history of a frontier state in its beginnings. The top of Superstition mountain, with its strange mimicry of a forest in stone, is strewn with the bleached bones of cattle and horses driven up the one rough trail by Apache renegades and slaughtered for food during their seasons of retreat to that almost unreachable stronghold. At its base, just to the right of the stage-road, King Woolsey held his famous "pinole treaty," which ended in the extermination of one such band; and to the left are the abandoned workings of a mine, out of which came half a million in gold in two years—and into which half the sum was returned in idle search for more.

In sight, circling the rim of the horizon, are the Four Peaks, the

Picket-Pin, the Weaver's Needle, and many another peak, nameless and almost countless, sharp-lined and bare, from which Apache signal-smoke flared message or warning from Squaw Peak and the Bradshaws to the White Mountains.

Climbing higher and higher, the road is encircled by succeeding ranges of bare blue mountains, sheer and cañon-cut and uptilted as a stormy sea turned in full tide to granite and sandstone, with curling foam-crests of gray tufa and white limestone.

Below is some formal placing of peak and plain. On the crest, line after line of rough peaks and sharp-edged ridges are flung in lavish confusion—a bewildering sweep of inrolling mountains, blue and bluer to the dim sky-line.



TRAILS OPPOSITE ENGINEERS' CAMP.

Contractor's camp is just beyond this cliff.

At Fish Creek Cañon the road turns down on a narrow ledge blasted out from and built up against the straight face of a 600-foot cliff, with rock-cuts sixty to seventy feet deep and fills of rock seventy-five feet high. Here portions of the road cost \$25,000 a mile—as much as many a mile of railroad.

With all its scenic beauty, it was built for a freight-road, and its carefully considered grades have made it meet the purpose admirably. All the heavy machinery, the great steel gates for the power-canal, intake and the dam proper, and the big tank-wagons that bring in the crude petroleum for the cement mill, have gone over the road easily.

The road is in itself picturesque. The many bridges rest on con-

crete abutments; culverts of concrete lead off the swift floods of the rainy season through arches of Roman effect; and the built-up stretches of masonry seem as enduring as the hills and in harmony with them.

Its last miles wind with the river through the deep, narrow cañon which confines it, and climb by a last, breath-stopping grade high above the top of the dam, with the wide, wing-shaped basin of the reservoir and the white tent-town of Roosevelt far below. Straight down in the jaws of the cañon, a tangle of cables and derricks marks the center of activity, and the width and height of the finished dam may be traced by marks on the cliffs.

The specifications call for a masonry dam of most careful con-



TOWN OF ROOSEVELT, U. S. R. S. HEADQUARTERS, CEMENT MILL, ETC.

struction which will have a height of 245 feet from the lowest point of the foundation to the top of the parapet. It will be about 165 feet wide at the base and sixteen feet wide at the roadway on top. The length at the bottom will be about 210 feet and at the top over 700, and the finished dam will contain about 300,000 cubic yards of masonry.

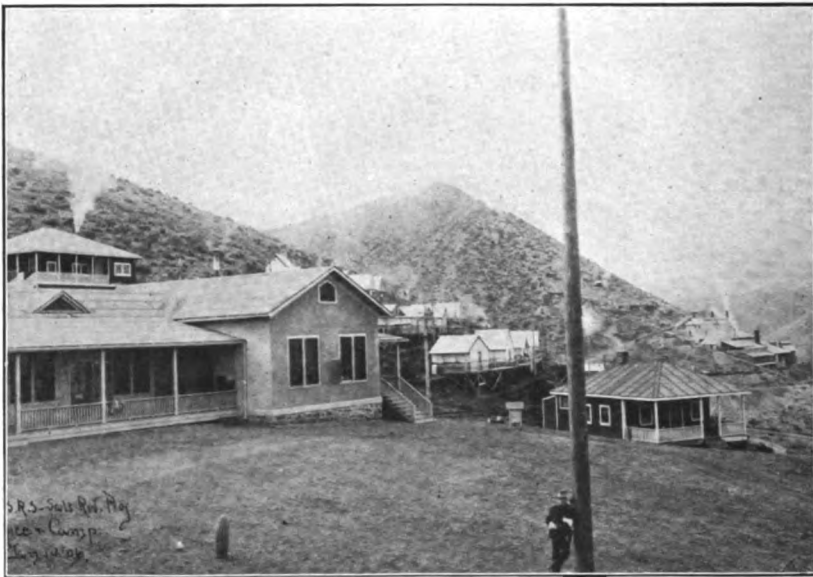
It will be built of blocks of sandstone taken from the spillways to be excavated on either side of the dam, and laid in Portland cement made in the government cement-mill, located a short distance back on the hillside.

This cement-mill is one of the most significant things at the Tonto work. When bids were asked for the 200,000 barrels or more which would be needed for the dam and power-canal, the price with freight-

age added, was found to be prohibitive. It seemed almost necessary to alter the type of dam decided upon, but fortunately all the materials for making an excellent cement were found near the dam-site, and even with the cost of installing a mill and plant the cement ready for use has cost less than a quarter of the price asked by private manufacturers.

This cement-mill and the government saw-mill in the Sierra Ancha Mountains, where much of the lumber and piling was cut, have saved many thousands of dollars in the construction of the dam, intake and canal.

After the wagon-road, the nineteen-mile power-canal is one of the most impressive things in the Tonto project. It has attracted the attention of engineers, because of the extensive use of re-en-



RECLAMATION SERVICE OFFICE AND CAMP.

forced concrete in its tunnels and flumes and in the two pieces of pressure-pipe by which the water is led under, rather than over, two stream-beds in the course of the canal.

The first power for the cement-mill and shops was furnished by a temporary steam-plant, but the development of electric power has from the first played a large part in the plans of the Reclamation Service for the Salt River, and this canal was the first step in that direction.

Work on the canal was begun in April, 1904; it is now in use, but the intake will be just about completed when this article is in print. The construction involved the excavation of about 6,000,000 cubic yards of material and the driving of nearly 9,000 feet of tunnel.



GOVERNMENT CEMENT MILL (LOOKING TOWARD DAM SITE.)

Winding along the foothills on the left bank of the river, where finger-like cañons cut down at short intervals, it was necessary to build many concrete culverts and flumes for leading off the cross-drainage of wet weather. Extended sections of the canal, where the quality of the soil made it necessary, were lined with concrete, bottom and sides; and at Pinto Creek and at Cottonwood the water is led through a concrete pressure-pipe re-enforced with ribs of steel, and carried under the boulder-filled stream-beds out of way of the destructive floods common to the region.

This is the first extensive use of re-enforced concrete pipe to carry a large head of water under great pressure. It was necessary to devise the method of making the pipe on the spot; for it is built

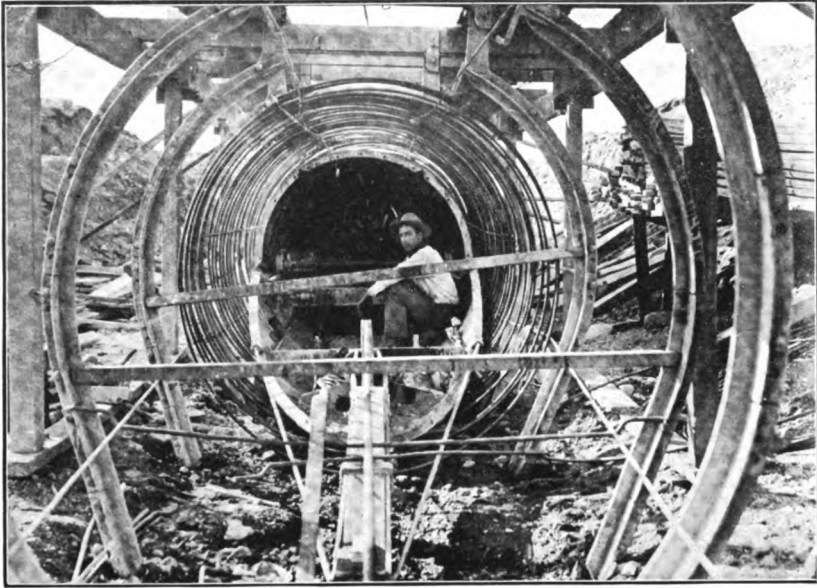


ON THE POWER CANAL

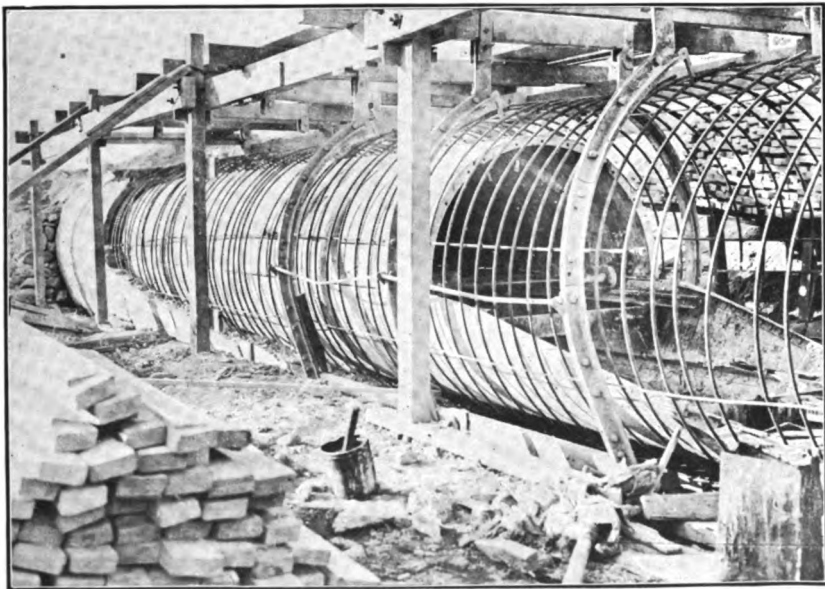
Showing a tunnel portal; also a concrete flume for passing over the canal.

foot by foot just where it is to stay. The big steel shell with the long lower jaw (from which it gets its name, "the alligator,") was designed by the engineers in charge of the work. It slides inside the steel ribs, and between it and the temporary wooden sheathing outside, the prepared cement is closely packed and allowed to set. Then the "alligator" slides forward on a regular track and is ready for another section, like a big hollow bite.

The intake of the power-canal is just below the junction of Pinal Creek with the Salt River, at the mouth of a deep, narrow cañon. Here a diversion dam of concrete, six to eight feet high, is being built across the stream, with heavy concrete abutments in which great steel gates will control the inflow of water. From the right-



"ALLIGATOR" USED IN BUILDING RE ENFORCED CONCRETE PIPE.

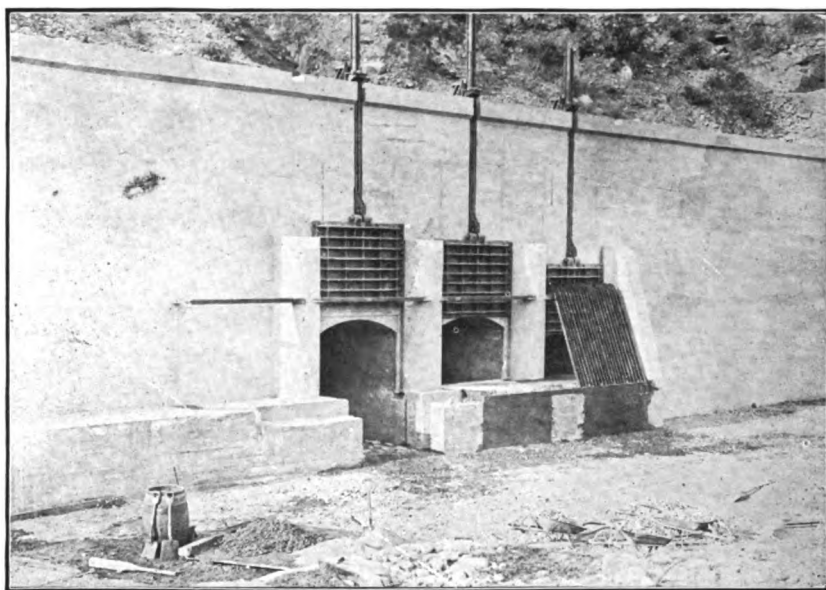


SIDE VIEW OF "ALLIGATOR."

hand, down-stream abutment, a long earthen dam, built over an adobe case, extends out to the hill a sufficient distance to turn any flood that may come.

Between the dam-site and the intake, the road winds along abrupt and rugged foothills and the narrow valley of the river—deep and dwarfed by the rough mountains on either side.

These mountains rise tier on tier, walled by sheer masses of deep brown sandstone, and topped and towered by tawny buttes wind-and sand-carved into grotesque shapes. The dark, distant sky-line is softened by the overlooking forest that covers the farther side, the cooler northern slope; great cañons divide the mountain-masses sharply, shadowed with ever-changing color as the sun moves from one sky-rim across to the other.



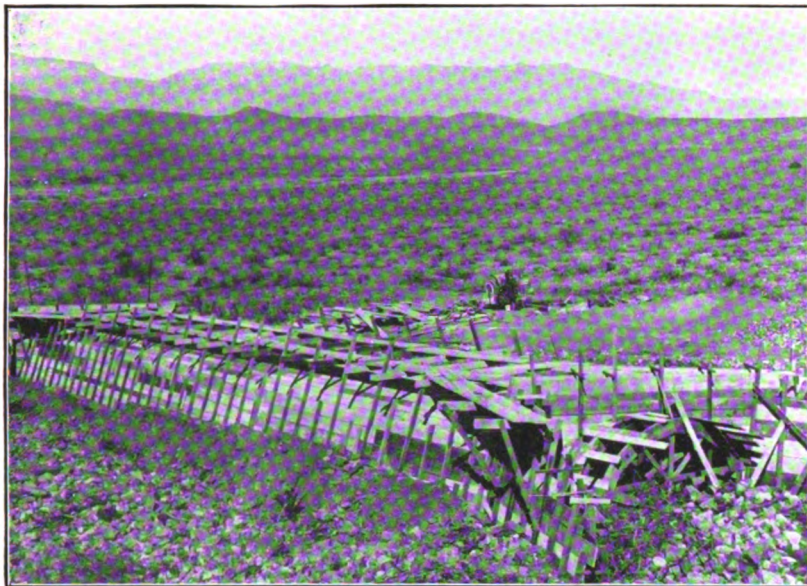
GATES AT INTAKE OF POWER CANAL.

Where the narrow river-channel widens a little, are flat, fertile bars, on which, before the dam lived only in the vision of the one man who knew the country best, pioneer farmers had established little homes and planted orchards and fields of alfalfa.

About half way below the intake, Pinto Creek leads in its wide, sand-washed channel through a magnificent mountain-gap, beyond which range after range lies blue and dim in the distance.

When the dam is finished, the farms will be under water, the deep, narrow cañons will be sheltered bays and inlets, and these rugged mountains will be the pleasure ground of the inland South-west.

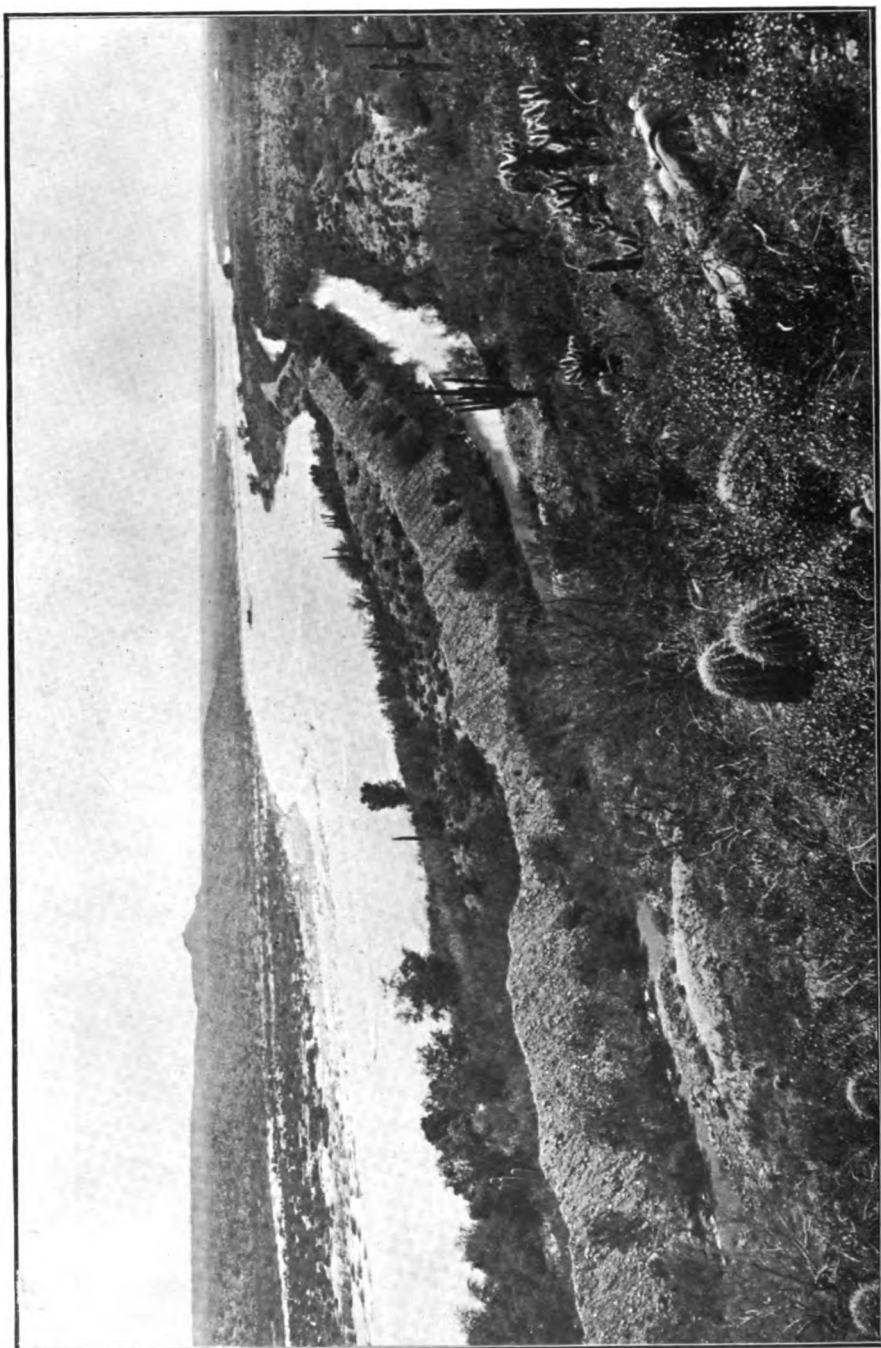
Game is perhaps as abundant in the forest-covered northern slopes



FORM FOR CONCRETE CULVERTS USED ON POWER CANAL AT TONTO.



CONCRETE PIPE CULVERT.

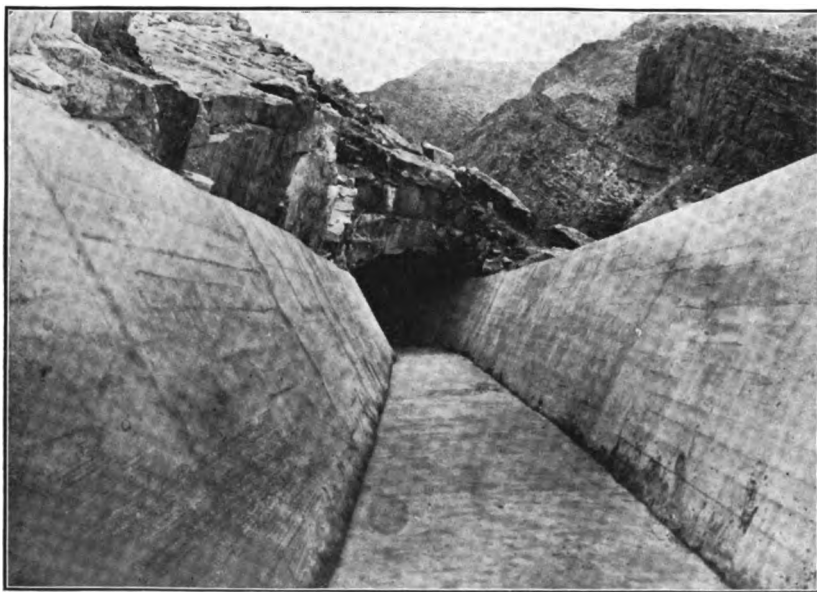


CANAL FOLLOWING RIVER.

as anywhere in Arizona; springs and small streams offer fine camping-places, and some of the deep cañons hide high waterfalls of rare beauty, and scenic wonders almost unknown to white men. The whole region is crossed and recrossed by old Indian trails now dim with disuse and known only to a few scouts and cattle-men, but destined to be rediscovered by the tourist and summer visitor.

The power-canal reaches the top of the dam through more than a mile of cement-lined aqueduct, as fine in its simple fitness to the need as some bit of old Roman work, and plunges to the bottom through 600 feet of tunnel cut in the solid rock of the cliff and lined with tubular steel casing set in cement, specially designed to resist the tremendous pressure of such a body of falling water.

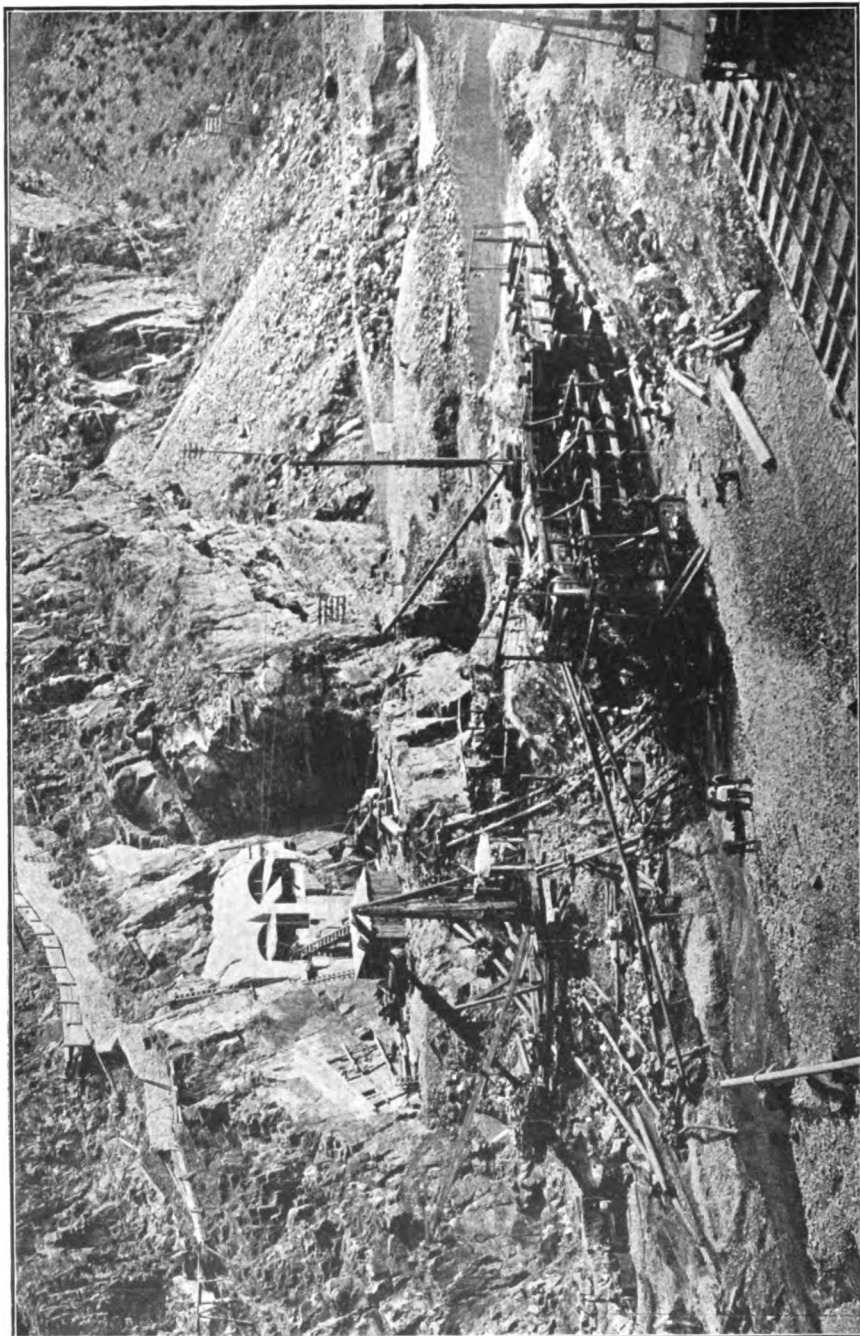
The power-machinery is housed in a cave hewn out of the cliff



A TUNNEL ON THE POWER CANAL.

at the tunnel's mouth, and here the water is controlled by a balanced cylinder-gate and valve invented by O. H. Ensign of Los Angeles, consulting electrical engineer of the Service, to meet the peculiar need. The steel casing of the power-tunnel was also Mr. Ensign's design and has served its purpose as admirably as does the big valve which moves so easily that one man can, with a few turns of the hand, lift the gate and release the whole flow of the tunnel; and in case of extreme flood, by which the spillways might be choked, it would serve as an additional safeguard to the power-plant.

The power-plant at present is about what is necessary for the construction of the dam and other work in progress. Power-develop-



HYDRAULIC LIFT CLEARING BED OF DAM AT TONTO, JULY 26, 1906.
Also shows cave in which power-plant is housed.

ment will form an important part of the later plans at Tonto, and the power will be transmitted to various points along the river and the valley below and used in pumping the underflow to lands not reached by the canal-system. In this way almost a quarter more land will ultimately come into cultivation, and a less expensive power will probably be available to some extent for other uses than pumping water.

The power-canal and the intake have been built under the direct supervision of the Reclamation Service engineers; the piles and lumber were cut by a government saw-mill brought in by way of Globe and set up in the Sierra Ancha mountains about thirty miles above the dam; the cement has all been made in the government



SLUICE GATES ON POWER CANAL.

plant, under the direction of E. A. Duryea, government cement-expert.

The building of the dam itself was awarded by contract to John A. O'Rourke & Co., of Galveston, Texas, builders of the great sea-wall. The cement, lumber, piling, gates and power are furnished by the government, and the work is under the supervision of the government engineers.

Since the beginning of construction, a succession of heavy floods at unexpected seasons have retarded its progress. All the machinery and what piling had been driven for the cofferdam were swept away in the great flood of November, 1905; much of it again in February, 1906; and the past summer has been one of violent floods in the Salt River water-shed.



GOVERNMENT LOGGING CAMP IN SIERRA ANCHA MOUNTAINS.

In spite of all, the work has gone forward steadily. An inner diverting-dam has been built of sheet piling driven deep into the stream-bed and re-enforced with a heavy wall of sand and gravel. The water finds its outlet through a tunnel in the solid cliff-walls at the east end of the dam, which will be one of the main outlets of the finished reservoir.

The river-channel outside the diverting-dam is being cleaned down to solid bed-rock by hydraulic "giants," the seamed and broken rock removed, and with fair immunity from floods the great blocks of masonry will begin to go into place before this article is in print.

In clearing away the face of the cliffs for the union of the dam with the cañon-walls and excavating for the spillways, which will be twenty feet deep on either side and large enough to carry the



AT THE GOVERNMENT SAW MILL IN THE SIERRA ANCHA MOUNTAINS.

greatest floods ever recorded on the river, the sandstone was found to be better than had been expected and exceptionally beautiful in its grain and markings. Much of it shows the rare cream-white moonstone markings on the deep red-brown back-ground and takes a high polish for stone of this character.

From every point along the work the wild and rugged beauty of the surrounding country is impressive.

Looking north, the stout, broad bulk of Dutch Woman's Peak faces the narrow gap soon to be blocked with raw, new-quarried stone. To the Tonto side a cañon cuts deep, setting off the butte so like a short Dutch housewife from the big, purplish range that

begins the western wall of the Tonto valley. It sweeps round in a great curve, with the dim, blue Mazatzal far at the head, like a sentinel keeping age-long guard over the headwaters of the Tonto.

East from the Dutch Woman, the Salt River comes down its massive cañon and the Sierra Ancha Mountains wall in the horizon—darker, deeper blue, with buttes and cliff-rimmed mesas at their feet toned to rich browns and dull but insistent red.

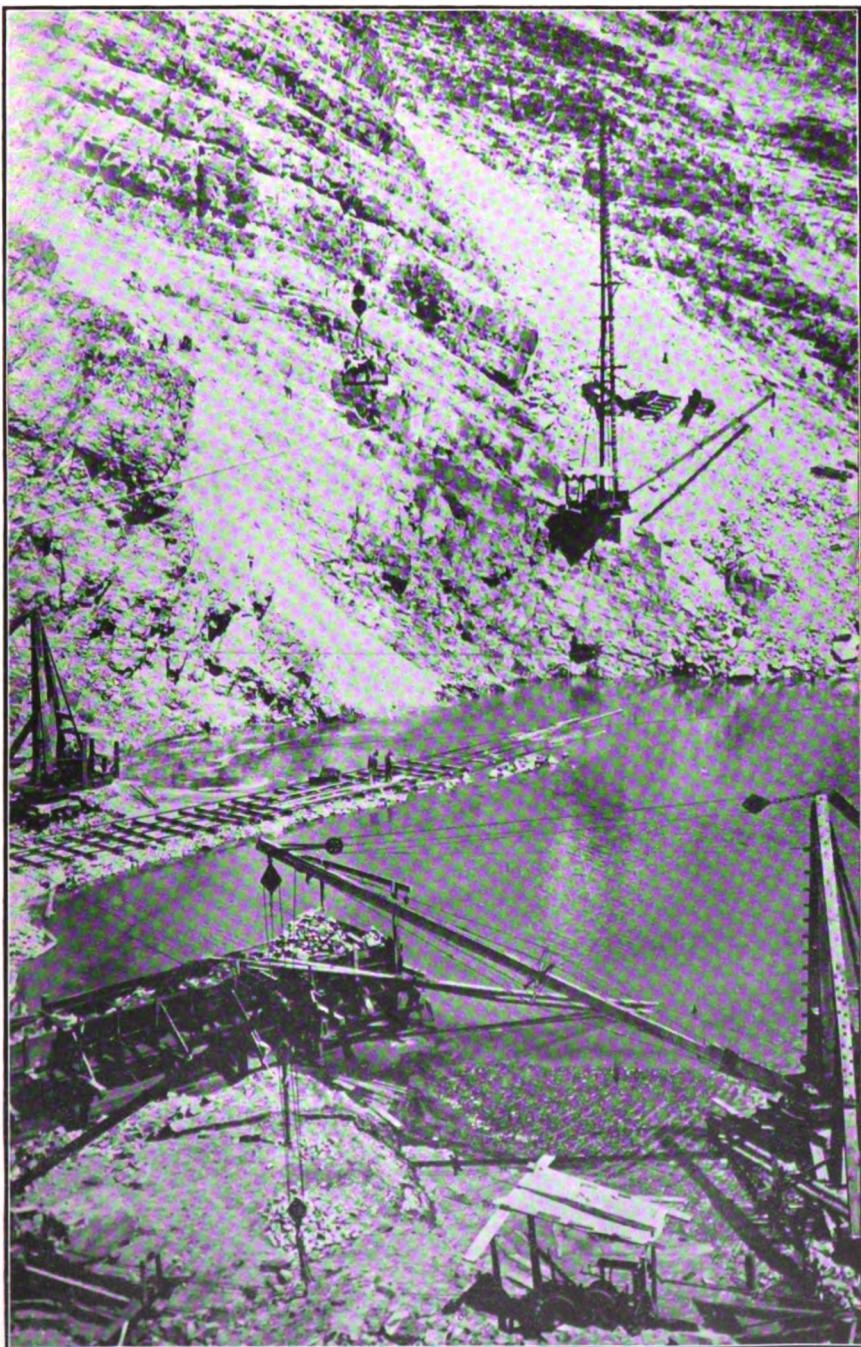
The nearest foothills will be islands with rolling, rounded backs rising out of the late-born lake, where nature seems to have planned from the beginning to make man her partner in creation. Over twenty-five miles long and from one to two miles wide the lake will lie along the hills like a silvery blue heron or a great gray eagle.



PORTAL TO TUNNEL ON DITCH.
There are about fifteen of these in all.

The big, brown mass of masonry curved upstream across the cañon-throat will hold back the largest body of water artificially impounded in the world—enough to cover 1,300,000 acres of land with water one foot deep. The gates, specially designed to restrain or let loose this water-giant, will, with their operating mechanism, weigh nearly 800,000 pounds and will be the largest ever constructed to operate under the great pressure of 100 pounds to the square inch. When the basin is filled to the limit of its capacity these gates can at need discharge 10,000 cubic feet of water a second—as much as the normal flow of the Colorado River.

For something more than thirty miles the water from the res-

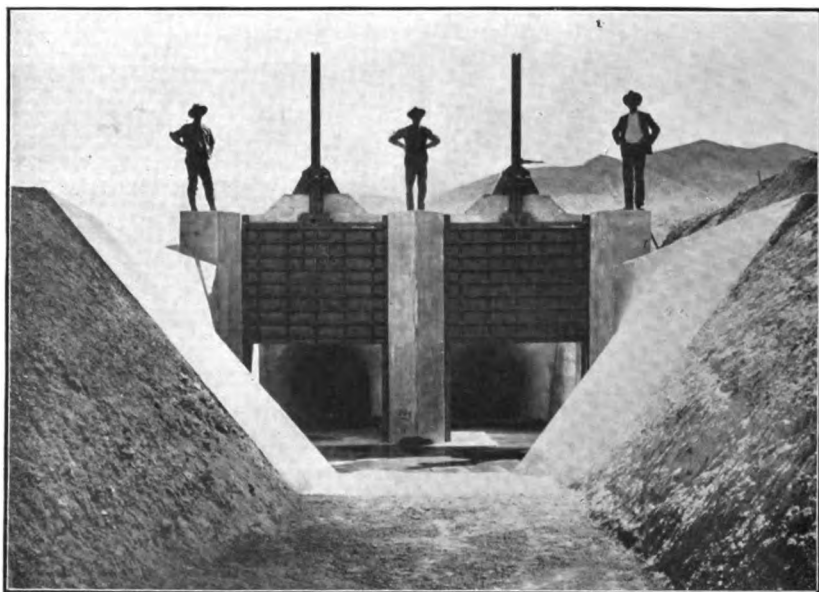


BOTTOM OF RIVER AT DAM SITE, JULY 26, 1906.
Water mostly diverted by temporary dam.

ervoir will follow the rock-walled box-cañon of the Salt River; then a diversion-dam, also of government construction, will turn it into the distributing canals and lead it to the farms of the Salt River valley.

This canal-system is made up of water-channels already constructed and in use, the control of which has been taken over by the government.

The whole distributing system has been carefully revised and arranged to the end that there shall be no waste of money or time in keeping up duplicate or unnecessary lines of canal and that the water shall be distributed most satisfactorily.

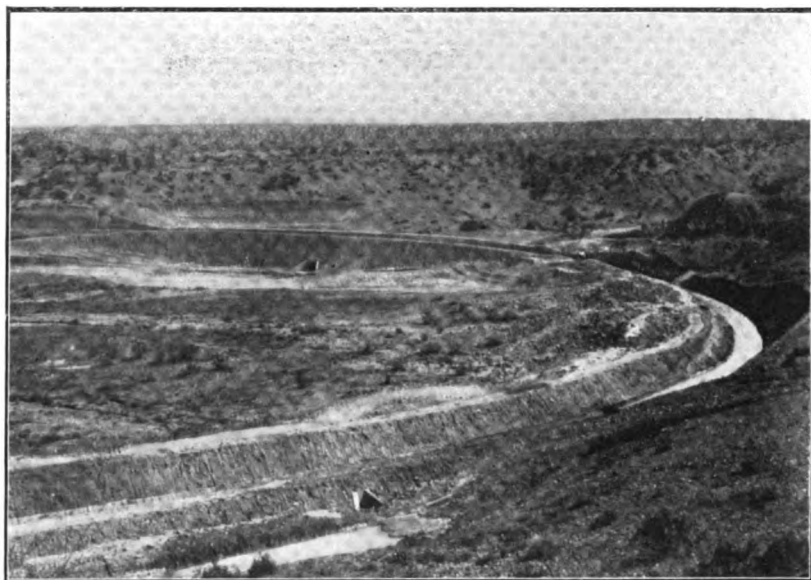


EXIT END OF COTTONWOOD PRESSURE PIPE.

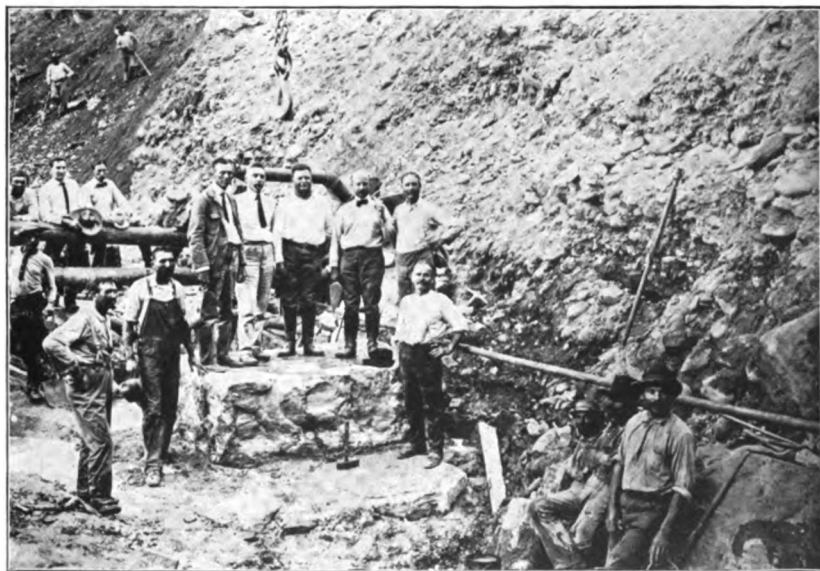
The drinking water for the campers brought from this place.

For ten years the canals, as well as the dam and power-development, will be in the hands of the Reclamation Service. At the end of that time the canals will become the property of the Water Users' Association of the Salt River Valley and be administered by it; but the great dam and reservoir will remain in government care and control.

The Tonto reservoir is designed to supplement the normal water-supply of the Salt River valley, by storing the surplus floods and holding them till time of need. With that deep lake in the heart of the mountains, filled and waiting, the farmers a hundred miles below can tide over with little harm such periods of drouth as have worked keen suffering and irreparable loss in the past.

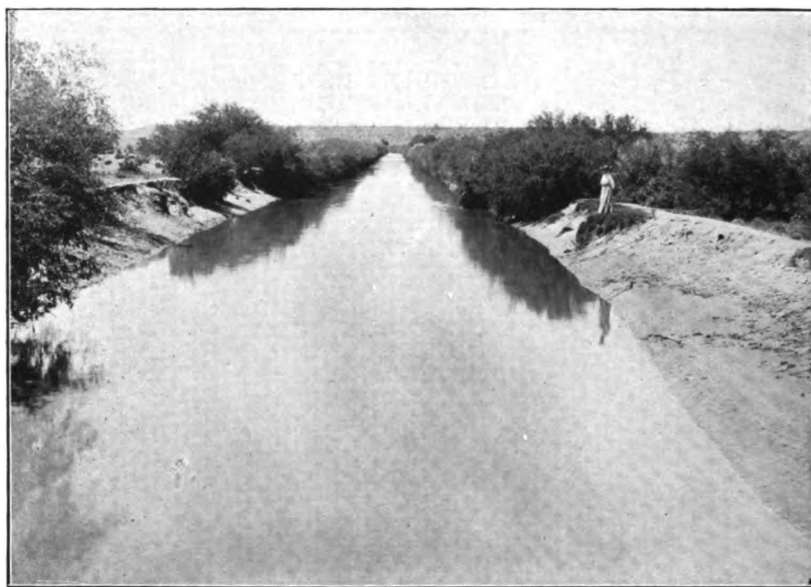


COMPLETED SECTION OF POWER CANAL.



FIRST STONE IN ROOSEVELT DAM SITE, SEPTEMBER 20, 1906.

On the stone from left to right, are C. M. Smith, Contracting Engineer; John M. O'Rourke and Geo. N. Steinmiz, the Contractors; Louise C. Hill, Supervising Engineer; John M. Urquhart, Chief Inspector.



CANAL NEAR PHOENIX.

One of the channels through which the stored waters will be distributed.

Very wisely, the amount of land which any one man can hold under government water-rights has been limited to 160 acres. The man who now owns more must subdivide it and sell the surplus before he will be entitled to a share of the stored water. The limit might have been made one-half or one-fourth as much with wisdom and justice. The Reclamation Service is building room for homes, not for speculative farming; and forty acres of land in this semi-tropic climate, with ample water, has been found sufficient for the comfortable support of an average family.

Such a community, made up of people who own their own holdings and live on them, is of infinitely more value to the nation than any area, however rich and productive, owned by a few persons and tilled by hired labor or rented to the men who cultivate it.

The best lesson of modern irrigation has been that small holdings and many homes is the wisest policy for individual and government, and the plans of the United States Reclamation Service are such a furtherance of wholesale home-making as no country has seen before.

Prescott, Arizona.

MUSIC STILLED

A Museum group, in life surroundings. "The pair that built the nest."

By MARIAN WARNER WILDMAN.

WINDS and suns of April! Oh, the lilt of Spring!
Scent of earth new-furrowed! Branches burgeoning!

White and blue the skyland! Gold and green the earth!
Orchard boughs between them rosy with new birth!

Mate and nest and singing! Robin, was it sweet?
Lacked there aught that, lacking, made it incomplete?

Ah, the pity of it! Ended in a breath!
Music stilled forever at the touch of death!

With your mate beside you, by your upland nest,
Fallen, limp and lifeless, just when life was best;

And the eggs she'd mothered, body to the storm,
Never now to quicken 'neath her brooding warm;

May to come, and bring not yawning beaks to fill,
Duty sweet, absorbing, April songs to still;

June to come, and teach not shy hearts to be brave,
Serpent-keen in watching, lion-bold to save;

Heat of Summer noondays; chill of coming Fall—
Cruel, Robin Redbreast? Was it, after all?

Skies turn gray with raining; Winter winds are bleak,
And the lands of Summer—they are far to seek!

Sometimes birds are widowed; often hawks are nigh;
Soon, on all sweet singers, dawns a day to die.

Cruel, was it, Robin, when all best was true;
Never Spring so gladsome, never eggs so blue,

Never mate so lovely, never song so gay;
Thus—to catch your moment ere it passed away?

Thus to catch and seal it, safe from pain and fear,
With your April morning lasting, year to year;

With the rapture silenced in your swelling throat
At the perfect climax of the sweetest note?

Lilt of golden April! Dirge of sombre Fall!
Cruel, Robin Redbreast? Was it, after all?

Norwalk, O.

THE LAND OF SHALAM

By GEORGE BAKER ANDERSON.



UPON the east bank of the Rio Grande, in the southern part of the Territory of New Mexico, about fifty miles up the river from the city of El Paso, are the remnants of one of the most remarkable colonial undertakings which ever obtained a foothold upon American soil—even the most noteworthy, from some viewpoints, among all the communistic institutions established during the modern history of nations. This unique estate was known as the "Land of Shalam," its founders were members of a sect calling themselves "Faithists," and their church was called the "Church of the Tae." The history of this Utopian venture contains features which appear to be at least co-existent with, if not quite beyond, the limits of human credulity.

Less than a quarter of a century has elapsed since the inception of the project. Some time about the year 1883 Dr. John B. Newbrough, of Boston, a man who had achieved some fame in spiritualist circles, visited New Mexico, evidently having already mapped out more or less definite plans for the foundation of the colony. After looking over several prospective locations in the territory, he decided upon the section referred to—locally known as the Mesilla Valley—as the best adapted to his project. At a figure which would be regarded as preposterously low at the present time, he either purchased or secured options upon an extremely fertile, low-lying tract of land, nearly nine hundred acres in extent, located near the site of the little town of Doña Ana.

Returning to Boston, he persuaded Andrew M. Howland, a wealthy coffee importer of that city, who, partly through Newbrough's influence, had become profoundly interested in occult science, to enter with him into the foundation of a colony whose fundamental law should be brotherly love and good fellowship of a degree hitherto unknown in Christendom.

Newbrough was a remarkable man in more ways than one. Six feet and four inches in height, weighing two hundred and seventy-five pounds, perfectly proportioned, extremely handsome, highly educated, dignified, cultured, refined and thoroughly *distingué* in appearance from crown to heel, he wielded a powerful influence over the majority of persons with whom he came in intimate contact.

It would seem that in the case of Howland he exercised some hypnotic control. At any rate, so strong did he find his influence over the rich merchant to be that he felt convinced that the mind and will of the latter could be made subservient to his own to a degree sufficient to enable him successfully to consummate his plans for a colony in the New Mexican desert, where his own personality

would dominate all; where his wishes, insidiously injected into the body politic, would ultimately become law; where he would be Lord and King. In short, Newbrough was of that type of man commonly regarded in these days as a mountebank.

A clearer conception of the brilliant schemes which were being evolved in the fertile brain of this man of expedients may be gleaned by a study of a noteworthy literary production, the authorship of which he modestly acknowledged, though its source he admitted to have been "inspired." This work, which I have examined, is one of the most novel literary creations of the age. It is called by the "instrument" through which it was written:

"OAH SPE: A New Bible in the words of Jehovih and His Angel Embassadors. A Sacred History of the Dominions of the higher and lower heavens on the earth for the past twenty-four thousand years, together with a synopsis of the cosmogony of the universe; the creation of the planets; the creation of man; the unseen worlds; the labor and glory of gods and goddesses in the ethereal heavens. With revelations from the second resurrection formed in words in the thirty-third year of the Kosmon Era." In the preface to the book it is said of it that "it blows nobody's horn; it makes no leader."

The inspired author of this new revelation evidently was familiar with most of the writings of his earlier predecessors. Having seen innumerable sects spring up as the result of a "misconstruction, or rather of a diversified construction," of the earlier gospels, he assures the world that the Oahspe presents the only "method of proving that information to be true." This new gospel furnishes what its author claims to have considered a plain and unvarnished story of the origin of the Christian Bible. This narrative, in epitome, is as follows:

"Once upon a time" (as fairy tales usually begin) the world was ruled by a triune composed of Brahma, Buddha and one Looeamong. The devil, entering into the presence of Looeamong, tempted him by showing him what the great power of Brahma and Buddha might accomplish if combined against him, and induced him to set up a separate kingdom, assuming the new name of Kriste. It came to pass that the followers of Kriste soon became known as Kristeyans.

Looeamong, now Kriste, through the commander of his forces, General Gabriel, captured the opposing gods, together with their entire combined commands, numbering seven million six hundred thousand angels, and cast them into hell, which already held more than ten million souls who dwelt in chaos and madness. Kriste afterward assembled a number of his most enlightened subjects for the purpose of preparing and adopting a Code. At this meeting,

according to the Oahspe, there were produced two thousand two hundred and thirty-one "books and legendary tales of gods and saviors and great men." Upon the termination of this great council, which extended over a period of four years and seven months, there had been selected and combined much that was good, "worded so as to be well remembered of mortals."

This council, having adopted a Code (the Bible), then proceeded to ballot for a god. Thirty-seven candidates for the office entered the field, or were put forward by their champions, including Vulcan, Jupiter, Minerva, Croesus, Apollo, Fragapatti, Baal, Taurus, Juno and other well-known "gods and goddesses of mythology." On the first ballot Kriste stood twenty-second in the line of preference. The balloting continued one year and five months, at the expiration of which time the vote was equally divided among five gods—Kriste, Jove, Mars, Crite and Siva. For seven weeks thereafter each succeeding ballot exhibited the same result. At this point in the deadlock Hatuas, who was the chief spokesman for Kriste, or leader of the Kristeyan delegation, proposed to leave the matter of selection to the angels, a plan which was readily accepted by the worn-out convention. Kriste, who, under his former name of Looeamong, still retained command of the angelic army (for he had prudently declined to resign one position until he had been elected to the other), together with his hosts, gave a sign in fire of a cross smeared with blood; whereupon "he was declared elected," and on motion his election was made unanimous.

Following this endeavor to demonstrate that Christianity had its origin in fraud akin to that frequently perpetrated in political undertakings of modern days, the Oahspe proceeds to uncover the beauties and simplicity of the new faith. It describes the birth of Confucius and the rise of Confucianism, the foundation of Mohammedanism, the discovery of America by Columbus, and finally brings us down to the discovery of the Land of Shalam and the designs of an omniscient power looking toward the settlement of the same.

The description of the location of the Land of Shalam is noteworthy. "Next south," says the Oahspe, "lay the kingdom of Himalawowoaganapapa, rich in legends of the people who lived here before the flood; a kingdom of seventy cities and six great canals, coursing east and west, and north and south, from the Ghiee mountains in the east to the West mountain, the Yublahahoolaesavaganawakka, the place of the king of bears, the EEughehabakax. And to the south, to the middle ginkdom, on the deserts of Geobiathhaganeganewohwoh, where the rivers empty not into the sea, but sink into the sand, the Sonogallakaxkax, creating prickly Thuazhoogallakhoomma, shaped like a pear. * * * In the high north

lay the kingdom of Olegalla, the land of giants, the place of yellow rocks and high spouting waters. Olegalla it was who gave away his kingdom, the great city of Powafuchswowitchhahavagganeabba, with the four and twenty tributary cities spread along the valley of Anemoosagoochakakfuella, with the yellow hair, long hanging down."

Many other lands and cities are described, and the author of the Oahspe finally leads his "deciples" to a high point of land and shows them a vast system of irrigation. After describing the main irrigation ditch, he continues:

"There were seven other great canals, named after the kings who built them, and they extended across the plains in many directions, but chiefly east and west," forming a great network throughout the valley of the Rio Grande. "Betwixt the great kings and their great capitals were a thousand canals, crossing the country in every way, so that the seas of the north were connected with the seas of the south. In Kanoos the people traveled, and carried the productions of the land in every way."

Howland, though for years a careful business man, worth between a quarter and half a million of dollars, had become so thoroughly engrossed in the study of spiritual problems that he probably was incapable of clear-cut reasoning. There is little doubt that his intellectual powers had become debilitated sufficiently to render him a comparatively easy victim to the wiles of a masterful and crafty personality like that of Newbrough. Though apparently remaining in full possession of his mental faculties when considering the ordinary affairs of life, let religious subjects be introduced to him and the true state of his mind became instantly apparent. His sincerity of purpose was absolute—there is no doubt of that; so, also appeared his confidence in Newbrough.

Upon his return to Boston after his tour of investigation in the Rio Grande valley, Newbrough divulged to Howland an outline of his project for the redemption of some portion of the wicked world through the foundation of this colony. Describing to him the revelation which he alleged he had received from the supreme power and intelligence, communicated either directly or through the medium of some of His invisible and intangible emissaries, relative to a land he should people and a new nation he should establish, Newbrough said that he accepted these divine disclosures in the nature of a command. The Lord knew, he continued, that the man He had selected for this monumental undertaking was handicapped by reason of lack of worldly funds, and had told him that Howland was to become the instrument through which the money necessary to the fulfillment of the mandate from on high was to be provided.

The divine plan, roughly outlined, included the purchase of a tract

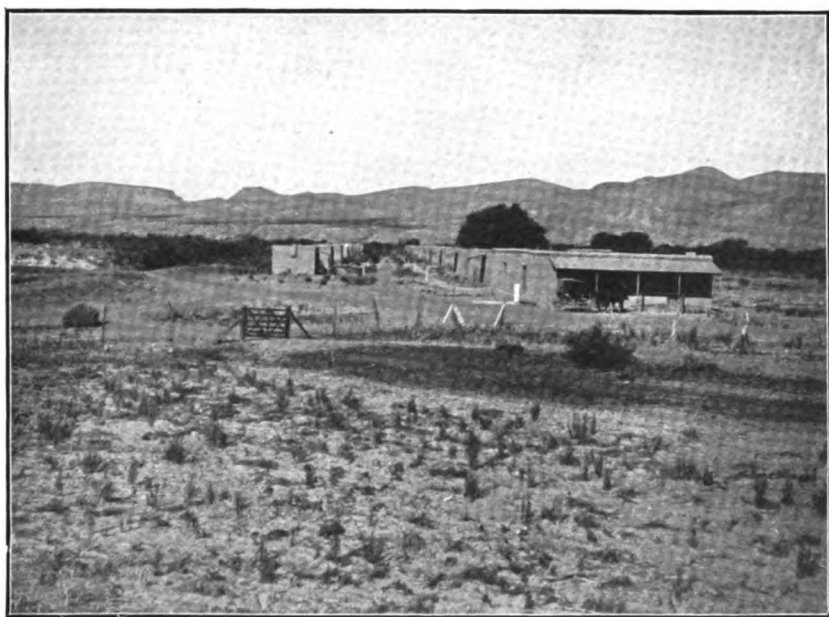
of land "somewhere out west," free from the trammels of modern so-called civilization and false religious ideals, and the establishment of a city which should be the centre of a commonwealth in which all were to be equal, as God intended men to be. One of the great features of the plan—and this appears to have appealed irresistibly to the kind heart and humanitarian instincts of Howland—was to be a home for infants and young children, where the young life could be perfectly nurtured, free from the contaminating influences of the outer world. Finally, the Oahspe was to be the spiritual and moral guide of the community. Some, or all, of these parts of the great plan were the instruments through which Howland was ultimately induced to embark upon the glittering project—not suspecting that the entire scheme might have had its source solely in the brilliant mind of his trusted friend and spiritual adviser.

Though Newbrough had fully determined that the land in the Mesilla Valley which he had secured should be the nucleus of the proposed colonial venture, he was cautious enough not to disclose this fact to Howland, though there is little doubt that he could have persuaded the latter to enter upon the undertaking, even after having become aware of this purchase, or option. His design appears to have been to create a more profound impression by proving to Howland that supernatural forces were at work endeavoring to indicate to this master spirit, without spoken or written instructions, just where this modern paradise, so long neglected and undeveloped, lay.

To this end Newbrough, chiefly by innuendo, appears to have convinced Howland that he had held communion with the angels, and that through them he had received advice, amounting almost to a definite command, to travel toward the setting sun until the promised land should appear; and that when the locality was reached he would "feel it in his bones"—if we may be permitted to reduce his mystic words to more easily comprehended English.

Having had held out to him the strong inducement that he should become a sort of patron saint of the new sect, Howland, after converting all his worldly possessions into a form more easy of manipulation, started for "the West," apparently with no definite goal in view, in company with his magniloquent and more sophisticated preceptor. Hour by hour during the latter stages of the journey Newbrough experienced increasing "irresistible inclinations" to travel toward the southwest until the central portion of the Territory of New Mexico was reached. By this time his movements somewhat resembled those incident to the time-honored game of "hide the thimble," on a magnified scale. As they neared the boundaries of Himalawowoaganapapa he "grew warmer." At Socorro he became

"very warm." At Las Cruces, the county seat of Doña Ana county, in which his selection of land was located, things became "hot," and he informed his companion that they must there alight from the train, for he knew by the tremendous influence being brought to bear upon him, as evidenced by his peculiar mental sensations, that the chosen site was near at hand. It is generally believed throughout the valley that he even went so far as to assure Howland that he could reach the spot if blindfolded. Whether he had previously connived to that end with some person in Las Cruces or not never will be known; but it is said there that he actually allowed himself to be blindfolded and, with Howland, driven through the country,

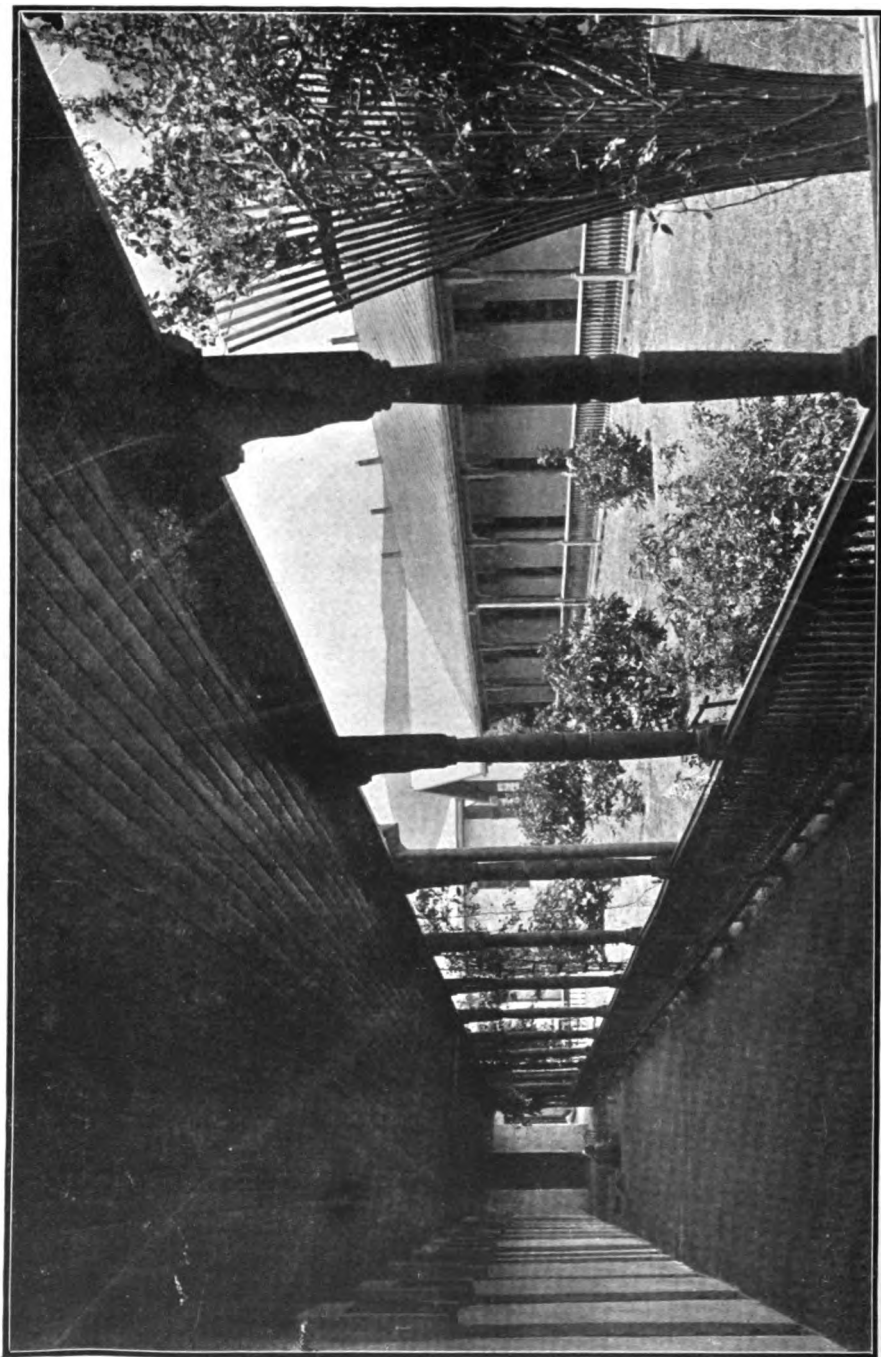


"LEVITICA"—THE TOWN OF THE SHALAMITES.

apparently at random, until the party arrived at the point selected by Newbrough, when he requested that the bandages be removed from his eyes.

Thus was the Land of Shalam, the home of the Faithists, the site of the First Church of the Tae, discovered even as the Lord had unfolded to Moses the land appointed to be the home of the Children of Israel.

It was not long after their arrival in the Rio Grande valley that the more minute details of the plan for the colony were decided upon. It was agreed that the title to all land should be vested in Howland, in trust. The articles of faith and governance set forth that the community was to be conducted on principles of brotherly (and



COURT OF THE "FRATERNUM."

sisterly) love, of a somewhat free and easy character, without master or leader to exercise control over the members; that all were to enjoy equally a permanent place in the community, with no authority on the part of any member or members which tended toward the exclusion of another; and that the community was laid on principles of sound morality and purity of life. Subsequent events seem to furnish a reasonable degree of evidence that what constituted "principles of sound morality and purity of life" was left largely to the judgment of those who agreed among themselves that they were "subject to no authority."

Among the numerous conditions attached to the trust which checked the title of individual members, one was to the effect that



FRONT VIEW OF THE "FRATERNUM."

"no meat, nor fish, nor butter, nor eggs, nor cheese, nor any animal food, save honey, shall ever be used upon any part of the premises, except that milk may be given to children under five years old." When this provision was violated by any member of the community holding one of these conditional titles, the trustees reconveyed the property to Howland. The corporate name of the religious society was "First Church of the Tae," and articles of incorporation were filed with the Secretary of the Territory December 30, 1885.

In connection with the community there was also organized the "Faithist Country Store," a co-operative concern which, by the way, was a model institution, with its various departments separated by plate-glass partitions. The orphans' or infants' home was a department of the colony which really fulfilled the highest ideals. In neat,

comfortable and thoroughly sanitary quarters, accommodations for a score or more of children of tender years were provided, utterly regardless of expense. Porcelain bath-tubs—a separate tub for each child—were placed in position, and every possible precaution to secure healthful, temperate treatment of the young was adopted. Children of all races, colors and degrees of birth—white, black, Indian and Mexican—were actually received into this department of the colony, Newbrough even making a trip to California and returning with about a dozen of them—principally foundlings, it is believed. These wore a uniform dress, a sack-like garment containing holes allowing the free use of the arms, but with no sleeves. This department of the community threatened its solvency at one time. Contracts were made with those supplying the inmates of the infants' home to the effect that upon attaining maturity each child should receive his proportionate share of the common property. Upon the expiration of a few years most of these children were shipped away to various outside points, being practically denied the promised participation in the worldly goods owned by the institution. Nevertheless, from those who have made the Land of Shalam the subject of jest, this feature alone has always called for and received unstinted commendation.

Elaborate plans for the cultivation of the land, the area of which had been increased from time to time, were also made. A costly pumping station for supplying water for irrigating purposes was erected, enabling the colonists to remain independent of the coy and uncertain waterflow of the Rio Grande, a thing which has been a source of everlasting annoyance to the agriculturists of the valley. The plans for the *material* success of the enterprise seem, therefore, to have been complete, and, it must be admitted, generally of a practical character.

It will thus be seen that this society was communistic in theory, agrarian in habits, humanitarian in ideals, and vegetarian in diet. Newbrough, its chief promoter, died in 1891 in Las Cruces. Despite the provisions in the articles of governance looking toward perfect equality among the participants in this unique project, he was for a long period the undoubted head, the genius, the dictator, the Nabob of the Land of Shalam, exercising his control so diplomatically that for some time no voice of dissent was heard. But gradually his sway gave way, in a measure, to that of another spirit in the enterprise.

It is the old story of the dominating influence of the daughters of Eve. This particular figure in the comedy-drama of the Shalamites was a woman of rare intelligence, a natural leader, who proved herself capable of out-generalizing Newbrough himself. When she

entered the colony she was, according to common report, the wife, or divorced wife, of a man named Sweet, who had affected the apostleship of some esoteric Oriental creed. She evidently took the measure of Newbrough and found him less powerful than he imagined himself to be. For she took him unto herself as husband, thereafter gradually assuming control of matters in the colony, little by little, until, upon its disruption, she was generally regarded as the power behind the throne, if not the occupant of the throne herself. After Newbrough's departure upon the "long journey," and the end of his brilliant scheme, she became the wife of Howland, who retained possession of all that was left on earth of this magnificent wreck.

That Newbrough aimed at ultimately securing the larger portion of Howland's fortune—or at least reaping the greatest possible pecuniary benefits from its employment in this manner—is a theory substantiated to a great degree by the results attained before his death and the disruption of the colony. Those whom he and Howland collected about them were, for the most part, religious fanatics, adventurers or those afflicted with something strikingly akin to imbecility; and these for a long time evidently did not comprehend the dimensions of the impositions practiced upon them. Among them, however, were a few men and women of strong character and no mean intellectual powers, including Dr. Tanner, the man who became notorious through his forty days' fast. Dr. Bowman, who afterward became a man of considerable wealth in California, was also identified with the project for some time after its inception. But these were men of perspicuity and retired from further participation in the fiasco just before its foundations began to crumble.

Finally, in the years 1900 and 1901, the awakening came, the scales dropped from the eyes of the misled disciples of the author of the Oahspe, and certain Faithists who felt that their patience, confidence and credulity had been sorely tried and imposed upon, began instituting proceedings in the courts of New Mexico for the recovery of the moneys which they had been induced to contribute to the common fund of the Shalamites. The courts decided that these persons had become parties to the scheme with their eyes wide open as to the peculiar character of the title to lands offered them, which was practically no title at all, and threw their cases to the four winds. After these dissensions had been freely aired before the hitherto but partially initiated public, the Land of Shalam rapidly lost prestige and declined, finally becoming naught but a memory, the butt of jest and ridicule, with the one exception noted.

The land selected as the site of this unique commune is as easily irrigable and fertile as any in the entire Southwest, so famous for

its rich farming lands. Even without the mechanical appliances with which its founders generously equipped it, upon the completion of the great Elephant Butte irrigation project which the federal government now has on hand, and for which an appropriation of over seven millions of dollars has been made, it and more than one hundred thousand acres of contiguous land will become and forever remain immensely valuable, the desert "blossoming like the rose," fulfilling the prophecy of the inspired author of the Oahspe.

Andrew M. Howland, the chief sufferer through the duplicity of Newbrough, and his wife still reside upon the property which was the scene of this unparalleled enterprise. All that remains of the fortune which he was persuaded to invest therein is the land itself and a few adobe buildings. He has become widely known throughout the Mesilla Valley as a man of many eccentricities. At home he is invariably to be found attired, winter and summer, in a thin suit of white pajamas, hatless and sockless—the uniform dress of the Shalamites when they were not in an utterly nude condition, enjoying in common a sun bath in one of the corrals of the institution. In spite of the marked peculiarities of his personality, he and his wife are famed for their kindness of heart, their generosity and their hospitality; and in referring to them those familiar with the true history of the wretched fiasco of the Land of Shalam think twice before they give expression to aught but sentiments of pity.

Los Angeles.

MY TRAIL

By NANCY K. FOSTER.

YOUR trail may carry you far away,
To the line of the snowy peak;
You may follow the wake of the fir-tree's song
But farther, oh farther I seek.

You may wander the forests primeval,
Lured by the eagle's call,
Or wait for the desert's wooing—
My trail out-reaches them all.

I doubt if you find it by searching,
However so far you climb;
The inn at the end is a constant heart,
The path is a man's life-time.

San Bernardino Mountains.

AN ARCHÆOLOGICAL WEDDING JOURNEY

By THERESA RUSSELL

CHAPTER XI.

THE DESERT AT NIGHT

"The Angels of Wind and of Fire
Chant only one hymn, and expire."



WHEN we left the Post that morning we were accompanied by the Trader; or, rather, he and the Anthropologist rode on ahead, leaving "me an' the Mexican" to follow in the wagon. About noon we met a Navajo driving along with a load of melons. We would have passed by as do Ships in the Night, but that we were held up by our highwayman, who impressively called a halt and delivered over a goodly quantity of his rolling stock—at least it seemed disposed to roll when you tried to pick it up—into our wagon. We were at a loss to know whether this was in the nature of a forced sale or a "free gift," but, when all was done, Uncle Remus condescended to explain: "Melicano, up the *camino*, he buy 'um plenty. You savey?"

Presently we caught up with the "Melicanos," who had selected a good camping-ground, and were eating their own melons while they waited.

"Reckon we'd better put this here cumbersome chap in cold storage, that-a-way," suggested the Store-man.

Now there was no refrigerator visible, and no ice-man in sight; but many a Superfluity of life gets itself labeled as a Necessity. The essentials in this case were merely a piece of wet gunnysack to wrap the big, smooth melon in, and a shady, breezy place under the wagon where it might hang until called for. And wasn't it chilly, and red, and sweet!

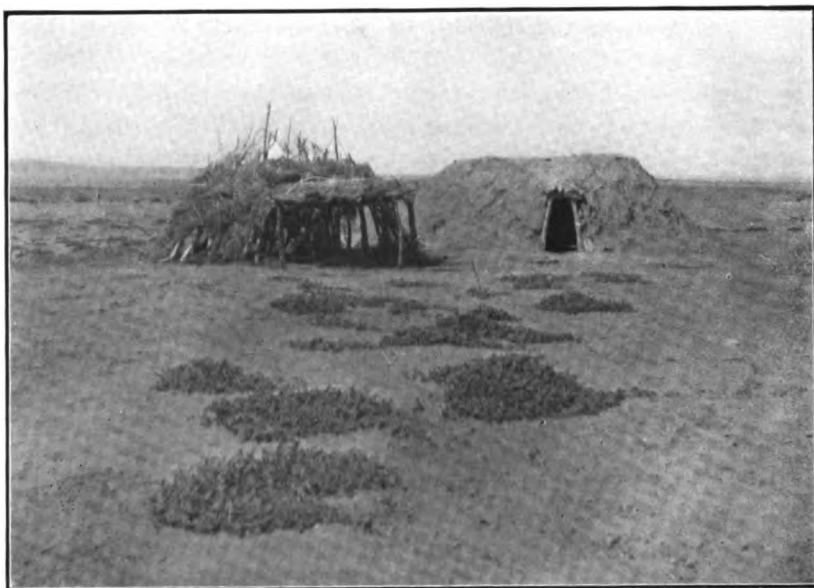
The feasting over, the column continued to advance in the same order until late in the afternoon. Then the second division met half of the first, homeward bound.

"You-all will meet up with you' man jes' a little ways on," he informed us, "right near the Crossing."

Now, I did not know The Crossing from Adam; but I had had some experience with "little ways" in the Territory, and consequently took no note of the fact that we were really going a good long ways without meeting up with anybody. But when I awoke to the realization that the shadows were long, the remaining shrift of daylight short, and no Anthropologist in sight, I began to sit up and pay attention.

Nothing in sight. Only spaces and spaces in every direction; miles and miles stretching on ahead—endless, empty miles. Even the one hogan in sight was an abandoned desolation. With terror clutching at my heart, I sprang out and hurried on up the road. It was projecting myself into a dead world—a more fearful thing than the world of the dead.

"Even Marley's Ghost would look good to old Scrooge, if he were here," I thought, strangling a sob with the foolish fancy. Around me spread an infinite Sea of Silence, a Dead Sea, undisturbed by a ripple, bereft of sound, deserted by motion, abandoned now even by light, for the last ghastly rays were smothering under a pall of darkness.



"THE ONE HOGAN WAS ABANDONED."

With them my hope flickered out, and I turned back to the wagon, intending to tell Erminio we would have to stop and spend the night right there. But I found the team turned around and ready to start back. For explanation the Mexican pointed to a banner of light flaring up into the blackness.

"El Señor!" he exclaimed. "He make 'em big camp fire."

It was a big fire truly, and a thrice welcome sight, but it looked very far away.

Afterwards we learned that it was about five miles. Our Man had been waiting for us some distance from the main road, supposing, of course, the driver would know where to turn off. (Our guide, in his directions, had omitted to mention a little thing like that.) He

had seen us pass by, keeping idiotically on where we should have branched off, but was too far away to be seen or heard by us, though he made strenuous signals. The Trader had taken his pony home, you see, so he was alone and on foot.

But all this exposition was to come later. Now it was ours not to reason why, but to get there. In my impatience I could not endure the wagon and continued to forge on alone, not minding the ghoulish way now there was a goal ahead. But, the next thing I knew, the goal had vanished; my beacon light had sunk down and died away. I stopped and listened. Even the reassuring rumble of the wheels had ceased. Darkness and silence ahead. Darkness and silence behind. I was alone. It is not often in our intricate, intimate human lives that we are privileged to be absolutely and utterly alone. When we are, we do not seem greatly to appreciate the privilege. To be alone is bad, but to be alone and quiet is intolerable. I started on again. Then, after an aeon or two of aimless, distracted, desperate stumbling along, I suddenly ran right into a pair of Anthropological arms. And out of the "deep and dark abysmal night" I heard a Voice.

"Why, you poor child," said the Voice, "whatever are you promenading around here for? This isn't Commonwealth Avenue. And no wrap over that thin waist!"

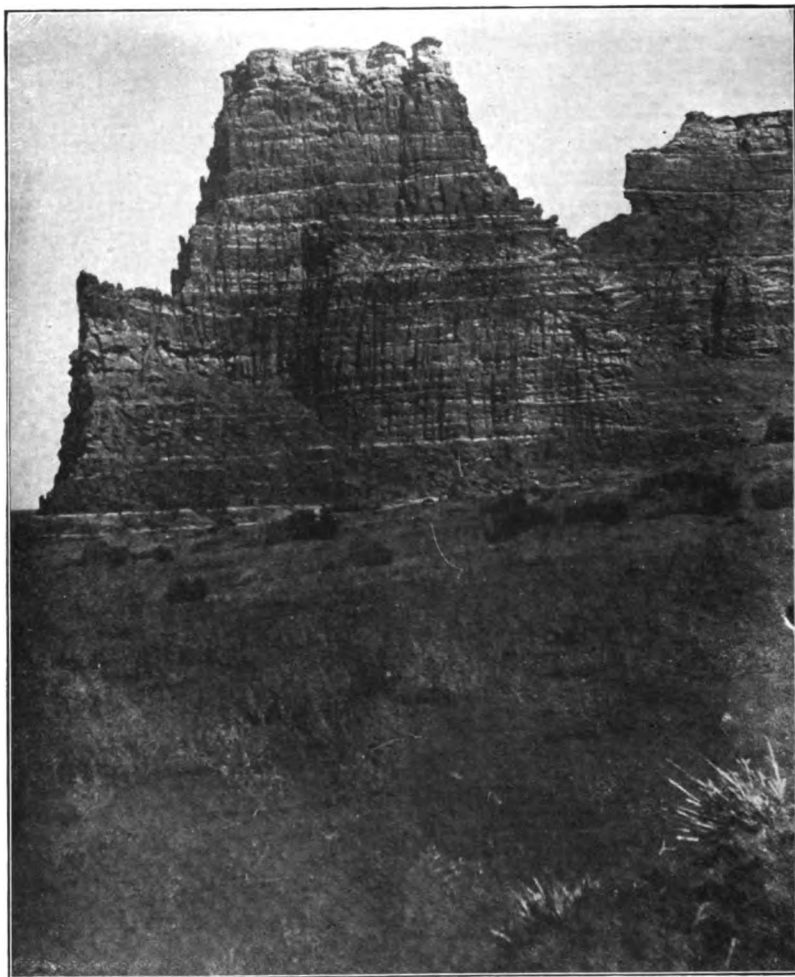
"Oh—oh—nothing!" I gasped, unable to think of anything but the breathless little speech of Sarah Maud Ruggles when she arrived bareheaded at the Christmas party. "It's—such a pleasant hat—I thought I'd leave my—short walk home!"

But the next time we were not let off so easily.

The Expedition had now reached the turning point in its career and was headed for home. The road back to Burro Spring, if one followed its safe and orthodox leading, would take one approximately around three sides of a square and cover a distance of some sixty miles. But if one would venture to take a straight line across only one-third of those miles would be one's portion. One would try it.

But here looms up another circumstance. If it were not for Circumstances, how easy would existence be. "Weary, flat and stale also?" Well, maybe so, and unprofitable into the bargain. So we might as well put up with them. With this one we thought we might make shift to get along by a temporary division of our party.

"If we make this short-cut," said the Man of Science, "we'll miss that place seven miles south of here that I want to see. But it's too much out of the way to take the team. You just go on with the wagon, follow the Nebito Wash straight east toward the Red Mesa, and I'll cut across and meet you, about the time that the cows come home."



"BANDED WITH MANY STRATA."

"Think you can do the base and the hypotenuse on foot while we do the side by wagon, do you?"

"Ought to. There's two of you for your one side and one of me for my two sides, and that makes a good average."

"It will not be necessary in this case, I think."

But it was nearly dusk again when Erminio and I ceased from going along. This time we were late because we had found no water. I had been walking for miles along the banks of the dry ravine, looking for a pool, if perchance I might discover one, and was at last rewarded, just before it would have been too dark to see it if it had been Lake Superior.

"Oh, Erminio," I cried out gleefully, "Agua!!"

"No," he replied, in tones of profound disbelief (the less we know

about a thing, the more profound we must be about it), "no agua, no nada, aqui!"

"But come and see," I insisted.

He came and saw. His first chiding exclamation "Piedras!!" changed to the dawning conviction of "Quien sabe?" as he ran down the bank of the arroyo. Then I heard, "Oh, mucho agua!" in accents of joyful surprise. This heartened him up wonderfully, for with "agua" the "caballos no vamose" in the night.

But we might have spared ourselves the worry about water, and saved up the rejoicing over its discovery for some more needful occasion; for we were destined soon to have abundant showers of blessing—in which, for once, we did not feel blest.

Already the thunder was muttering and clouds lowering. Supper was scarcely ready when the storm was upon us. Not that it hurt us any. Erminio made the wagon-cover tight and snug, brought our somewhat water-logged tortillas and steaming pot of tea inside, and by the light of our little candle we swallowed what we could and smiled grimly at each other over our plight.

But the plight of the absent member of the party was no smiling matter, though it was grim enough. He had, I remembered, not even the protection of his coat, and the trail over which he must now be coming was of the most unaccommodating sort—not a tree, not a cliff, not even a boulder, for shelter. And in this darkness he could not find us even if we were near.

"We must build a fire, Erminio," I said, "for a signal light."

Erminio shook his head disconsolately.

"No burn. Too mucho agua."

"Try it, anyway."

So, the deluge having partially exhausted itself and slackened up a bit, he clambered out, and after some struggles with the damp wood, managed to create a sputtering, cheery blaze. But alas, it was soon quenched by a renewed downpour. This operation was repeated several times and then a steady drizzle put an end to our efforts.

The Mexican made his bed on a hillock where the water would drain off, wrapped himself up in his tarpaulin like a bulky chrysalis, and doubtless dreamed that he was being rocked in the cradle of the deep. As for me, I had no time for dreams. I crouched in the driest corner of the wagon, while my mind buzzed a refrain to the patter on the canvas roof. "Oh, Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?"

"If you were in my place," I muttered invidiously to a hypothetical, revivalistic congregation, "you would have something to sing for!"

But at daybreak I heard a real sound, more joyful than a Hallelujah Chorus. Just a whistle, clear and sweet, vibrating through the drenched, grey air. Then a familiar, hortatory ejaculation hurled at a recalcitrant Bob, clinched the whistler's identity.



"TURRETS AND TOWERS."

"Erminio," I called, "'el Señor is coming!"

The cocoon, by now scarcely distinguishable from the sodden ground, quickly burst its bonds, and the "dull chrysalis cracked" not "into shining wings," but into round, startled eyes and rumpled hair.

Then came the belated member, driving up the horses as cheerfully as though he had been to breakfast. He hadn't, though, and that was the first thing he asked for.

"But how did you keep so dry?" I inquired.

"Dug a hole in a sand bank, warmed it up with a sage-brush bonfire, and crawled in."

"Comfortable quarters you must have had."

"Not half bad, if you curled up enough. I christened my hostelry 'Squirrel Inn.'"

"If you had been a tenderfoot," I opined, "it would probably have been baptized as The Last Lay of the Minstrel."

We camped at night under the shadow of the Red Mesa. All day, for two days, indeed, it had stood up before us, straight and tall and smooth. But now it resolved itself into a place of many mansions, with turrets and towers and lofty halls, with huge stone stairways winding up, with pillars and vaulted roofs. The deep, rich mahogany of the rock was banded with strata of white birch and maple hues, suggesting a mighty pipe organ.

You thought you were in some Cathedral of the Gods—until you spoke. Then the echoes answering, not shout for shout, but many shouts for one, repeated with clear, beautiful diminuendo, retreating into fainter, dimmer, ever more mysterious distances, told you that you had chanced upon the home of Die Walküre.

Stanford University.

MICKY DENNY MAKES A GET-AWAY.

By PHILIP NEWMAN.

II.



ET down in the midst of blue distance and desolation, Yuma retains to this day the habit and appearance of a frontier town. It is built, like a worm, with one main artery through it. Upon this one street is an idling concourse of Indians, Mexicans and whites—a population, for the most part, there today and gone to morrow. Flanking it are a few mercantile houses, and many saloons, with broad, low porches. In the shade of the porches, of an afternoon, the visible portion of the population passes the time of day. There is manifested a bluff, humorous courtesy, and a cynical toleration of all colors, classes and conditions of men.

In the stores are silent, stalking bucks of great stature, and broad, good-natured squaws, laughing and gossiping in deep, soft gutturals—children forever helpless before the fact of civilization—trafficking in beads and gew-gaws. Native maidens, innocent-eyed and shy, stand at curious corners, screening their faces in hair and mantle. The hidden countenances are often beautiful, and the faces of children and great artists are—with the beauty of the open soul. Clad in governmental blue, and painted, handkerchiefed, and beribboned with barbaric red, green and yellow, groups of Indian youths troop sinuously past, armed with hockey clubs. Their black shining floods of hair add a picturesque touch to the dust-colored street.

Under the saloon porches, in roomy circular-backed chairs, so-

ciably arranged, are white-haired men of military bearing. One or two of these are members of the Territorial Council; others are veteran sporting men, past the illusion of youth, who conduct substantial financial institutions against which adventuring youth may break a lance.

In the social evening hours, the dark street is banded by streaming lights from the saloons. The soft, caressing, desert night is burdened with the plaint of Mexican music, and the impassioned declaration of some high-priced imported singer.

One evening there was an unaccustomed revelry in the Duos Republicas Saloon, and the artistic soul of the blonde piano-player was harrowed by a confusion of noises. Judge Chilson, a tyrannical favorite, was installed at the end of her piano, enjoying his soul's content. The Judge was a hairless, infantile-looking person, his stiff-rimmed white hat hanging like a halo on the back of his bald head. He resembled very much a cherubic Bacchus, if there be such among the angels.

When in mellow mood, the Judge sang "Belle Brandon" without cessation. The piano-player was accustomed to the visitation, but not resigned. She turned her attention from her mechanical accompaniment to a curious crowd gathered about a gaming lay-out on the middle side of the hall. From the midst of this silently attentive throng came snatches of song, in perfect reckless abandon:

"You ask me why upon me breast I wear her fotygraph;

"You ask me why me hair is turned to gray;"—

The focal magnet was Micky Denny, standing with one foot in a chair, his hat upon his knee, filled with "big, round, iron dollars." Behind him stood Johnny DeLong (who was a passing pilgrim like himself), possessed of a tearful delight:

"You can't beat him," he murmured ecstatically; "he's got a sure enough ramps."

In humiliation of spirit, Micky had tried to give faro the go-by. His money was down to small change, and he needed a dollar or two to hop out on. But, as every one knows, a man can never win unless he's down to bed-rock. Although unconscious of any inner transformation, he had, nevertheless, "got right"—his spirit coming into harmony with the deities governing chance.

Watching the games, he had been startled by manifestations in the sequence of cards. Never in all his experience had he known his favorites—the trey, five and nine—to play out, four-time winner, and the "paint" cards—the king, queen, jack—to whip-saw the "pot"—the six, seven, eight—right through the deal, but it portended "double-out." The tide that leads on to fortune rose within him too strong to be resisted.

It was nothing to be broke, anyway. Micky dumped his handful of "chicken-feed" on the lay-out, and flagged every card for the money. He stood up to await developments. "Damme, she come just like made to order." With a superb conviction that he "had a deal," he allowed his lone bet, risked to win or lose on every card, to double to the limit before taking down pay. He scooped his winnings into his hat. He wanted silver for his; sometimes it was lucky.

"That guy plays bank like a highwayman," remarked the dealer, shuffling for a new deal, as Micky and the newly attached Johnny DeLong withdrew a space to size up the contents of the hat. Johnny fell heir to the small change, and Micky exchanged his specie for currency—no true sportsman ever carries hard money on his person.

Too much loser through the years to "freeze" against a chance to make money, Mickey peeled his roll for his favorite stacks of blues. He played in a dazed, unconscious way, unmindful of everything except that the cards he played seemed to appear immediately in response to his sudden conviction that they would do so. At the conclusion of the deal he surveyed the row of stacks before him with complete satisfaction—eight hundred to the good.

Unable by art or diligence to loosen the freak of chance possessing the game—the gambler's nightmare—the dealer turned his box on its side and called his relief. With the change of dealers, Micky felt the harmonies disturbed, and cashed in. Making a handsome present to the blonde piano-player (whose little sister was dying in 'Frisco), he proceeded to "buy the town," in company of his devoted "side-kicker," Johnny DeLong.

The evening following, against the same dealer, at the precise hour, with his foot in the identical chair, and with Johnny DeLong rooted in the exact spot behind him, Micky again invested the lay-out with stacks of blue chips. The pair were keyed to a high pitch of expectancy, and the first turns from the box brought peals of boisterous merriment, and slaps of hearty congratulation. Micky was the damndest little feller Johnny had ever seen.

"If you can't play without that noise, you'd better quit," threatened the dealer.

Micky inserted his thumbs in his armholes:

"I know how you feel about it, pardner," he said, sympathetically. "You know the way I've got them bets placed, I'll win every turn. I know just how you feel about it," he added, with increased solicitude.

Whereupon, the dealer "pulled the limit on him," hard and tight. He deftly decapitated Micky's bets and returned him the checks.

"After this only five and ten goes."

"Five and ten!" said the dumbfounded Micky.

"Yes, we're the only house in town that's been giving twelve and a half and twenty-five. Five and ten's the rule in this town."

"Never in all his disastrous history, had Micky gone down to defeat with other than his customary cheerful grin upon his features. He resolved, then and there, to dust out of that "pikerman's town" to Tucson, where he could stack 'em to the ceiling.

Away from the noise, the liquor, the exciting music, the cheap, swaggering gallantry, and the painted women, Micky went out into the old Chaldean mystery of the desert night, on past the magnolia-scented garden of a Mexican merchant, to the passenger depot, high-tilted on the bank of the swirling Colorado.

The ticket window was open and Micky inquired for trains.

"You get the local at three-forty in the morning," said the agent, glancing doubtfully at his questioner. "The limited goes through in twenty minutes."

"Don't want no limit on mine," asserted Micky. "I want the best that's goin'."

"Costs you three-fifty extra—first-class ticket, and a Pullman berth."

"Oh, that's it," said Micky. "Hand her out. I'll take a shot at it, if it busts me wide open."

Cooling his heels on the bridge, Micky gazed thoughtfully into the black undersweeping flood of water, listened curiously to the ceaseless humming of transcontinental telegraph lines, and watched the roving headlight of the approaching flyer, threading the sand-dunes to the west.

Johnny DeLong silently bore him company, but "quit him cold" at the Pullman steps. Micky dutifully followed an outraged negro porter to a seat in the middle section of the car.

Winging across the boundless sweeps of desert in palatial fashion, he had a sense of freedom, of scope, of magnificence, as never before. That was the way for a man to travel. He was coming to a realization of his good fortune, and to an enlarged notion of his desert as a man. He sat bolt upright on the plush, grinning in friendly fashion in every direction.

His miner eyes soon became accustomed to the subdued light of his sumptuous surroundings, and he inspected his fellow-travelers to the last detail. He was not impressed. His imagination had always conceived the far-off world of wealth and fashion as the abode of only transcendently good and beautiful women, and of men of sovereign honor and power. The ring-eyed, pallid women, wearily indifferent, chilled his sturdy spirit. The men, stout and flabby-waisted, with shrewd, commanding heads, and grim-set ruthless mouths, didn't look as though they would stand pressure—they would look to the main chance if things came to a show-down.

Nature impartially will everywhere reproduce perfect types, and Micky's luck was still with him. Seated facing him in the opposite seat of the section, was a young woman before whom he felt himself in the presence of divinity. She was a western adaptation of an oriental type, tall, slender and rounded, with large night-haunted eyes, full red lips, and gentle animated features.

Beside her was a young man whose appearance and manner instinctively earned the miner's dislike. He was an elegantly attired young man; his build was tall, nervous and sinewy; his long, yellow hair was carefully trimmed and brushed, and his eyes were deep violet-blue—his direct glance was hard to meet.

He was staring straight before him in intense heady anger, and the girl was in evident distress. She lay back in the corner of her seat, with closed eyes and heaving bosom. Her companion's hand sought hers on the seat between them, but she snatched it away as though she loathed his touch. The young man reassured himself with a smile, as though sure of his game, and the girl fixed her sorrowing eyes on the sable shadow of the train, hurrying in long procession over the wind-swept pallid sands. She was a picture of ladyhood in distress that called Micky's soul to arms.

To the elegant young men of Micky's acquaintance, women were but bait to be thrown to the dogs for a gambling stake. That this "guy" had enticed this girl away, had her cowed and frightened, and was hurrying her to worse than death, not a vestige of doubt remained in his mind. But what was a man to do?

Being made to understand that he was to "bunk up next the hangin' wall," Micky climbed dexterously into the upper berth to pass sleepless hours digesting his new surroundings. During a halt of the train, his ear caught the sound of blows, and of muffled sobbing, followed by passionate weeping. Mickey raged impotently against the restrictions that encompassed him, and purposed vain things.

The dewless violet morning came, and the sunlight, glad and golden, streamed over the plains through the rifted ranges. Mickey was out early, and, leaning out of the vestibule door, which the porter had opened to air the car, saw the familiar jagged outline of the Garnet Range, massed darkly against the aurora in the east. When the station whipped by, he caught a momentary view of the white road leading to St. Cloud, and brandished aloft his gambling spoil that the agent might have bona-fide evidence of his exploit to send the boys.

To his surprise, he ran across the yellow-haired young man making his toilet in the lavatory. Such accommodations were "a new one" on Micky, and he closely regarded the performance. In his shirt sleeves, the stranger displayed a god-like torso. The miner's

admiration for him as a man almost overcame his suspicious dislike, and he noted, too, that he had transferred a long, prosperous-looking pocket-book to his hip pocket for safe keeping. He was not, evidently, in desperate straits.

The young man stepped with free, athletic movement to the door, and made a hasty survey of the country. The speed of the train had slackened, and the rock vaults of the near-by mountains re-echoed the deep guttural roar of the compound express locomotive, like the wash of mighty waters. They were climbing the grade around the end of the Garnet Range.

"Well, how are you feelin' this mornin'?" was Micky's cheerful greeting. "This is ramblin' some, ain't it?"

The stranger vouchsafed him a fleeting curious glance, from head to heel, and returned, with vast unconcern, to the exact arrangement of his limp yellow hair.

Micky, dumbstruck, gazed off sullenly at the far circling blue mountains beyond the wide whirling disc of sage-peppered sand-drift. He was insulted and mortified. In his time he had sported with men who could pass the buck anywhere, and he hungered to show this flash-in-the-pan he was as game and willing as he ever dare be.

Deep footprints in the high, sandy embankment fleeting by brought to his recollection a vague familiar happening. With Micky, temptation came first, action next, and the fear of consequence with the actual fruits thereof. He resolved upon an art often practiced upon himself.

The young man was intently tying his cravat. With swift, gliding crouch, Mickey sprang upon him from behind, getting a deadlock on his neck from under his right arm, at the same time seizing his right wrist with the left, holding him powerless. He stepped back with him into the vestibule. There was a brief struggle and outcry, and the offender was ejected bodily forth, spinning down the yielding embankment like a top. In his hand Mickey held the long, flat pocket-book.

Leaning out, he saw him rise up, uninjured, and make an ineffectual run for the rear coach. Micky listened, with bated breath, for a sharp signal from the locomotive, but the train rolled steadily on. In the early hour the affair had escaped notice.

Micky made a careful toilet, combing his hair with his fingers. His inspection of the pocket-book increased his contempt for the castaway. It contained but a few smoothed and straightened bills of small denomination. That was the sport that wouldn't speak to him! He took out his own roll, and skinned off what he thought was a road-stake for a lady. Peering into the car, he saw that the

berth had been made up, and took his seat, waiting expectantly until the fair young bride came down the curtained aisle.

She was attired in the glory of a fresh shirt-waist, and a streamer hat, whose filmy folds sheltered her radiant countenance. Micky sat before her in deep respect and humility. The young wife caught his eye, and, for her life, could not forbear a smile. This man had seen her disgraceful, willful conduct the night before, and she, somehow, curiously hoped that he would speak to her that she might explain.

Leaning forward, Micky tossed the pocketbook into her lap, and whispered hoarsely:

"You don't cry no more, sister. I've ditched the flash guy, an' I've tapped him for his roll. Hide away somewheres," counseled Mickey. "Go back, be good and stay, and you'll come out all right."

"Flash guy?" faltered the bewildered bride, comprehending not the first word. She smiled amiably.

"We've been married just four days, and last night we quarreled"—with a bird-like giggle—"all about a silly little dog. But we made up, and now we're good friends again."

"An' him beatin' you, and you—weepin'?" scoffed Micky.

"He never touched me in his life! Oh, I know what you mean. Last night I pounded his shoulder, and he nearly choked, laughing. Then I cried. What business is it of yours, anyway? Oh, where is he?"

"I've threw him off the train," confessed the guilty Micky. "He ain't hurt none. You call that nigger to get the conductor to let you off at the next station, an' I'll go fetch him."

He ran the length of the car, picked out a likely spot ahead, and jumped for it. He picked himself out of the brush, spitting sand; waved his hand cheerily to an observer on the rear car, and turned back energetically, down the track.

The grade of the track leveled with the sink of the valley in the distance. In the mirage, the figure of the distant bridegroom now rose like an apparition in the shimmering haze, now dissolved from view in the watery illusion. Approaching, it suddenly became a black dot which slowly assumed the form and dimensions of a man.

"You're not used up none, are you, pardner?" asked Micky, seeking to brush off his clothes.

"No," answered the young man, shortly. What more did this barbarian want after robbing him and throwing him off the train? He continued to stride up the track toward the column of smoke, rising in diminishing volume beyond the rolling bound of sand.

"You wife's waitin' for us at the station," said Micky, trotting by his side on the ends of the ties. "I explained to her—we had a little misunderstandin'."

In the clear, between the square, double-roofed station-house and the rigid track-line, the figure of the young wife stood, like a symmetrical giantess, with her traveling paraphernalia gathered about her feet.

The mystery of Micky's conduct remained unsolved. The young pair, counseling together, watched him, standing miserably remorseful, a short distance away. The return of his pocketbook to his wife disabused the young Benedict's mind of Micky's murderous intent. But he was sensitive to practical jokes.

"Have you any explanation to make of your conduct?" he demanded, confronting the crestfallen knight-errant.

Micky realized the utter impossibility of transferring his point of view.

"It was all a mistake," he stammered, grinning foolishly. "Just a case of me takin' snap judgment. The woman was sore at you, an' cryin', and I just couldn't stand for to see it. An' I want a man to answer me when I speak to him," he added in partial extenuation.

"You—what!" The young man's wrath blazed. He advanced upon Micky with the step of a practiced boxer, and his arm shot out. It was a cruel blow—the young wife looked doubtfully at her lord.

Micky's body swayed limply, and his smile turned imbecile. But he still held out his hand.

"You're in the right, pardner," he muttered thickly. "You're a gentleman, and I'm a dirty dog."

The young man kept his own counsel, and when the three boarded the local for Tucson in the evening, "got busy" with the wires. Micky was met at the station by a friend of his, and escorted to public lodgings.

In that scope of desert country which comprises Arizona, New Mexico, Southern Utah and Northern Sonora, the term "hobo miner" carries no reproach. The white-haired justice, before whom Micky was haled, knew the man before him, and went behind the law and the evidence to get his own story. With the consent of the prosecution, Micky was let off with a nominal fine. The yellow-haired young man returned him the extra two hundred found among his papers, and shook hands with a twinkle in his eye. He was glad, he said, to meet a real dead-game sport, having often encountered the spurious article.

To show there were no hard feelings, Micky offered to buy the bride a present. In the length and breadth of the town he could find nothing that would not brand him as a "piker" in the estimation of two such thoroughbreds. He accordingly wadded as much of his "roll" as he could conveniently spare—which was a very large portion indeed—into a jewelry case, and carried it to them on the train,

about to continue their journey. Micky asked that this gift be not opened until later, and the young lady graciously gave him her photograph.

To a more experienced eye than Micky's there were flaws in the worldly armor of the bridal pair. Her trousseau bore evidence of the strictest economy. The munificence of this prodigal vagabond proved the happiest incident of their wedding journey. They could not return it to him; they did not know his name, nor where he was.

Micky went softly for a few days, and ended up as usual, against a faro bank. After endeavoring to rake the lay-out from soda-card to hock, he found himself walking off a heated imagination in the outskirts of the old pueblo, without a dollar in his pockets. Drifting into the postoffice, he received a chance letter from Billy Keeter, and his spirits rose triumphantly from the ashes—the fame of his exploits had reached St. Cloud.

"You certainly are a hell of a set," said the letter, admiringly. "I saw Jim last night, and he said it was a shame to have you running around loose. The super's gone inside for a couple of months. Jim says he'll put you on if you'll come back, and taper off on your everlasting raising hell. Things ain't going so well on the ten-hundred since you left."

Micky was once more the idol of the St. Cloud boys, getting the biggest pay of any man in the mine except the bosses, and holding down the most dangerous job. And oftentimes, clad in spotless raiment, he sat before Bill Swain's shake cabin, listening to the rack and roar of the mill, with the deep, passive pride the off-shift employee of great enterprises feels in his work.

And oftentimes, as a prelude to his deep shaking laugh, Mr. Swain shifted his giant bulk in his creaking chair, and was moved to remark:

"Micky ain't made a fool of himself over a woman for some time, now. That one on the train that worked him for his wad, an' give him her picture, must a' had these others skinned a mile."

With which shrewd conjecture we cannot but agree.

Vista, Cal.

IN THE HILLS

By CATHERINE ANDERSON WILLS.

'Tis autumn again—and there I know,
The wild grape leaves flame gold and red,
And bend to the stream that is almost dead,
And whisper to it with voices low.

Deep in the fern a wild bird sings;
And a little valley lies and sleeps
Under a spell; and the stillness creeps
Into the soul and the heart of things.

Centerville, Cal.

THE DUSK

By VIRGINIA GARLAND.



WHEN the breeze swings against the forest, the white afternoon sunlight, trembling on leaf and bough in mobile gleaming, shifts from bough to leaf like running quicksilver.

A brief full-flooded moment—then the sun slips behind the rising walls of the gorge and at once long lines of demarcation are drawn across slope and cañon, separating the tawny evening light from the green half-light of forest shade.

Up under the woods there are stars in the shadows—percolating light-points beaming through from sun-filled open patches just beyond. Below a down-curving gap in the highlands, a glimpse of the low valley hills still basking in the rich amber daylight.

In the cañon, twilight and the wren-tit's long sleepy tremulo, the pattering evening talk of quail, and a family of woodpeckers fussily settling themselves for the night in an old weather-silvered tree.

Oftimes, on high mesas or valley levels, the twilight will fall with purple shadows. Not here. The waning blue of the shut-out daylight, the last flaring yellow of the setting sunlight sifts through the green screen of leaves, drifts into the depths of the ravine, mix and mingle there—wells up a shimmering, green-swimming light.

There is something peculiarly refreshing in this early twilight. It is as if the day had added here (because of its sudden withdrawal) some more potent spell to the long joy of hours; slipped in a compensating token of unusual coloring; wound a strange misty light in and out the cañons—a quiet shimmering beryl-tinted charm, for those of the forest alone.

How many unknown, unnamed, hidden cells of perception-color may enter, guiding to truth, inspiring to creation! One of the forces which surround us in manifold vibrations of being. A blaze of riotous hues stirs to stormy action, and a cool, green, swimming, half-light laves and rests the brain.

The forest trees stand deep in filmy green dusk, their spires aglow in the sunset light. The broad sweep of deep under-shadowings, the limpid emerald intermediate lights, the glowing high lights here and there make them appear taller. They seem to be reaching up, holding their arms aloft, peering over the slopes at the sinking sun, towering in the pride of sun-touched ecstasy. A plummy spruce is lit from base to spire, pendant brown

cones warm in the glow, tufty sun-singed needletips burning out in bright rose flame.

The light passes on to oak and sequoia. All are brushed and bathed in the amber fire; and when in the ravine the gleaming has thickened, the high mountain-trees are drinking yet in the clear sunset.

A slow sinuous movement among the trees—not the swaying, it would seem, of the wind; more like the regular undulations of outflowing breath. Their keen delight in sunlight and shadow, moonlight and dusk, puts the human at fault; for with this same glory of day and night to grow upon, how unappreciative, unobserving, starved, many of us go! Not a raindrop falls, no smallest leaf is stirred, nor star nor sunbeam radiates, nor shadow is cast, without significance, stimulation, rest—result as much on the health and spirit of man as on the soil of the physical world.

These are the words of the Father. All this lingering sunset light, the ebbing breath in the trees, the twilight in the cañon—expressions of the Infinite teaching us to live and understand. For it is written over and over in the beauty of the forest and wind, river and hill, "Man shall not live by bread alone."

* * *

A fidgety katydid shrills hurriedly into the quiet; hearing no response from tree-toad or cricket, trails off into abashed silence. A few moments after, another more imperative calls with emphatic wing-beats, "Come to time—drum it up—all of ye—come to time—time!" The timid one, reassured, strikes a thin treble. A cricket sounds a wheezy note, unevenly. The piping of the hylas gather with growing volume into the choir.

In my quiet room I watch the dusk come padding in—overflowing through wide windows into nook and corner—creeping nearer and nearer in narrowing circles of hushed gloom. There is the hovering mother-touch in the soft approach—the up-gathering embrace of the dark. I lie in brooding arms, every nerve lifted, lulled, caressed—close, very close to the comforting dark—held as securely as my sister trees out there resting against the sky.

The band-master katydid has gathered his chorus into compact throbbing. No marginal out-note breaks the steady pulsations. At intervals the sustained musical moan of an owl is drawn down the middle of the stream of sound, melts into the beating monotone.

The over-civilized man-brain is apt to resent the constantly repeated note—to some the ever-reverting song of the pines is

"sad;" the stirring repeat of the rain, "monotonous;" the incessant exuberance of frogs, "lonesome;" the wind's fluted insistence down the chimney, "wailing." A note sounded over and over tries our patience; we become restless; it beats upon our brain. Yet, hark! how constantly nature is using the monotone—with what beneficent result we seem often to be wholly apart from! We chafe under the soothing endeavor; for, though unconscious, we are yet aware, that menace to the many foolish barriers under which we cower sounds in the reverberations of a keynote. Instinctively we guard ourselves against the down-crashing of the poor structure of our unnatural reserve.

Who knows to what use in the great Mystery nature puts the night-singing cricket? What old ways are put to sleep, what new expression awakened, with the beat of a locust's wings or the palpitant throat of a hyla?

Some wholesome guard and sofe reverent down-breaking must ensue with this sibilant insect-singing, pulsating every warm autumn night. The trees listen—all the earth listens—the sturdy vibrant health of the Open holds. Have we nothing to learn, listening? No dross to throw heartily aside? No creeping encroachments to be leveled, lulled by the night's iterancy?

The touch of the twilight—too few know its healing. Its hour is pushed aside, hurried away, by the fevered bringing of lights. Month following month, lives are spent in the daylight or under artificial lighting—unknowing the soothing, the tenderness, the natural sane restfulness of the gleaming hour. Sit a while in the cradling space between the day and the dark, the disturbing moments forgotten, and the days will blossom in new strength and beauty.

Now upon city streets the gleaming is falling, cast back everywhere by the frantic twinkling of lights flung in the face of the sky again. The short shadowy magic hour, no place to enter there.

In the fine, just balance which should maintain between country ways and town matters, with the mighty interflowing currents—the good giving of the city, the good giving of the fields—of the most worth in the largesse of the Open is that impalpable, far-penetrating essence which breathes from the things man has not altered. So to some hearts among the hustled crowds, perchance will go with these lines the green, shimmering half-light of a forest cañon—the brooding velvet overflowing peace of God's undenied Dusk.

Brookdale, Santa Cruz Co., Cal.

THE CALIFORNIAN

By *RAYMOND MACDONALD ALDEN.*



HE observation car was nearly empty, for most of the passengers were either in the "diner" or waiting for their turn. Outside, the shadows were growing long, and the sun would soon be dropping behind the mountains, where a bank of white foaming fog, like a line of ocean surf, was waiting to receive it. The wind that had been blowing the dust steadily southward all the afternoon had quieted, but the air was still luminous with the floating particles. And the train rolled steadily on, as one for whom day or night meant nothing but speed—speed.

The elderly lady in black found herself alone with the young woman in the pale brown cloak, except for a sleepy man who dozed in the corner nearest the book-case. Now that they were so few, conversation seemed appropriate.

"How very dry everything is!" she said, tentatively. "When do you suppose it rained last in this valley?"

"Some time in May," said the younger woman. "That is when the last rains generally come."

"Don't you think it looks very dreary? I can't see how one can be happy all summer without green grass."

"I don't know. I should call these brown fields almost beautiful. You would probably learn to like them in time."

"I should need plenty of time."

"You ought to have come with the spring people, then. They come with the rains and the flowers. Someone was saying that in April California turns all yellow and green with poppies and tourists. But I think I like it better when I can feel that a larger share of it belongs to me."

"How long have you lived here?"

"Oh, I don't live here," she said, with a little laugh. "I'm a tourist myself—are you?"

"Why, yes—I suppose so. It's no disgrace, is it?"

"Not if you travel alone, and not in an excursion."

"You must have been here very often, I suppose?"

The girl laughed again. She had not found herself so amusing for a good while. "I was never in California until yesterday," she said.

The older woman turned in her chair and stared at her neighbor.

"What do you mean? How do you know so much of everything, and defend it so warmly, if you are a stranger?"

There is no reason in the world why I should defend it; perhaps it was only to be contrary. And I merely happen to know about the

rains, and the tourists, and all that, through a friend who lives here."

"You have a good memory, then. I don't suppose you could tell me whether those mountains have any names?" She pointed to the shadowy range behind which the sun had no disappeared.

The girl's face flushed for an instant. Had she not been comparing the view from the car window—and studying time-card and map for the purpose—with her memory of a sketch sent from an engineers' camp somewhere in this very vicinity?

"Why, yes," she said. "That is the Santa Cruz range, and I should think that further mountain might be Loma Prieta. On the other side is the Mount Hamilton range, but it will be dark before we come to Mount Hamilton itself."

Her neighbor laughed. "After this, when I want a guide," she said, "I shall go to a tourist like myself, instead of to an old resident. But are you not ready for dinner? I am going to try to get into the car."

"Thank you," said the girl, "I believe I don't care to go yet. I had luncheon late, and am not at all hungry."

She was now left quite alone, for the sleepy man had gone forward also, and none of the other passengers had returned to the observation car. Her head was aching from the day's confinement in the train, and she went out on the platform at the rear of the car, seating herself on a camp-stool that stood there. It was an excellent place from which to watch the changes of color on hill and valley, as the twilight began to deepen; and the fascination of the rails forever slipping away beneath her was as great as it had been in her childhood. The air was growing sweet and pungent in the chill of the summer evening, and she drew long breaths of it, realizing that it was the air of a great new land. So this was California! All day she had been saying it to herself, as they had moved northward along the seashore, over the mountains, and into the interior valleys; and it had put her in a maze, from the sense of mingled strangeness and familiarity—strangeness because it was all so new to her, familiarity because her thoughts had lived here during so much of the last two years.

When Helen Watling had met John Broadus in her own eastern city, whither he had come on business with her father's firm, it was the first time she had knowingly seen a Californian. Realizing that her ignorance of a great part of her country was almost European, she had somewhat timidly wondered at the civilization of his manner and at the same time what seemed the just imperfectly civilized cut of his clothes and broad hat. When she knew him a little better, and discovered his uncompromising love of the West, its people and its work, which he never tried either to conceal or to mitigate, her wonder grew. When, still later, he seemed to have come by long

strides straight into her heart, she was frightened. It was unheard of that a Watling should fall in love, much less marry, outside the safe circle of her family associations in their hereditary home. She would sooner have thought of living in Europe than in California, which, indeed, of the two seemed decidedly the more remote; and if one could think of it at all as a place of residence, it was among orange groves and rose bowers, not in an engineers' camp such as John Broadus had described to her—a place, to be sure, where splendid mountains were always present, with a splendid sky overhead, but without either the seasons or the society which to Helen made up the round of life. So she kept him at his distance, yet letting him see that she was afraid of loving him, and so unconsciously giving him hope. And he, back in camp again, would write to her on Sunday afternoons, telling her about his work and how he loved it, about the mountains that shut him in after a fashion—so he hinted—that would be fine if only someone else were on the same side of them; and on the margins of the paper he made sketches of the views from his cabin door, or little maps of the territory round about, in order that she might perhaps come to feel at home there. The fact was that never before had he so longed to be both writer and painter, that he might show forth the beauty of his own land. So this was why it all seemed so familiar to her now.

On his second journey East it had been a similar story. This time he seemed really to have conquered, so far as to force Helen to admit what she had failed to conceal; but she would promise nothing as to going back with him. She knew well what it would mean to her father, and was not ready to think clearly what it would mean to herself to choose squarely between him and John. "When you come East to live," she would say, "it may all be simple enough."

And Mr. Watling, who liked the young fellow thoroughly, when he had learned of the situation, arose to meet it like a man. He discovered the need in his own firm for a young chap of precisely Broadus's abilities, and told him plainly that when he had finished his present job he would find it worth while to pack up and come East to stay. The opening was a fine one for a man who wanted a permanent place in a settled community, and father Watling might well have been pardoned for thinking that he had acted handsomely; though, for that matter, he could not have denied that the act was one of self-defense.

But when John Broadus was introduced to his opportunity, the embarrassment that he showed was not so much that of gratitude as of difficulty in finding his way out. He tried to explain that there was no conceivable position in an Eastern city which would tempt him; that his work was not there, nor his ambitions. He even made an effort to be eloquent, in his awkward way, to show Mr. Watling

what the great West and its opportunities meant to him, both as a man and an engineer. But the old man could not understand it, to save his life; it was incredible that a fellow with any sense of his own good should not know what he was refusing. The fact was, John had not refused it; he would wait first to talk with Helen; but he showed so plainly that it was not what he wanted, that Mr. Watling gave him no further opportunity to consider the matter, making it clear that he considered that he had set quite too high a value on his man.

As for Helen, she was more reasonable than her father, but even more keenly disappointed. When she heard of the plan for the first time from John's own lips, her heart leaped up in a way that surprised her. This, then, seemed to be the solution of her problem. And when John told her his own feeling about it, while she could sympathize vaguely with his ambitions, yet she could not really understand. Even if he finally settled down in California, why not spend a little time in the East and learn something of life and business there? As he began to explain why this seemed hardly possible to him, Helen turned from him almost as her father had done. For now it seemed to her that she could not be to him all that she had supposed, if he was not prepared to make a sacrifice so small and in some ways so advantageous. If he could not come East for her sake, could she live in the West for his? Obviously this was a question that could be stated to the advantage of either side, but Helen would not admit that it was as fair from his standpoint as from hers. So she told him that she felt more certain than ever that her place was with her father and her father's friends. Yes, John might still write to her occasionally, if it relieved his loneliness; but she secretly believed that the intervals between the letters would grow rapidly longer. Perhaps a man in such a profession, with apparently a distaste for civilization at its best, ought not to marry at all; this was what she had heard said of Army and Navy men. Or, at any rate, would it not be better for him to marry a girl of his own State? No—that alternative she was not yet quite ready to face.

So he had gone back, and that was now nearly a year ago. The letters had not come at longer intervals, but they had been, as he was in duty bound to make them, on safe topics—personal only as concerned his work and his surroundings. The little sketches and the descriptions still came, too, and there was always evident, without argument, the same haunting desire to make her know the land that he loved. The latest letter had been of summer. The grass was burned fully yellow, the poppies had faded and grown fewer, the sky was perpetually cloudless—these things he admitted must sound dreary and desert-like to her. But the charm of the yellow

fields with the green blotches of live-oaks against them, and the brilliant unchanging sky—this also he tried to explain.

When Helen read the letter, she still had not the least idea of seeing California in this summer guise. A sudden invitation from a half-forgotten cousin, who was to be in the Shasta country for a prolonged outing, had come just when plans already formed had been thrown awry by Mr. Watling's departure for Europe on unexpected business. Helen had been obliged to telegraph her answer before she had really made up her mind whether she wished to visit California or not. All things considered, however, it seemed the sensible thing to do, and there was a fair certainty that, when once there, she should be able either to see John Broadus or to avoid seeing him, according as she might decide.

In this way she had found herself not only in the land which she knew through his letters, but in one of its strange bright summers. All day she had looked out on the moving pageant of its scenes, recognizing the colors, the shapes of mountain or tree, and even the odors, which had been described to her. It still seemed too unlike her home country to be quite real or quite pleasing; she felt a conservative longing for the sight of many villages, green fields, and little farms with white houses and red barns. All this that went by her was admirable scenery, but hardly like a place to live in. Yet, while she refused her full allegiance to it, its bigness, its brightness, its broad sweeps of single colors, and its want of people closely herded, all helped her to understand more fully the love that John had for it. It was true that he belonged in it, rather than in her own city. But she herself—could she ever belong to it aright?

These thoughts were now returning upon her as she sat on the observation platform, while the landscape darkened rapidly, until only an occasional light could be seen, either at a siding or in some dwelling at a little greater distance. Lost in reverie, Helen forgot that she had had no dinner, nor did she give any heed to the returning passengers who were beginning to fill up the car again, well-fed content on their faces. Presently two of these passengers came out on the platform, and took camp-stools for themselves. After some time Helen found herself roused to a realization of what they were saying.

"Who was that young fellow you were talking to in the diner?"

"Just as I was coming out, you mean?"

"Yes. He came on at Salinas, didn't he? I thought his face looked familiar, but couldn't place it."

"His name is Broadus. I don't know where you would have known him; you're more likely to have seen his father, in the old days. He was a pioneer—came out here about the time your father and mine did. The Broaduses are all fine men; this fellow has been

doing some work for our company lately, and they tell me he's considered one of the best engineers in his line."

Helen had started forward an instant at the name—then retired into her corner, but now listened intently. Surely this passing conversation was in no way confidential.

"It's an odd thing," the voice went on. "He tells me he's thinking of pulling up and going East. He's evidently rather down in the mouth about something—certainly not with the company, for we intend to keep hold of him just as long as we can. May be a girl, you know; somebody that's jilted him, so that he wants to get as far away as possible. He doesn't look like that sort of fellow, but you never can tell, when they're still under thirty."

"He told you he expected to leave permanently?"

"Yes, that was the idea. Said he'd been offered an opening the last time he was there—he goes frequently to Pittsburg, to look after the machine matters—and thought it would still hold good. He saw that I looked kind of disgusted, I guess, and said, 'Don't you know there comes a time once in a while,' he said, 'when you just get to a jumping-off place? That's the way with me; I can't stand it any longer at present.' We used to be pretty good friends, so he told me more than he would most people, very likely, but he didn't seem to want any more questions, and I didn't ask them. But his father's son has no business going East, where there are too many professional men to the square yard already."

"Perhaps you are as provincial in your way," said the other, "as a New Yorker is in his."

What might have been said further was cut off by the slowing of the train as it drew into Gilroy. Here it seemed that one of the two men was to get off, and both went back into the car. During these two or three minutes it seemed to Helen that she was living through many hours, so long was the train of thought that had been made necessary for her. By the time they were really at the station, she had resolved that in some way she would speak to John Broadus, if it was true that he was on the train. In this unexpected way she had been forced to decide whether to see him or avoid him.

To see him proved to be very easy. The electric light on the station platform shone on the figures of those alighting from the train, and among them was John—but whether at the end of his journey was uncertain. Perhaps he had only stepped out for another word with the man who had been talking about him a minute before, for they seemed to be bidding each other good-bye. Helen leaned forward, so that the light fell also upon her, and beckoned to him slightly. For an instant John moved doubtfully toward the end of the car, not knowing whether it was really he who was being summoned; then, swiftly recognizing her, he gave an exclamation and almost a leap toward the platform.

"Are you stopping here?" she asked, without other greeting.

"No, I only got out for a breath of air. But where in the world did you come from?"

"I'm just a plain tourist," she said lightly. "But you will come out here and see me, if you are going further on the train?"

For answer he raised his foot to the platform, and in another instant had swung over the rail—his old masterful, impetuous self.

"What is it, Helen?" he said. "Are you really only a tourist? And you were not going through the State without seeing me?"

She could not lie to him. "I—didn't know. Perhaps I might have decided it was best, but now I am glad that I didn't. I have just been hearing about you, John, in a queer way—almost eaves-dropping, but I couldn't very well help it. It was the man you were talking with just now; he said you were going East. I felt as if I had come just in time to tell you that you must not do it. I have changed my mind."

He lifted his face, which had been bent toward the floor, with a sudden joyful glance; but the matter-of-factness of her manner threw him back upon himself.

"What I mean is," she went on, "that I see now why you want to be here in California, and why you belong here. We were all of us wrong, in Pittsburg. But perhaps I do not understand it, or the man was mistaken about your planning to go away."

"No, you do understand; at least you ought to."

"Is it not very sudden?"

"Not exactly. But it was only today that I really decided. My present job will soon be over, and there's another waiting for me. I'm supposed to be on my way to see about it now—up here near Coyote; they expect me, to talk things over. But my baggage happens to be checked through to San Francisco, where I have business tomorrow night, and since I got on the train I decided—I've been coming toward it pretty fast, lately—to go right through, and telegraph the company that I'm going to close up and go East. I've tried it a good while, and—it's a kind of cowardly thing for a man to say, but I can't stand it any longer. I suppose you might say I'm defeated."

"Defeated?" She repeated it vaguely.

"You know what I mean. Ever since I knew you, I've been living here with you—in a way; that is, until this last time. Since I had to stop hoping, I couldn't make it seem worth while. I don't feel very big about it"—he wriggled his great shoulders, implying a struggle with a foe unworthy of him—"but I've got to try it somewhere else for awhile, anyhow."

"And you were coming back—to Pittsburg?" It was somehow singularly pleasant to force him to tell it explicitly.

"Yes, to see if I could still have my chance there by giving up the West. If I could, I'd stay. If not—I guess China would do pretty well. There's a lot of work there in my line, and a change of scenery would be good for me, perhaps." He laughed, a little bitterly.

Helen was silent. They had left the station, and the train was now moving on at full speed, the bit of track revealed by the lanterns slipping along behind them like an unwinding yellow skein.

"Well?" he said, after a minute. "What am I to do? I can find out right here whether it's Pennsylvania or China."

"I have told you that already," said Helen. "It is neither. You must stay where you are. I could never let you go away because of—anything to do with me; it would be an unworthy sacrifice. Did I not tell you that I had repented of urging you to come East?"

"Yes, but you didn't say that you would come West."

She hesitated. "I haven't got quite so far, John. It is your side of it that I have been thinking of. I believe I am as ready to made the sacrifice as you, but"—

"What is it?"

"I want to be sure that we are as necessary to each other as you and California are to each other."

The train had slowed again, and was now coming to a stop on a siding. A single green light gleamed just behind them. John leaned over the railing, trying to discern where they were, in the darkness.

"We're not supposed to stop at Coyote," he said; "but we were to pass the down train there, so I was counting on that when I thought I should get off." A brakeman came by with his lantern. "Is this the Coyote siding?" John asked him.

"Yes, sir."

"So here's where they are waiting for me, Helen. If I go past Coyote, it's good-bye to California. But if I stay, and take the job, it means that you will take it with me. Helen—Helen! I can't wait any longer." He rose, and made as if to take both her hands in his, but held himself.

She was silent, and one could hear only the murmur of voices inside the car. The other passengers had for some time left them the platform to themselves. In another instant came the approaching roar of the down train, rapidly increasing and re-enforced by the shriek of the whistle. John stood motionless. As the other train was almost upon them, Helen rose swiftly, and herself took his hands as she spoke close to his ear.

"You must get off quickly. Here is where you belong, and I, too. I will come when you tell me to."

She could hardly have heard an answer, for the roar of the other train, but there was no need for more words. Instantly that the main track was free, their own train began to move, and Helen cried—"Hurry! hurry!" as she almost pushed John from her. Strange that she must send him away at just this time; but she would not have him pass Coyote, even by mischance, since his stopping there was the symbol of their decision and their future. He obeyed her, leaping over the rail as he had come up. For a moment the lanterns showed him waving her a farewell, but a brief and joyful one; then there was only the empty track again, unwinding itself into the bit of yellow light and the long reach of darkness.

Still Helen sat there, her wrap drawn closely around her, while a great restfulness and joy stole over her spirit. Her problems had all been settled for her by the fortunes of this wonderful day, and she now knew her own heart no less thankfully than her lover's. More than this—it occurred to her that she was now at home. Had she not become a Californian? The sense of alien surroundings fell away; the night breath of the eucalyptus trees was an odor sweetly familiar as an old memory, and as the unknown village lights swept by her, saluted by the long whistles of the locomotive, she saluted them, too, in silence, for they meant hearths and homes such as she was to know, in this land toward which she had been coming all her life.

Stanford University.

ORLEANS INDIAN LEGENDS

By MELCENA BURNS DENNY

V.

EFFOCASSOO AND SMALL BROTHER



FFOCASSOO, whose name means Spotted Nose, was a great fellow to kill deer. Small Brother, though, had to stay home every day. He had nothing to do. Effocassoo always said, "No matter how much you may want something to do, don't eat grease."

One day when Effocassoo was gone hunting, and Small Brother was hunting something to do, he saw the fat from the deer Effocassoo had killed the day before. There was nothing else he could think of to do, so he decided he would eat grease. He ate a lot. It made him feel fine.

When Effocassoo came home, Small Brother said, "I ate grease today. It was awful good." Then he waited for Effocassoo to speak.

Effocassoo said nothing at all. He said nothing all night, and went away next morning without saying anything.

Small Brother ate more grease, and felt finer still. About noon he noticed a tiny worm hanging at the end of a thread from the smoke-flue of the wigwam.

"Wonder how that worm would like grease," thought Small Brother. He fed the worm and the worm ate as if he liked it as well as Small Brother. He grew an inch longer.

Next day the worm dropped down again. He was hanging on a thread that seemed to come from a tree-top. He ate until he was much larger.

Every day the worm came and ate grease with Small Brother, and they both got fat. Finally the worm was as big as the boy, and Small Brother noticed that he hung from a thread that seemed to reach up to the sky. Then he began to be afraid.

But every day the big worm came and ate grease with him.

At last one evening when Effocassoo came home, Small Brother was nowhere to be found. Effocassoo called and called, and there was no answer.

Then Effocassoo began running about, asking people if they had seen Small Brother. No one knew anything about him.

At length he saw an old man, the Sun, looking at him over a hill.

"Have you seen Small Brother?" cried Effocassoo.

The Sun said he thought he had.

"Where?" begged Effocassoo. "Tell me quick! I want to see him quick!"

"It's a pretty long way," said the Sun, and went down behind the hill.

Then the Moon came up.

"Have you seen my Brother?" cried Effocassoo.

"Yes," said the Moon at once.

"Where? Tell me quick!"

"Back of the sky," responded the Moon. "The people there are going to cook him. The worm came down and got him."

"How do you think I can get there?"

"I don't think you can get there," said Moon, climbing higher. "It's pretty hard for anybody, even me."

Effocassoo then called together all the animals and told them to make string. They all made string, rolling and twisting the grass threads, the way the Coyote kept telling them to. The Coyote made more string than anybody. Yok-soak-te, the Panther, made string too, and lots of other people. But nobody made as much as the Coyote. The little Spider Haah made such tiny, tiny thread that when the Coyote said it was time to stop he put his in a basket no bigger than an acorn cup. Everybody laughed when they saw what a tiny wad it made.

"Now, said Effocassoo, "it is time to shoot. Everybody tie his string half long enough, and no one else is strong enough to reach the sky!" he bragged.

So the Coyote shot. The arrow pulled the string full length, and then fell back. It wasn't half long enough to reach the sky.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the Panther. "Now see me!"

His arrow went scarcely any farther, and they all laughed again.

Then the other animals all tried in turn. No one could touch even the nearest edge of the sky.

At last they had all tried but Haah, the little Spider. No one had thought of him.

He fastened his thread to a tiny arrow, and shot up, up, up, till at last it unwound no more from the ball in the tiny basket, and there was still string left. Then they all knew that it had reached the sky.

"The thread is fast," said the Spider. "What next?"

"Now someone must climb!" ordered Effocassoo.

"I will," said the Coyote instantly.

So he began to climb, but the thread was so slender and he was so big that he could get no hold of it. He soon slid back and gave it up.

The other animals tried. The Spider's thread was very stout, but they were all too big. Finally the Green Worm said he would carry Effocassoo up on his back if the Moon would hold the thread.

The Moon looked down and heard him.

"How much do you want to hold the thread?" called Effocassoo to the Moon.

The Moon thought awhile and responded, "I want a load of good pitch to kindle my fire brighter. And I want a load of oak-bark to keep it hot."

So Effocassoo got a load of good pitch, and he carried the pitch on his back, and the Green worm carried Effocassoo on his back, and the Moon held the thread, and they climbed up cautiously to the sky.

"Now my load of oak-bark," said the Moon.

So they went down and brought up a load of good oak-bark the same way.

"Now, said the Moon, "that will do. Your brother is cooking over there on the other side of the river, where the Indians are. He has been in the fire a good while."

Effocassoo looked where the Moon pointed. It was all a country like ours, the other side of the sky, and he saw lots of Indians sitting around waiting for something. One old woman got into a boat, crossed the river, and began gathering a load of wood from a burning tree. Effocassoo knew that more wood was needed to cook Small Brother done.

He started walking towards the old woman. As he walked, he wept for his little brother, for he didn't see how he could save him. He still carried a stick of pitch in his hand.

Pretty soon a blue bird came flying up behind him.

"What are you crying for?" he teased. "Is that the way earth people act? Small Brother is nearly done—go across and help them eat!"

Effocassoo raised his stick to strike the bird, but it darted aside, still laughing and teasing. Effocassoo planted the stick in the ground and walked on.

Soon he heard the bird struggling. He turned and saw it where it had lit on the pitchy stick. It fluttered and beat its wings and tried to get away, but the pitch held it fast.

"Good enough, oh sky-bird!" said Effocassoo, turning back. "Now I will punish you. You be that kind—blue earth-birds, always chattering, always teasing, never singing." He smote the bird with his hand, and crumbled it, and its blue feathers fluttered down to the earth beneath, where a new race of birds sprang up,

the blue-jays. They are still the same blue color today, like the blue of the country they came from first. They are always chattering, always teasing, but never singing and never happy.

Effocassoo walked on, and when he came close to the old woman gathering wood, he made medicine so that he could disguise himself and approach the Indians undetected. And there beside him on a bush appeared a squaw's cap, and he put it on. And by magic he created woman's garments, and he put them all on, so that he looked just like the old woman gathering wood.

He found a mouse with a nest full of young ones in the wood, and he hid them in his clothes. Then he killed the old woman, and took her boat, and pulled back across the river with the load of wood.

Stooping to hide his face, Effocassoo carried the load of wood to the fire where Small Brother was cooking. He put more wood on the fire, and then put his hand in, as if to see if Small Brother was done. All the Indians were sitting around, waiting for the feast.

Effocassoo saw that Small Brother was still alive, for his heart was beating. He glanced back—none of the Indians were watching. He drew Small Brother out, hiding him under his cloak. But he put a mouse back in his stead, so that the Indians would not know that they were being cheated out of their intended banquet, if they came very soon to look.

Effocassoo, still stooping like an old woman, carried his brother down to the boat, as if he were going for more wood. All the boats of the Indians were tied up along the bank, and Effocassoo liberated the rest of the mice.

"Go and gnaw holes in every boat," he said. He waited till he saw the water coming into all the boats. Then he rowed half way across the river. He threw off his squaw's head-basket and woman's garments, and let Small Brother sit up where all could see him.

"Look and see if your dinner is nearly done!" he shouted, withdrawing his magic.

All the Indians rushed to the fire and saw the mouse cooking in Small Brother's stead. Then they came running with threats and shouts to the river's bank, and leaped into the boats. But Effocassoo was already on the other side, and he watched them sink in their boats or leap into the swift stream and drown, for not one of them could swim. Then, when the last of them were swept away by the river that flows through the sky country, he and Small Brother slid down the Spider's thread safe to earth again.



The sedate Boston Transcript—which comes nearer being a weekly than any other daily newspaper in the United States, with one exception,—quotes from the Seventeenth Annual Report of the Los Angeles Public Library certain hostile remarks as to the illiterate spelling of “cataloging” and “cataloger,” by the American Library Association. The Transcript’s quotations carry the compliment of completeness, as well as that of consequent comment :

Probably when he wrote this, Mr. Lummis had not had the chance to investigate very thoroughly the history of “reformed spelling” in its relations to libraries and librarians. Had he done so, he would have scarcely expressed much feeling over so comparatively harmless a bit of eccentric spelling as “catalog.” He would have known that this is only one of the pieces of sediment left by a great wave of spelling “reform” which has swept over American libraries several times in the past thirty years. One of the library periodicals of this country habitually omits the last two letters of the word catalogue, but that is almost its only peculiarity in this field. The other uses “thru” for through, and “tho” for though, and takes several other liberties. But Mr. Lummis and any others who feel at all uneasy on account of the presidential approval of the Simple Spellings may find great relief in comparing the usage of the library periodicals of today with those employed in a library magazine of fifteen or twenty years ago. Indeed, the experience of the library world in the matter is a fair test of the outcome of the experiment in the greater world, and demonstrates clearly that neither money nor executive orders will have more than a transitory effect against the rules of good taste. Library Notes, which has ceased publication for some years, was printed throughout in “reformed spelling” of the most extreme type. Not only were there present the one hundred (or is it three hundred?) reformed words of the Carnegie board committee, but many others which the committee has not yet ventured to suggest. The English language was left hacked and bleeding. And numerous experimenters have agreed that a half hour’s perusal of it left one with a sensation similar to that attained by sitting down to dinner in shirt-sleeves, and eating exclusively with one’s knife—performances, by the way, which have all the merits of simplicity and time-saving claimed as the chief virtues of Simple Spelling.

The Lion has had plenty of “chance,” but not much inclination ; and the “feeling expressed” was only the same disgust shown by the Transcript in its more Bostonian way. The Lion does not feel in the least uneasy because the President of the United States has joined the mutilators of their mother tongue. An active mind has

to have amusement of some sort—whether it be by cutting Isthmuses through in a night (and waking up in the morning, four years later, to find it all a dream), or by cutting the throat of a language which is good enough for anybody who can use it. Roosevelt when he treats English as she is meant to be used (in his powerful writings) will last; but only God Almighty *can* stand her on her head—and He *won't*.

It is not in "uneasiness" nor "alarm" that the Lion now and again expresses so much of his opinion as would be allowed to go through the mails, concerning that unoccupied mental moment of some of his dearest friends, in which they lay rude hands upon the huskiest of linguistic ladies. She can defend herself thoroughly, without any intervention of any five-foot-six champion. But it would be a poor runt who didn't, even among the bystanders, express his disapprobation of such ungallant acts. The Lion has been reminded several times before that in sending humorous remarks back to Boston it was necessary to label them as little Johnnie did his drawing, "This is a Cow." Be it known to all men by these presents, that the Lion never gets mad for long enough to read proof on it; that if it makes someone else mad, the joke is all the better; and that he does not really wish harm to anyone in the world—not even that which they do to themselves.

* * *

But really this Simple Simon Spelling Board is tu Mutch! It would make a dog laugh—if the canines could read its spelling. Like all the rest of us also, who are mere ordinary bipeds, and not distinguished publishers, nor makers of the biggest dictionary in the world (and fullest of blunders, for the Lion will engage on a thousand dollars' forfeit—to go to the Southwest Museum—to produce an elementary, ignorant blunder in the Century Dictionary, edited by Benjamin E. Smith, one of the Executive Committee of the Simplified Spelling Board, for every dollar the Century Dictionary charges its confiding patrons), the gentlemen who urge us to attend to "A matter which should interest every enlightened and patriotic citizen . . . a measure so important to the public good" are obliged to keep up communications with their fellow beings. They can jolt us if they wish, and perhaps we can still understand them when they keep their hats on in the presence of ladies and the language, and otherwise violate the superstitions which it is well to retain. But obviously they have no sense of humor either with or without a "u." Any man who knows a joke without a tag on it could not write: "rapt his knuckles," "supt his—(in their case probably "catnip tea"), or "thruout"; nor could shatter the "decalog." Sobriety is an admirable failing; but even in spelling we should not

follow Thomas Corwin's proverbial advice to a young lawyer, when he had just lost a case before a stolid jury: "Be solemn, Sir; be solemn as an ass." This is a mighty funny world—therefore, ever beautiful. Those who cannot see the joke of it, get little from it themselves—and stub the toes of their neighbors. A man who will voluntarily advise you at the expense of a two-cent stamp that he "mist" his train, has the same effect on a vernal landscape that an undertaker does at the front door with ten-cent gloves for the pallbearers; and if Kipling had been of the frame of mind that could have written:

"Plucky lot she cared for idols
When I KIST her where she stood"—

well, he could not have written "Mandalay" anyhow.

* * *

The worst thing about the lack of a sense of humor is the ethical shortcoming that follows. We all deceive ourselves somewhat; but the person who has the saving grace to see what a fly-speck upon a fly-speck he is, compared to the universe, is not in so great danger of being what thoughtless persons call dishonest. The Simplified Spelling Board is not exactly ingenuous. In its "three hundred words" for an entering wedge, it has a great many which an evil peanut politician would judge were chosen simply to bamboozle votes. It recommends a lot of words which no grown-up and sane American that has escaped from the grammar school ever thinks of confounding. It gravely advises us to spell "jail" thus and not "gaol"; to write "phenomenon" instead of "phænomenon"; and "primeval" instead of "primæval"; and "wagon" instead of "waggon"—and so on. If this is in frankness, why—boo to a goose!

Americans are not actively engaged in writing 'ardour' and 'clamour' and 'armour' (except for ptomaine) and 'honour' and 'humour,' and so on down the list. In our deliberate way we have come to leave out some few letters which never had any special excuse for presence; but it will be sometime yet before we "ever love a dear *gazel*," or report that the cat "purs," or forget that there is a difference between the present green-gage plum and the guage of mensuration; or agree with the learned Cumberers of the Atlantic Seaboard in forgetting that between "coquet" and "coquette" there is still a difference of the same sort that has caused all the trouble in the world since it began—or to follow them in most of the other cacographical distractions which are all very well for persons whose minds have nothing else to do, though they are surrounded by suffering, ignorance, crime and all the other opportunities which are apt to tempt real persons to Do something besides masticate the alphabet.

The spelling of the English language is without question the most unruly in the world. It always will be. All the faults of all languages are concentrated in it—partly for the reason, perhaps, that it is the greatest composite on earth; or, if you will, the greatest linguistic thief. It has borrowed words from almost every language spoken on earth. It has mangled most of its forced loans, but it has retained in most of them enough to indicate whence they were stolen. There still are, and very probably always will be, people with enough respect to their own ancestors and the ancestry of the speech they use, to care for these things. The people for whom plain American As She is Spoke is not sufficiently good, might better chase themselves to the green fields of Esperanto—the paradise of those whose mature years retain the juvenile desire for pig-latin. There are enough languages in the world to occupy the attention of all people who desire to lengthen their linguistic tether; but for those who desire to tie themselves up around a stump with what tether they have, there is always plenty of opportunity in abusing their own tongue and playing papa to bastard ones. The grown-up people like to see them play; once in a while a grandfather will go down on all fours and creep around with them; but the rest of us—and “the rest” are just as likely to be carpenters and shoe-makers as college professors—will go on minding our own business and our own spelling, taking both on the lines of least resistance and the common sense God gave us; and it will not hurt our feelings a bit, nor in the least change our procedure, if the Mother Eddys of orthography write one another all the letters they will with as few letters as they can get along with.

* * *

In the San Francisco that was, you could hardly go out doors anywhere, shut your eyes, whirl around three times, and throw a stone—without hitting something which some public-spirited citizen had given to the municipality. San Francisco, the metropolis of the Golden State, made and maintained the world's record for that fine-spirited, open-handed recognition of a man's debt to the community that he is allowed to live in.

All our local pride cannot blink the historic fact that Los Angeles has never learned this Western lesson. In fact, Los Angeles has not yet become a Western city. It is more Boston than Boston. It pulls together for an obvious public necessity better than any city of any size in the world; but the individual habit of public well-doing has never taken root here. The only examples of this spirit are the pitiful showing below:

About twenty years ago, E. F. Spence, President of the Los Angeles National Bank, devised twenty-five thousand dollars to install

an astronomical observatory on Mt. Wilson. This bequest was never carried out, for reasons too long to be enumerated here.

In the same general epoch, Dr. Edgar gave five hundred dollars cash to the Los Angeles Public Library (the only money-gift of any importance it ever received from any citizen or anybody else).

A few years ago G. J. Griffith gave the city a park of some three thousand acres outside its limits. Only ingratitude could harp on the fact that the donor could do nothing else with the land; for historically it is certain that within fifty years this great gift will be one of the choicest possessions of the city; and it has the making of as beautiful a park as there is in the world. Possibly the donor had some feeling of this.

Within the month, Mr. J. D. Hooker has announced his intention to give fifty thousand dollars for a great reflecting telescope on the crest of the Sierra Madre. This region is recognized as most favorable for astronomical observations; and a gift of this sort for the more abstruse sciences is well given.

But there are hundreds of others in Southern California, and even in this city, who have risen here from the stoke-hole to the quarter-deck; who came here poor; who are today rich—and who have not paid their fare to the community. There are men who came here as pack-peddlers that are today multi-millionaires. This town, and every man in it, has given them their fortunes. There are men who once lived here in the good old-fashioned way, with little to bless themselves withal, except worthless land, who have simply sat still and grown rich beyond the dreams of avarice. There are men who from laborers have risen by faithfulness and by foresight, to be captains of a thousand or five thousand such men as they were financially when I first knew Los Angeles.

The Lion is no anarchist, nor socialist, nor dyspeptic. He cannot remember that he ever regretted the success of any man. But success means also obligation. It is impossible to succeed without a certain assistance, whether willing or unwilling, conscious or unconscious, from one's fellow men. No man can live in a community and make his money of it without owing it something. No man can pay his debts with smiles and soft words. Our fare in this world has to be paid in one way or another. If you dodge the conductor, or lie to him—nevertheless, you shall pay. No man ever did beat his way without paying more than a first-class ticket would have cost.

In any community—and ten-fold in a community whose living growth is the wonder of the Five Continents—there is much to do, and there are many ways of paying our fare in proportion to the

seats we occupy on the train of life. Everywhere are the cripples to care for; everywhere there is the future to provide for, which is the only immortality we can guarantee. Every city needs certain furnitures of philanthropy and culture beyond its possible means of supplying by taxation. It is the Privilege of the lucky to supply some of these things in proportion to their luck. If they have any concept of the real meaning of pleasure, it will be their Pleasure. If there is any such thing as duty, it is their Duty. The happiest rich men now alive are those who have discovered this inalienable fact. Every city needs museums, libraries, parks, provision for orphans, the aged, the helpless. No city can catch up by municipal finances with these needs.

The Lion has never quarreled with anyone about principles. Lack of morals is probably referable to a precedent generation or to lack of proper training. The only thing in this world the Lion finds structural fault with, is fools—which includes the people who wish to be happy and have not sense enough to know how. For it is the easiest thing in the world. There is no fate so hard that its victim cannot be bigger; and it is mighty easy for those who have money to buy something with it—if they only know how.

* * *

As is known of all that read it, the Den has no bother with politics. It rarely deals even with such questions as the politicians confound. No one knows the Lion's politics, nor whether he has any—and as a matter of fact he hasn't much of any; preferring to have in his system a citizen's obligation rather than a debt to some boss.

But if the Lion has any settled conviction and belief, it is that the privilege of the franchise has directer relation to the conscience than to the ear. The whooping and the brass bands are all right in their place (which is in the kindergarten) but an American citizen—whom the bosses themselves rate as "an uncrowned King;" who has a share in the responsibilities of making a republic as rational and as honest a piece of business as a junk shop has to be (or fail)—this man would better use his brains and his conscience in the discharge of such duty, than merely his memory and his lungs.

The idea is growing fast and tall throughout the United States—and that is the most encouraging feature in a country where a good many things alarm not only the thoughtful but even the most careless—that the great shadow of a party name is only a shadow after all. In business we like Results. When a republic becomes business, it will insist on results as sharply as the manager of a department store has to. Nobody can do

business by hiring employees for the color of their hair, the shape of the steeple under which they go to church, or any other incidental thing. We owe our creeds, religious and political, and the complexion of us, very largely to heredity. Our honesty and our efficiency (with due respect to good fathers and mothers) we owe mostly to the Square Deal that God has given almost every human being. And until our politics shall be done as we do our business, they will continue to be a Poor Job.

If there is a local application, these words come here only because the application is universal. Any man who has avoided bankruptcy knows what he would think if someone told him that he must not hire a floorwalker or a superintendent because a dozen of the leading business houses in town had tried to get the same man. Any man who will apply his business intelligence to the business of his City or his State or his Nation will know what to think of the suggestion of the bosses that because a hundred leading citizens, banded for the purpose of purifying municipal or state politics, have picked out the best man they can find for a certain office—therefore be it resolved that no ancient and bewhiskered party should allow said person to receive the nomination it otherwise would have been glad to give him. The most notable thing about some politicians is not so much their own lack of intelligence, as the compliment they pay us by thinking that we are no smarter than they. There are many kinds of success in this world; but a local boss and a local machine are not in the catalogue. It is a childish proposition, whose Red Topped Boots are the winning of an election or two (which no one in the city, except themselves, can remember the result of, ten years later). They are looked down on, in fact, even by the men who surrender to them. And thieves never succeed. No thief ever did—no thief ever will. He wins a game of solitaire, or even of euchre—but he loses the Game of Life which includes all other games. The future will take care of itself. Whether a non-partisan spirit shall spread to national affairs or not, will be attended to by the attraction of gravitation of human intelligence. But it is already certain that non-partisanship in local affairs is going to win. It is spreading throughout this country of free men. In other words, Americans are beginning to do business even in politics.

It takes the smartest community in the world a long time to find out what's what; and still longer for communities less smart. There was a period when all that was known of one W. Shakespeare was as a vagabond deer-thief. It is also imaginable what Athens thought of the "Public Enemies" who spoiled the Acrop-

olis with "darned old buildings" so that the children had a few less rocks upon which to wear out the seat of their chitons. I don't remember whether chitons have a seat; but it is a good Greek word, and it was worn somehow.

A hundred years from now—and even sooner, in proportion to the contagion of thought—it will be universally understood that one of the best things that ever happened to Los Angeles (since its discovery by Portalá and the Santa Fé Railroad) was the decision of the supreme court of California, October 11, 1906, permitting the citizens to carry out their voted will and to erect their Public Library in Central Park.

Thousands of books are written about Indian myths; and hundreds of thousands of scholars (and of thousands who would like to be) expound upon them. But here in the most progressive city in the world and the most modern, is a perfect ethnological type of the way that myths grow. This myth grew, and crystalized, and became a tradition, even in the life of its hero. I can remember perfectly well when people said: "There goes poor old George Lehman, who gave the city Central Park—and he dying a pauper."

Lehman never had the remotest right, title or interest in Central Park. He did not give it to the City. It was part of the original pueblo lands. It was never dedicated by him nor by anyone else as a plot of ground to be occupied by flowers, trees and hoboes.

Three years ago the Board of Library Directors of the Los Angeles Public Library, and Miss Mary L. Jones, Librarian, began an agitation for a Library building in Central Park. There was an excellent campaign of education; an election was secured; and on the 5th of December, 1904, the people of this city voted, by more than two-thirds majority, to install the Public Library in this Park.

An injunction was presently brought by a property-owner; and in October, 1905, the court of first instance reversed the will of the people. City Attorney W. B. Matthews appealed the case; and a year later, namely October 11, 1906, the supreme court of the State reversed Judge Trask and upheld the popular verdict. This leaves the city free to do what should have been done long ago, but fortunately was not. Braggart as we are, few of us believe what this city is to be. It is already larger by about thirty-four per cent. than it was when its people overwhelmingly voted this measure. In five years from now we will have added another thirty-four per cent. to this greatly increased population. It would be just as well if the people of Los Angeles could get into their heads the real concept that this city is Going to Grow. They are willing enough already to tell it to the persons to whom they sell front feet in the city, and city lots in the country; but few of them show too many visible evidences of believing it themselves.

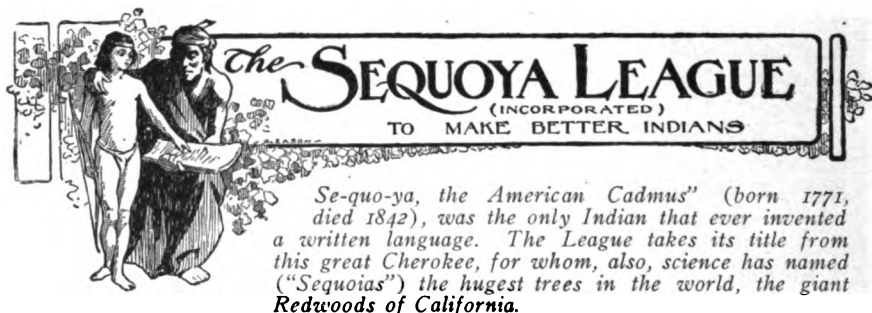
An American city without an adequate Public Library is not an American city. It is some accidental place from somewhere else, parasitic on American soil. There are fifty measly little populations in the United States with better Public Libraries

(so far as building is concerned) than this Queen City of the Southwest has ever generally dreamed of having. The plans proposed three years ago for a ground-floor building of the classic models largely followed by Mr. Carnegie, proposed to use one-thirteenth of the area of Central Park. Fortunately it was not made effective; for it would not have served half the city that this will be in ten years from today. The only way in which you can have an adequate building in the center of a great city, and with parking around it, and with room to grow if the city grows, is by architectural plans which provide for growth as men grow—skyward. The “sky-scraper” is not ideal; but we have elevators nowadays, as they did not in Greece and Rome; and a Parthenon would be satisfactory only in cities which expect to remain for twenty-five centuries of the size of Athens. Furthermore, the Public Library is no longer a cathedral, nor its Librarian a reception committee. The Public Library of today is a great department store which turns its stock faster than any other; the Librarian is the business manager, and doesn't chatter with book-agents; the architectural demands are for less blank wall, and more light and air, and for proofing against fire and earthquake.

Probably plans can be drawn for occupying even less of Central Park than the original one-thirteenth—and more of the upper climate that God spread upon the face of California. Probably a perfectly convenient, and comfortable, and safe building can be mapped out which shall serve this city for a hundred years to come, by making in perpendicularity such additions as the perpendicular growth of the population shall demand. Anyhow, this is what will be tried to be done.

Whatever else Californians do or leave undone, they should take advantage of God's grace. Some people will come from one Chicago to another—but not many people of the kind we wish. Even the Eastern cities are learning the outdoor lesson, and at a staggering expense are parking their museums, libraries and other public buildings—and this in a climate where they can live outdoors with safety only about half of the year. If Los Angeles intends to make anything of itself, it will not permanently surround all its public buildings, hotels, and homes with cement sidewalks. Its homes have already learned the lesson—and they are the glory of the city, even the fifty-foot lots, with their cottages surrounded with grass, and trees, and flowers. Are we, or are we not, here chiefly because of the very fact that it is possible to do this and to keep a spot of mother earth attractive through all the year? If this is one of the reasons why we came here, why should we not have common sense enough to apply the like principles to our business? The civic pride of Los Angeles is high; and with reason. The Public Library stand proportionately at the head of Public Libraries in the United States, in its usefulness to the community it serves. What is the matter with giving it a local habitation which for safety, convenience, comfort and beauty—not only of architecture but of surroundings—shall surpass any other library in the world?

CHAS. F. LUMMIS.



ALL who have been interested in and have helped the Campo Indians, whose misfortunes have aroused so much sympathy in the last two years, should write in the tablets of their memory an item of gratitude to Mr. E. H. Weegar. A frontiersman since the days of the overland stage, Mr. Weegar has for many years been a trader at Campo. That more of the Campo Indians did not starve before a generous public began to take care of them, is due chiefly to Mr. Weegar. He has managed to keep himself poor by these means. Those who know (as most of us do) the ordinary Indian Trader, can appreciate the Right Kind.

Mr. Weegar has not only fed from his own pocket, for years, the hungry Indians of his vicinity, he has been locally the right hand of the Sequoya League in administering the relief supplied by the public, and also in reviving and extending the basket industry.

Mr. Weegar and his wife are old. They find it necessary to remove to San Diego; and the Indians of the five Campo reservations lose the immediate presence of the best friends they have ever had.

The Sequoya League wishes to move a vote of thanks to this devoted couple who have personally done far more in proportion for the good name of California, in this respect, than has anyone else. The motion will undoubtedly be passed unanimously by acclamation; but it costs very little to write and send a letter; and no two-cent stamp could be better employed than in sending a personal note of appreciation to Mr. and Mrs. Weegar.

FUNDS FOR THE WORK.

Previously acknowledged, \$1,645.00.

New contributions: \$2.00 each—Sol Bibo, Grant's, N. M.; C. H. Howland, Los Angeles; Mrs. Marion A. Moore, Crystal, N. M.; Tracy R. Kelley, Imperial College, Hong Kong, China.

RELIEF FUND.

Previously acknowledged, \$1,648.50.



AN admirable piece of Landmarks work has been done by the Harvard School. It is encouraging that this sort of public spirit has at last found expression in one institution of learning.

A few venerable California palms—natives of the desert cañons of this State, and transplanted to this city more than a century ago—still survive. Naturally they were all set out in what was then the pueblo; and this little plot in the vicinity of the Plaza has, as naturally, in modern times been trodden under the foot of business progress.

One of these veterans is the famous "Twin Palm" which has so long sentinelled the spot now occupied by the Southern Pacific "River Station" (which is itself already ancient history of which perhaps not half the inhabitants of this busy city are even aware).

Whether or no corporations have souls, they have to have tracks; and in the middle of October, 1906, the Southern Pacific yard needed sleepers and rails where these patriarchal twins stand. There was soul enough, however, not to chop them down without warning; and word was sent that if anyone would take care of the trees, they might have them for the moving. Mayor Owen McAleer and Mrs. McAleer, who have many times shown their interest in the history of the city, and who once helped save the Plaza from destruction, immediately became active. The Landmarks Club as promptly offered to bear its share of the expense for removal of this vegetable monument to one of the city parks—the Park Commission pleading "no funds," but offering a hospitable welcome to the tree if removed at someone else's expense.

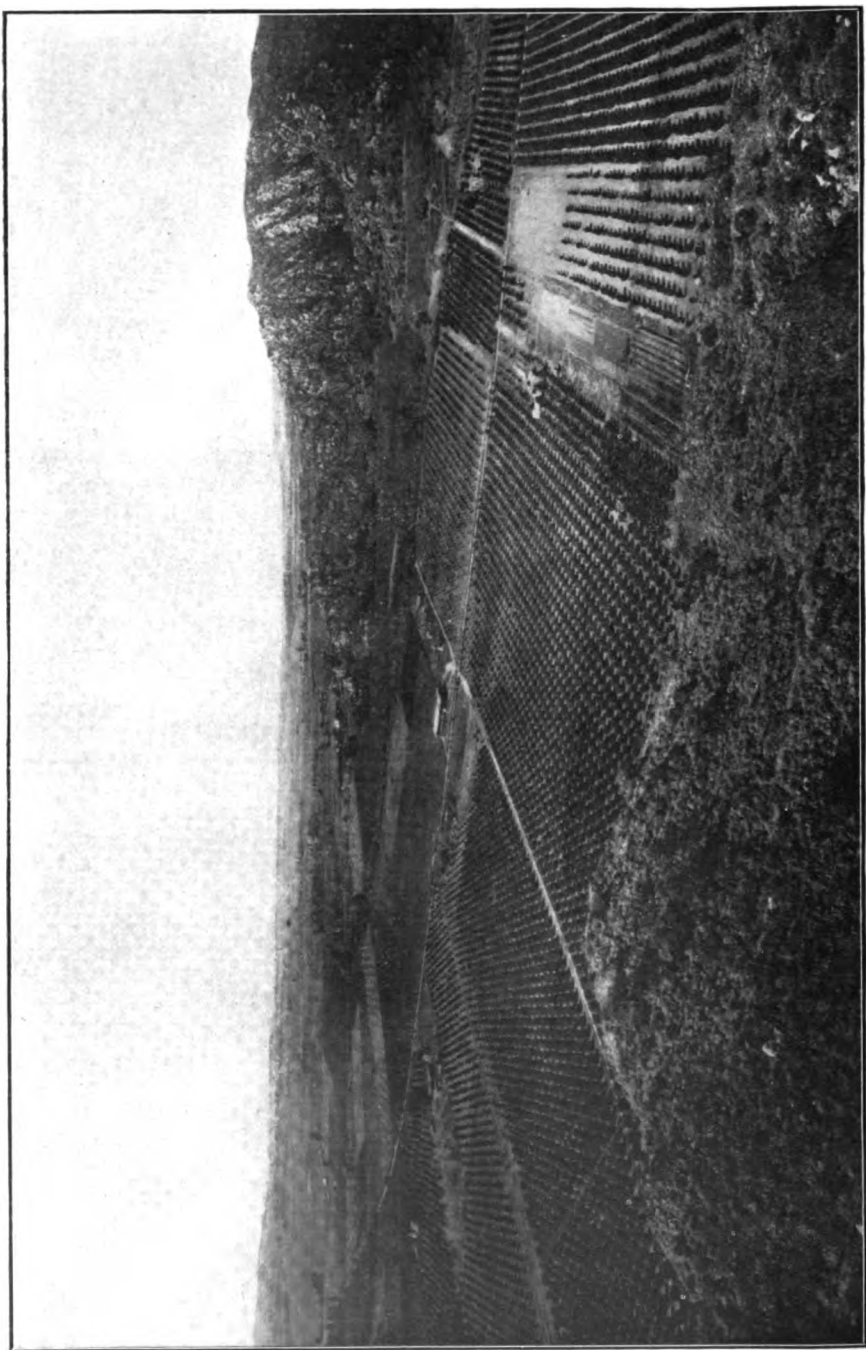
Just at this juncture, however, the management of the Harvard School stepped in and offered to bear all expenses for the transplanting of the giant to the Harvard campus, without expense to the city and without private subscriptions.

While historically it might be better to have this "Oldest Inhabitant" domiciled in the Plaza, the main thing is to have it preserved. The archive can record its birthplace; in a city growing like this beyond all bounds, it is very likely that its service of beauty and memory to the public will be quite as great in the grounds of this excellent school as elsewhere.

FUNDS FOR THE WORK.

Previously acknowledged, \$8,724.50.

New contributions: \$1.00 each—Sol Bibo, Grants, N. M.; H. Clay Needham, Newhall, Cal.; Mrs. J. H. Drain, Los Angeles; Tracy R. Kelley, Hong Kong, China.



THE ESCONDIDO VALLEY.

ESCONDIDO—THE HIDDEN VALLEY



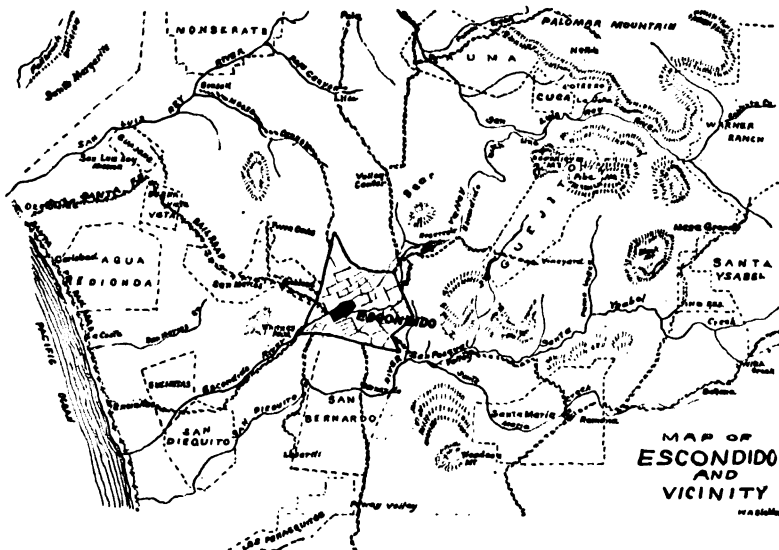
N San Diego County, lying about twelve to fifteen miles from the ocean, and thirty miles north of San Diego City, lies the beautiful little City of Escondido, the second city in size in San Diego County. Escondido is a city of about 1000 inhabitants and is rapidly growing; has four of the finest general merchandise establishments to be found in any city of the size in the State, besides a good representation of all other lines of business, although new business men are coming in right along and opening up with good success. There are three banks in successful operation and two newspapers.

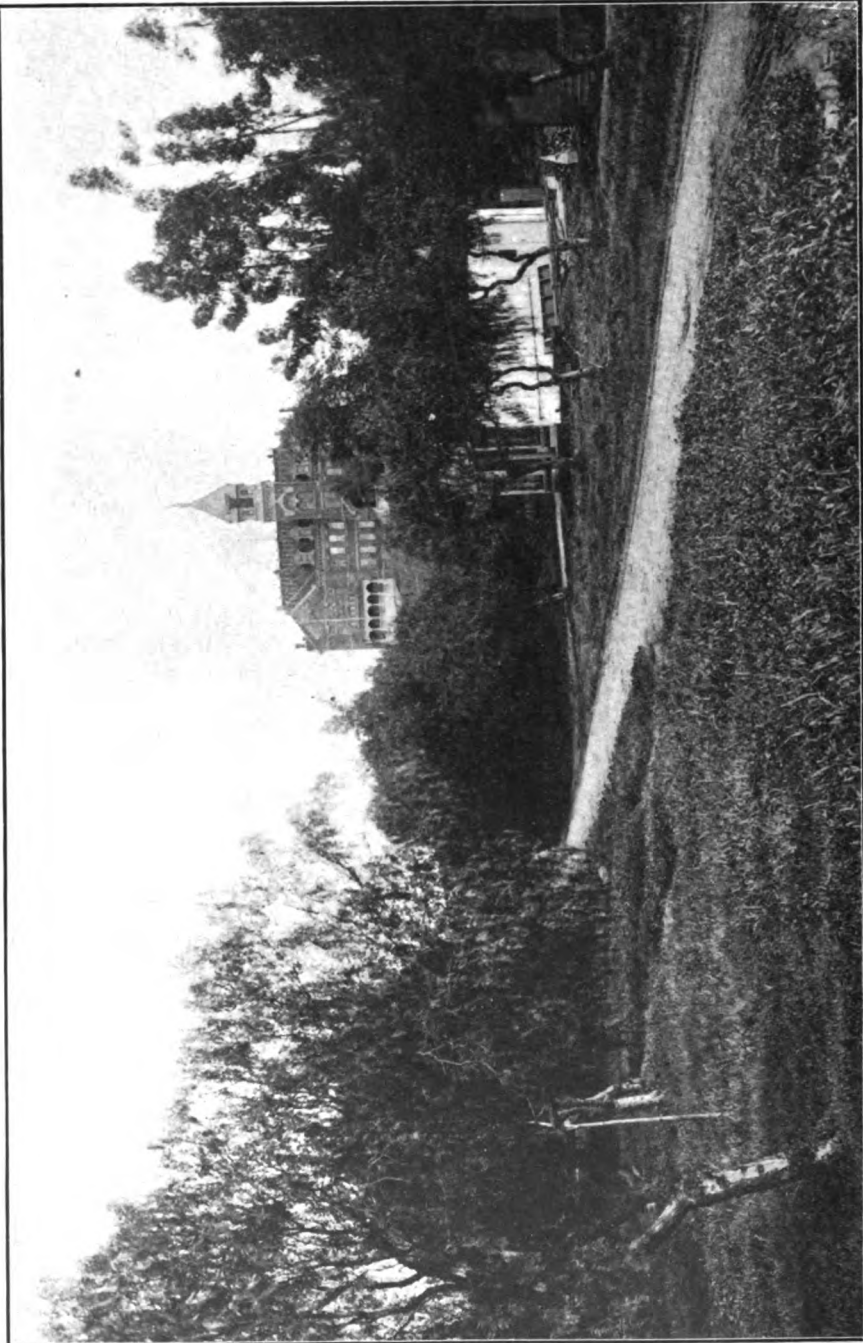
The situation of Escondido is ideal, and no lovelier place for a home can be found in California. There are seven churches and no saloons, two rural mail routes, and several star mail routes, including a daily four-horse stage to San Diego.

The school facilities of the city include a fine graded school and one of the oldest and best high schools in the county.

Escondido draws trade for thirty to forty miles surrounding, many fertile valleys lying adjacent and tributary to the Escondido valley. In these valleys stock raising, dairying, fruit growing, general farming and apiaries furnish the people with a livelihood, all of the products being brought to Escondido as the logical market. As a consequence, there is no better commercial center in San Diego County than Escondido.

The Escondido Valley proper consists of about 13,000 acres, lying in a beautiful succession of fertile valleys, 10,000 acres of which is tillable. This land is adapted to the growing of the finest oranges and lemons and muscat grapes. Our grapes have an enviable reputation in the Los Angeles market for table grapes, it having been demonstrated that no finer table grapes can be produced in the State. The Escondido Vineyard Company and other small growers have about 140 acres of vines, twenty-two years old, that are as fine as the sun ever shone upon, while there are many smaller vineyards of various ages, of both muscats and wine grapes, that are very thrifty.



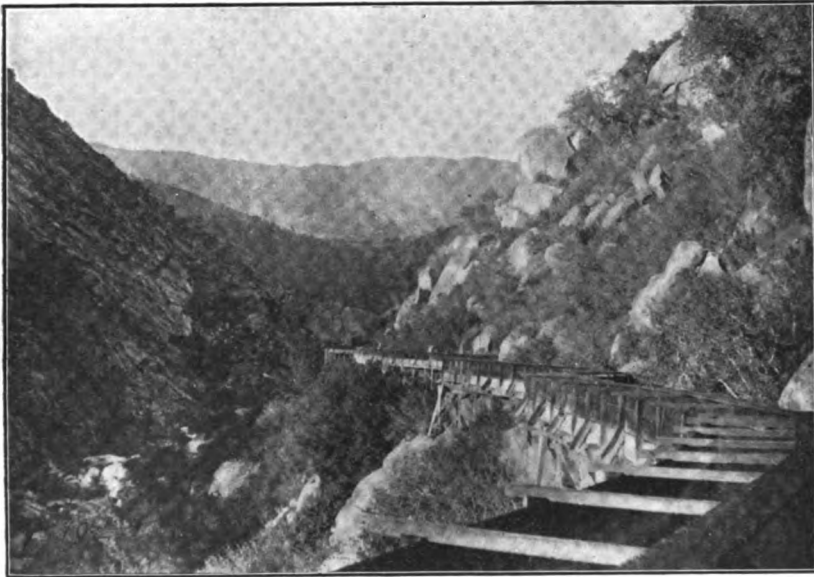


ESCONDIDO HIGH SCHOOL.

The soil of the Escondido Valley is a deep loose red granite soil, warm and productive, and it is a pleasure to work it. It is adapted to the production of the very finest of oranges and lemons, grapes, and all kinds of deciduous fruits, berries, vegetables, alfalfa and small grains. Grain and hay crops are grown without irrigation, as well as deciduous fruits and vegetables.

This is an ideal place for poultry growing, as eggs always command a good price, and poultry, with proper care, do exceedingly well.

Our irrigation system is owned and controlled by the land-owners of the Escondido Valley, free and clear of all indebtedness, and we have a bountiful supply of water, at actual cost of maintenance of the system.

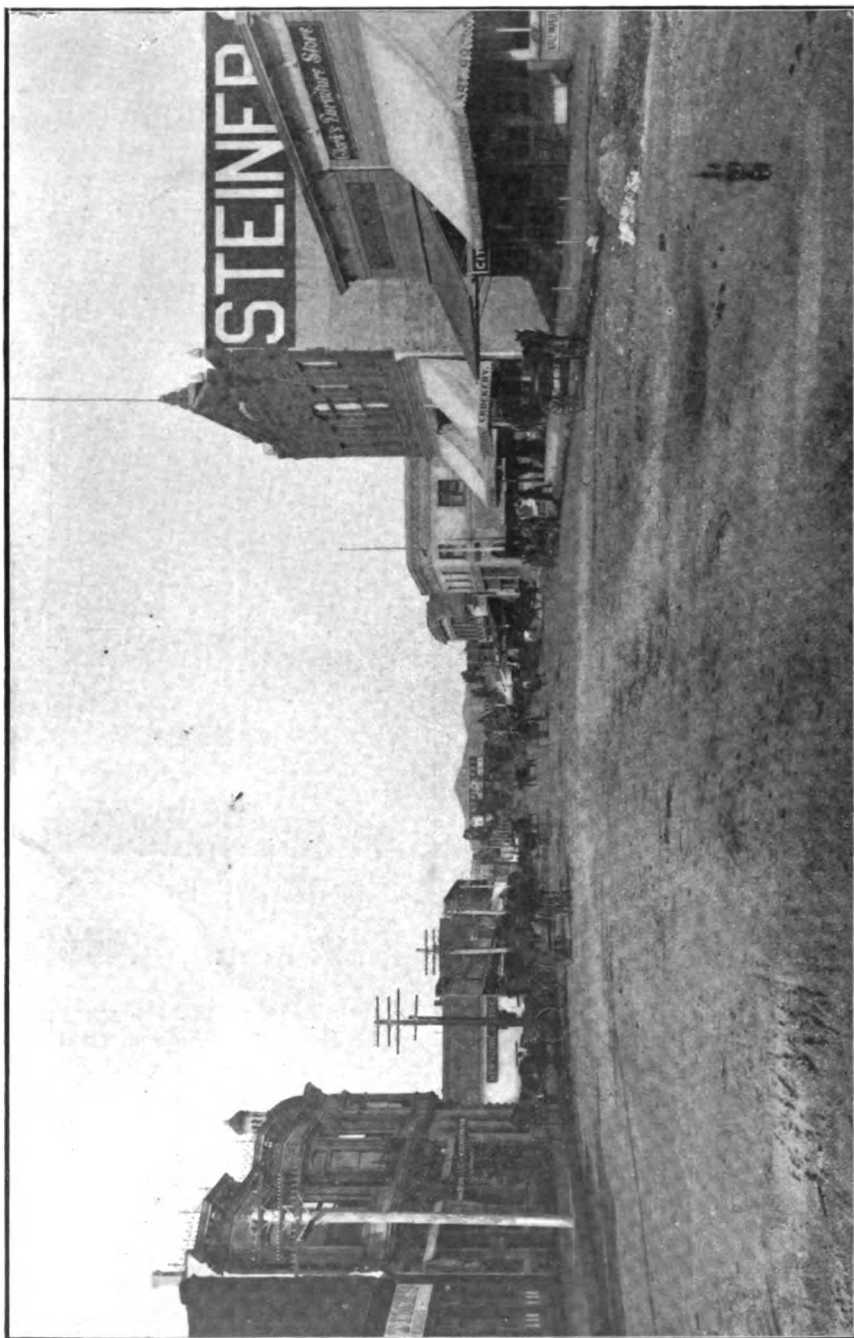


FLUME OF ESCONDIDO IRRIGATION DISTRICT.

Escondido is the terminus of a branch line of the Santa Fé Railway, and is about 100 miles southeast from Los Angeles.

Any trip to Southern California of the home-seeker without investigating the many beauties of the Escondido Valley, its fine land, cheap soil, good school and church facilities, would be incomplete. Come and be convinced that ours is the chosen spot for the future location of many thousands of happy and contented families.

Anyone wishing to investigate the resources of this charming "garden spot" can obtain descriptive literature and any desired information by addressing the Chamber of Commerce.



A BUSINESS STREET, ESCONDIDO.

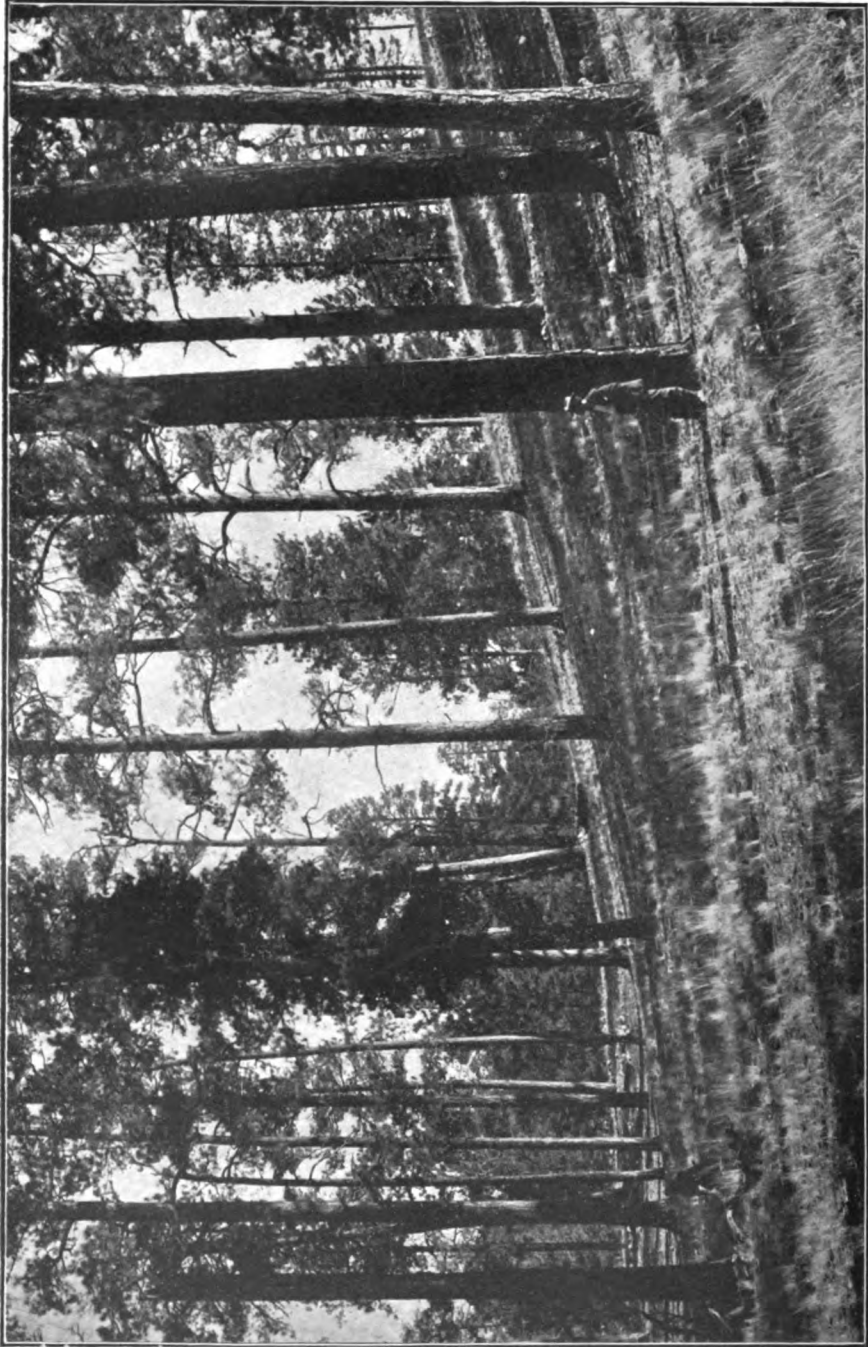


Photo by U. S. Forest Service
AN AVERAGE STAND OF WESTERN YELLOW PINE IN SAN FRANCISCO MOUNTAIN FOREST



Vol. XXV No. 6

DECEMBER, 1906

THE FORESTS OF ARIZONA.

By SHARLOT M. HALL.

"The forest problem is in many ways the most vital internal problem of the United States."—THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

"From every point of view the forest is one of the most helpful friends of man. Perhaps no other natural agent has done so much for the human race."—GIFFORD PINCHOT, Chief of the U. S. Forest Service.



T WILL come as no light surprise to many that probably the largest unbroken forest in the United States lies within the land that has been called "the last stronghold of the desert." The wide forest of yellow pine, flung like a kingly mantle across the rugged peaks and mesas of the Mogollon plateau in Northern Arizona, covers, with its broad border of juniper and cedar, a continuous extent of about ten thousand square miles—an area believed to be equalled only in Africa.

Other forests have larger trees, and other sections have more square miles of trees, counting all their forested areas together; but this great forest, stretching in one green, unbroken sweep from the Grand Cañon southeastward to the line of New Mexico, has in its wide reach but few rivals in the world.

It lies for the most part along the broad back of a high and broken plateau, gashed with deep cañons and rimmed with great cliffs—gray-white limestone, seamed with strange regularity like some giant's wall of rough-laid masonry; sandstone, running the whole range of rich reds and browns, wind-worn into fantastic caves and castles and rows of uncouth titan figures—keepers of the bound between the desert in front and the forest behind; and irregular flows of dull brown lava half buried in cinders.

The long cliff-walled Rim bends away to the south for a hundred miles and more, setting the lessening plateau apart from the intricate ranges and foothills beyond. The cañons following



Photo by E. A. Slicker

"DEEP CAÑONS LINED WITH SPRUCE TREES"

cut through sharply, in gorges akin to the Grand Cañon in character and beauty.

To the north the whole plateau is scarred with old vents and craters, seamed with lava streams, and covered for considerable areas with cinders, pumice and volcanic ash. Its numerous



—Photo by Clarence Shaw

LAKE IN BILL WILLIAMS MOUNTAIN



A TYPICAL CAÑON CUTTING DOWN FROM PLATEAU

To the north the whole plateau is scarred with old vents and peaks are all of volcanic origin, the San Francisco group reaching at the highest point an altitude of 12,794 feet, forest-covered to within 800 feet of the summit.

From this high point the forest lies like an unrolled carpet, its deep green blended with the brown of earth and the red and black and gray of the cliffs and lava ridges. Its far fringes reach out in every direction, deepening to black on the rolling mesas where the mountain cone trees give place to juniper and cedar.

The forest-lined cañons make deep, wrinkling folds that may be traced for miles, and the open parks show in lines and blotches of white here and there in the green. To the south and west, the blue glimmer of water breaks the duller color—small lakes, which, in seasons of normal moisture, are scattered over the plateau to the number of seventy or eighty.

More than three hundred years ago the Spanish explorers of

the Southwest knew this region and crossed it in their expeditions to the Moqui villages and the Grand Cañon. A few American trappers may have passed through as early as 1829; and Kit Carson, Bill Williams, and Antonio Leroux knew it somewhat in the forties.

Bill Williams guided Fremont through the section and left his own name to the most westerly peak of the plateau. In 1851 the government expedition under Captain Sitgreaves passed through to the Colorado river, leaving the name of their leader to one of the peaks, and in 1853-54 the Pacific Railroad survey under Lieutenant Whipple made a fairly comprehensive exploration of the country, giving many names that are now forgotten.

The botanist of this party, John M. Bigelow, gives the first extended description of the forest, the varieties and probable value of the trees, and their adaptability to general uses. Because of the dark color of the cedar and juniper trees, the southern extension of the forest was named the Black Forest, which name it has kept to the present time.

As the forests of the world are reckoned, this great forest of the Southwest is not old; its tallest veteran may have sprung from a cone brushed aside by the boot of Coronado on his adventurous marches. The average tree is reckoned by forest-wise experts, to be about 250 years old, and the bulk of the forest is counted "ripe"—mature and ready to decline in vigor and growth.

It is distinctly a forest of a semi-arid land with little of the undergrowth and none of the exuberant richness that marks the forests of humid countries. In the twelve species of coniferous trees present, the western yellow pine prevails to the rate of 90 per cent; a strong, sufficient, dignified tree, refusing to be crowded and preferring light soil and limited moisture to less standing room.

The brown trunks rise like columns eighty to one hundred twenty-five feet, the thick green crowns seldom interlacing with a neighbor. Where the growth is thickest, there is little of the "forest darkness" that might be found in other woods. The sunlight shines through freely; there is an open, airy brightness, as if these trees were good friends, with no spirit of intrusion or of trenching on the landed estate of a fellow. The earth lies bare and brown underneath, the rough lava crowding up through the thin soil and the fallen needles. The more open spaces and the hillsides are covered with grass and flowers and scattered thickets of young oak, with wild rose and squaw-bushes and the sweet-flowered Mexican quinine along the cliffs and ledges.

Here and there all through the forest are open, treeless parks,

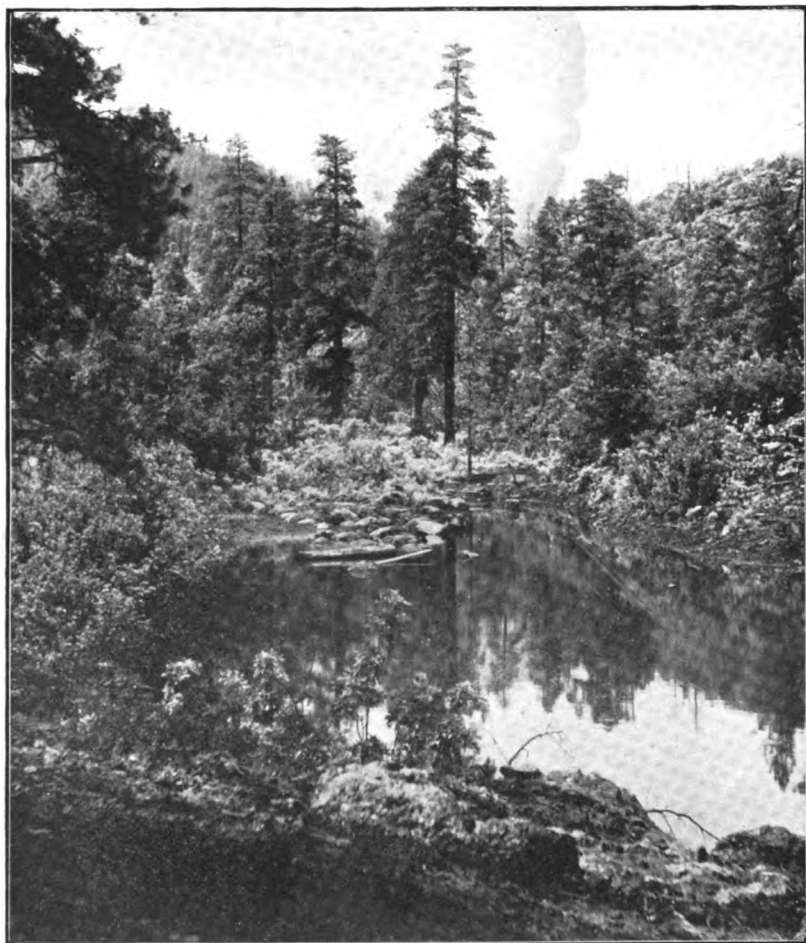


Photo by Clarence H. Shaw

BILL WILLIAMS PEAK AND HEAD OF BILL WILLIAMS CAÑON

grass-covered and often hiding little lakes in some depression. The trees line up along the edge, as if it had been said, "Thus far and no farther." Usually the soil in the parks is richer than in the forest. There seems no reason for this sudden halt in the march of the trees,—unless, as the "lumber jacks" say, the yellow pine will not grow on the richest soil; or, as observant foresters believe, these open glades mark the trail of long-past fires of extreme violence. Such fire-made parks are found in the cedar and juniper forests where their origin is positively known and of comparatively recent date.

Though the yellow pine makes up so large a part of the forest on the broad uplands, there are cañons filled with tall, symmetrical, deep-green spruce, rank on rank from the bottom upward like an orderly army. Three varieties of fir inhabit the higher

mountain slopes and far up the shouldering peaks the aspens climb over the volcanic scoriæ and make haste to hide the scars of the fires that have burned away the fir and spruce forests of the past.

Oaks, from saplings to trees of fair size, mingle with the yellow pine, always taking the rougher ground along the rocky ridges; and many other broad-leaved trees find footing in the cañons. A curious feature of the whole forest is the way in which a single specimen, or a small group of trees, may be found many miles from any others of the kind; and individuals of species properly at home in the lower altitudes are found elbowing the trees of the snow belt.

Throughout Arizona there are about 75 species of indigenous trees, a number exceeded by but few states in the Union, and more than half of them are within the confines of this forest



LAVA FLOW HALF BURIED IN CINDERS

from north to south. At the present time only the yellow pine, the cedar and the juniper are considered of commercial value; the former for lumber and the two latter for fuel and for fence-posts and other local uses. As the supply of timber grows scarcer, a good deal of spruce lumber will be cut and all the varieties of woodland trees will have an augmented value.

In forecasting the future of any section, there are things to be reckoned with other than the acres of land available and the richness of the soil. The trinity of the pioneer was water, wood and grass; he was accustomed to taking them singly; two of them together gave occasion for thankfulness, and all three counted as a providence.

Water was always first, as it is still, but in the economic history

of the world wood has followed a close second. Its uses are numberless and these uses increase, instead of diminishing, with the growth of civilization. Steam and electricity and cunningly designed machines may some day emancipate the animals that have been the servants and friends of man on his long journey out of the past; but steel and brick and concrete have not made him independent of the trees. His need of the forest is greater today than when he first rubbed two dry sticks together to coax out their stored-up heat and twisted supple branches into a rough shelter carpeted with leaves.

It means much to any State to have within its borders even some part of the wood for its future using, and this great forest



Photo by E. A. Sliker

THE BEST TROUT STREAM IN ARIZONA

In Oak Creek Cañon, recently made accessible by stage road from Flagstaff. Territorial Delegate Mark A. Smith is the fisherman.

is one of the most valuable assets of all Arizona and of the entire Southwest. It is not only for the mines to be timbered, the cities and homes to be built and the fires to be kindled on hearths yet unbuilt. This forest stands on its great uplifted plateau to catch and temper the winds that blow in and out across all the four ways of plain and desert.

It is the breathing space for a big circle of sun-burned country. Out of it go the streams that are to leave their trail in fruit and grain and alfalfa, in fig and vine and palm, across the cactus-covered valleys far to the south. The snows that sift down through the spruce and fir branches and lie in drifts under

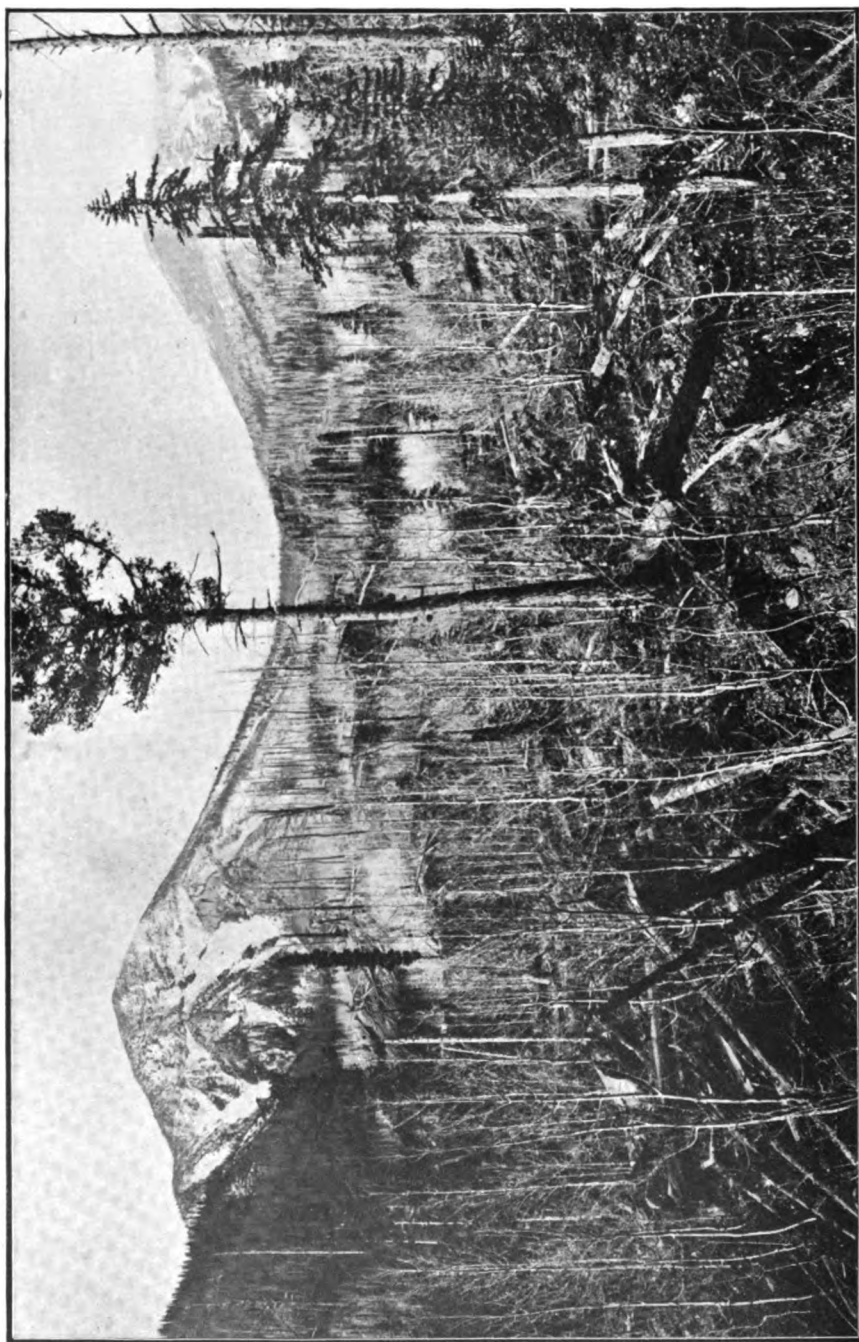


Photo by U. S. Forest Service

DESTRUCTION OF FOREST BY FIRE—SAN FRANCISCO PEAKS

the yellow pines are to fall again in petals shaken from the blossoming orchard-trees and caught in pink and white wind-rows along the irrigating ditches.

Taking the forest from end to end, it contains the most beautiful scenery and most of the natural wonders of Arizona. Along its northern fringe, dropping over the edge of the Grand Cañon, rare cone-bearing trees mingle with the pine, and flowers and shrubs of much beauty and curious interest shelter in the breaks and side cañons. The trees here are smaller than around the peaks and southward. Perhaps fifteen inches would be the average diameter. It is a lusty young forest practically untouched, the nearest lumbering being at Flagstaff and Mt. Sitgreaves, fifty miles or more to the south.

In the western fringe of the Grand Cañon reserve, and particularly in the cedar woodland beyond, are "dry lakes," shallow depressions of considerable extent covered with smooth, water-worn pebbles of varying size, among which are many agates, beautiful in color and markings. Though little known, these "agate beds" have yielded some stones of value.

The great triple cone of San Francisco peak, with its bare, crown-like outline, has been a landmark since before the white man. As the Grand Cañon figures in the traditions and stories of the Hopi Indians, it is the center of the world to the Havasupai, the "People of the Blue Water," who, in their home in the Cataract Cañon, tell that their ancestors came out of a hole in the peak and lived in the forest till a great flood killed all but one young girl, and she, saved by a log in which she floated till the water went away, became the mother of the present Havasu people.

The volcanic area around the base of the peaks is the region of extended lava flows, cinder beds, and strange cones of cinders and ash. The forest is thinner, the trees growing sparsely on the burned-out soil. There are numerous caves, some of them of unknown extent; "bottomless pits" into which the flood waters of sudden showers pour and are lost, and where a stone dropped falls with no sound of stopping. Other caves are filled with ice that never melts and whose extent has not been determined.

South from the peaks the forest grows thicker and the trees larger, till the greatest size is reached, probably, on the Mogollon Divide around Stoneman's Lake. Still other caves are found in the southern trend of the forest, most of them little explored; Montezuma's Well and Castle, the Beaver Creek soda-spring, the natural bridge at Pine Creek (the largest in the world), and many well-preserved cliff- and cave-dwellings are within the forest area.

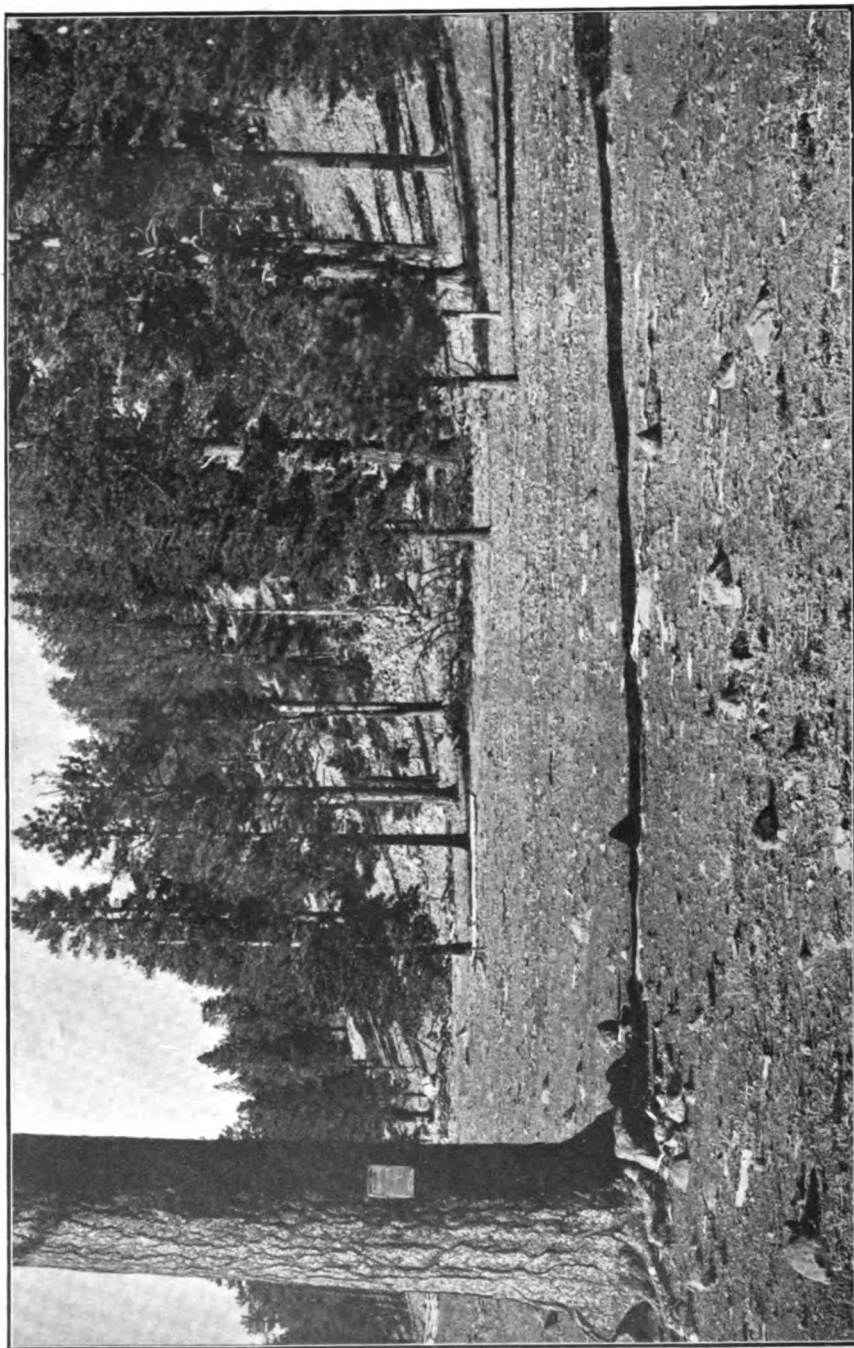


Photo by U. S. Forest Service

GREATLY OVERGRAZED. ALL YOUNG TREES AND GRASS DESTROYED BY STOCK

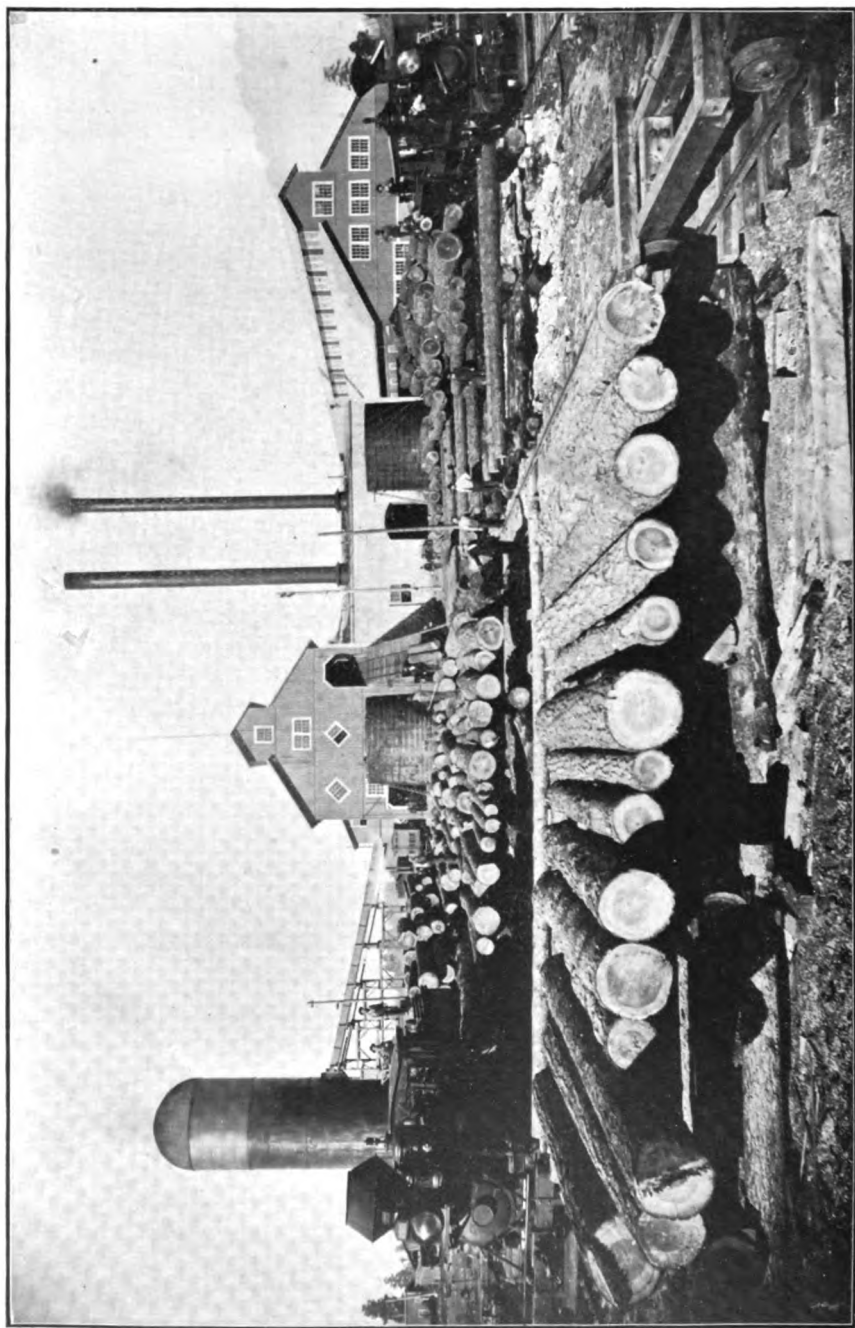
The value of this forest to a country many times larger than the rough plateau and broken foothills which it covers has been fully recognized. In 1898 several tracts of forest land around the San Francisco mountains were set aside in reserves, and in 1902 these, with intervening tracts, were consolidated into the San Francisco Mountains Forest Reserve of 1,975,310 acres.

This with the Grand Cañon reserve of 2,307,520 acres, the Black Mesa reserve of 2,030,240 acres, and the Tonto reserve of 1,115,200 acres, includes the heart of the great forest; though there are six other reserves in Arizona, and the entire reserved area covers 8,728,730 acres, there being a considerable extent of cedar and juniper woodland not under reservation.

These forest reserves protect the water-sheds of all the principal streams in Arizona, as well as the drainage basins of the water-storage projects which the Reclamation Service has under construction. They comprise the least settled portions of the Territory, and include a relatively small acreage of agricultural land, their greatest immediate value being for grazing and the timber. Under the regulation of the Forest Service they are available for both purposes, almost as freely and much more profitably to the Territory than before forest preservation became part of the national policy. The forests of Arizona have suffered less, probably, from wasteful and unrestricted use than have those of any other part of the West, and this is particularly fortunate because natural conditions deprive them of the recuperative power of the forests of more humid regions. In the mining districts of central and southern Arizona the country has been stripped clean of what timber grew there and deserts created where comparative woodland formerly existed. It has been the accident of isolation that has brought the great forest so little harmed into the care of the Forest Service in time for its reasonable preservation.

Fire, grazing, and lumbering, the three great elements in forest destruction, have all had their way, but only the second has gone across the danger line. Strangely enough, the destruction from fire was largely before the coming of the whites, a very unusual tale in forest history. There have been many small fires of later date, but the last great one swept around the San Francisco peaks more than a hundred years ago, and laid waste a fine forest of spruce and fir out of whose ashes the quaking aspens have grown thick and tall.

Many of the fires of the present time are due to lightning strokes. Fierce electric storms sweep over the great plateau during July and August, when the midsummer rainy season is



THE ARIZONA TIMBER AND LUMBER CO.'S PLANT AT FLAGSTAFF

at its height, and in some localities fully half of the mature pines show the long ragged scars of the bolts.

Dry trees are set on fire and burn till they fall, to spread the flame through the litter on the ground, or until the pitch is burned out, and they stand fantastic black skeletons. The green trees are gashed open from crown to butt, or splintered with strange, freakish whims—limbs torn off and driven into the body of another tree or into the earth. After a thunder storm one tree was found with the whole top broken sharp off and planted neatly beside the splintered trunk.

With the forest dry as tinder, as it is at the beginning of the rains, one lightning bolt may start a serious fire and before the Forest Service men patrolled the mountains much valuable timber was lost every season.

All through the forest from south to north the empty cabins with doors fallen or yawning wide on rusty hinges and the corrals of rotting, worm-eaten logs mark abandoned stock ranches. Every little spring has its old camp, with forgotten brands and the names of cow-boys long since dead or gone to other ranges cut deep in the white bark of the quaking aspen trees.

The forest region has always been the best grazing land in Arizona. For years it teemed with cattle and sheep—increasing, increasing—contending back and forth for right of range and water-holes. Overstocking and years of drouth settled the feud at last with scant arbitration. The cattle died—the sheep died—their owners turned “lumber-jacks” or “sand-pickers” (farmers), and left the branding-irons, the marking-brush, and the long Winchesters to rust and dust.

Now under the wise restrictions of the Forest Service, designed to prevent a repetition of the story, and to guard the forest as well, the range is coming back to its old value and stock-growing to its old importance. The forest never had a severer enemy than the unlimited bands of sheep that yearly grazed from mountains to desert and left a hard-beaten track with broken and up-rooted seedling trees to mark their passage through the forest.

Lumbering in the great forest began at Flagstaff, near the southwestern base of the San Francisco peaks, just in advance of the Atlantic and Pacific railroad in 1880. It is interesting to recall that the Pacific Railroad Survey, sent out by the government in 1854, had reported favorably on this very route because of the unlimited quantity of good tie- and bridge-timber in this particular section.

However, the first little mill was not equal to the task of sawing ties for a rapidly-growing railroad, and most of them were hewn with axes at a cost of fifty cents each. “Tie camps” were

established through the forest within convenient distance of the road, and the trees went down before such a slaughter as one may hope will never be seen again.

Indeed for years the waste went on unchecked, if not increased. It could not well be otherwise; there was no demand for any but the best lumber, and only the choice cuts of a tree were hauled to the mill. The tops and the poorer cuts were left on the ground to rot and form the kindling-wood of frequent fires.

At this time the only communication between the forest region of Arizona and the mining and agricultural sections farther south



Photo by E. A. Sliker

THE LOGGING CAMP

The small wooden bunk-houses, built to accommodate from one to four men, are more easily moved and more comfortable than tents.

was by wagon-road, and at the end of the haul lumber brought one hundred and fifty dollars a thousand—a price which encouraged adobe as a building material, and left the growth of lumbering to wait on an easier market.

There existed, too, the common prejudice against home products. Miners believed that Arizona pine would not stand weight enough to be safe in mine-timbering, and carpenters had a saying that a board left on the ground over night would warp a foot before morning. All of which is rather amusing at the present time, when some of the largest mines in the Southwest are tim-

bered entirely from this forest, and Eastern builders are giving preference to the beautifully grained Arizona wood.

The first little sawmill, hauled in with bull-teams from New Mexico, was the seed out of which grew the most stable industry of northern Arizona; slowly, and more than once rising phoenix-like out of ashes, but increasing until at the present time two large lumbering companies cut above thirty million feet a year each, and there are two or three small mills in operation.

Flagstaff has grown from the tall spar of a mountain pine, stripped of its crown and branches and floating the stars and



A CAMP IN THE "CEDARS" (ALLIGATOR JUNIPER)

stripes over an unsettled forest and a party of travellers celebrating the Fourth of July by raising the flag in the Wilderness, to a busy town spread out across a little park, with the ever-growing mills shouldering against the hills behind.

The forest still crowds in, but the whistle of the locomotive startles the blue jays and gray squirrels among the pine cones, and the logs come to mill no longer on bull-wagons or mule-teams with the long whips popping like pistol shots, but loaded high on trains of flat-cars.

In the past it was more than half true that "the mill went to the logs;" that "you could load it on a trail wagon and set it up as easy as a coffee-mill," wherever the timber was thickest. Now the mill is a city in itself, where the log, rough-barked and straight from the forest, rolls from the flat-cars into the grip of machinery that sends it through a dozen processes unknown in

the past, till it comes trimmed and graded to the yard-trucks, marketable lumber.

The Arizona Timber and Lumber Company's mill at Flagstaff is an example of the more than years that lies between the little old sawmills "snaked" across the plains on the slow, big-wheeled freight wagons and the complicated plant created by the demands of modern business and the possibilities of modern mechanical invention.

The "machine age" has touched the forest, and where the settler once "swung his echoing axe" to fell the logs for his home and hew out his own floors and doors, steam has in many ways almost as much replaced the man as it has the ox team.

Twenty-two miles of railroad owned by the company go out from Flagstaff to the logging camps in the forest to the south.



A TRAGEDY THAT NEVER GROWS OLD

Seen from the pilot of the logging engine the road cuts straight into the forest, the steel rails narrowing to two long gleaming lines between the wall of trees.

Behind the mill, smoke drifts low across the park, mingled with the morning smoke from the town. The air, at this high altitude clean alike of dust and moisture, sparkles with a wonderful brightness, full of color in spite of its clearness. It moves across the bare crown of the San Francisco peaks in folds of blue, deepening, varying, with the changing sweep of the rising sun.

High up the peaks and in the deep cañon-clefts, the aspens, touched with the first frost, make masses of clear yellow and

gold. The great forest is never more beautiful than in mid-September, when all the undergrowth is bright with frost tints, and a riot of yellow coreopsis, golden rod, and the strong-smelling yellow resin-weed that the Mexicans call "the flower of death," blend with the purple asters in every open spot. The ripening heads of the tall grass, winged with long beards, catch the sunlight like silver mist above the mingled color of the flowers, and clouds of birds circling in on their journey south drop down to breakfast on the ripe seeds.

The engine dragging its long string of flat-cars coughs and snorts on the up-grade into the deeper forest. Much of the land has been logged, and the trees are scattered, ragged and thin; the old, the gnarled and crippled, and the very young alone are left—like a land stripped by war of its able men.

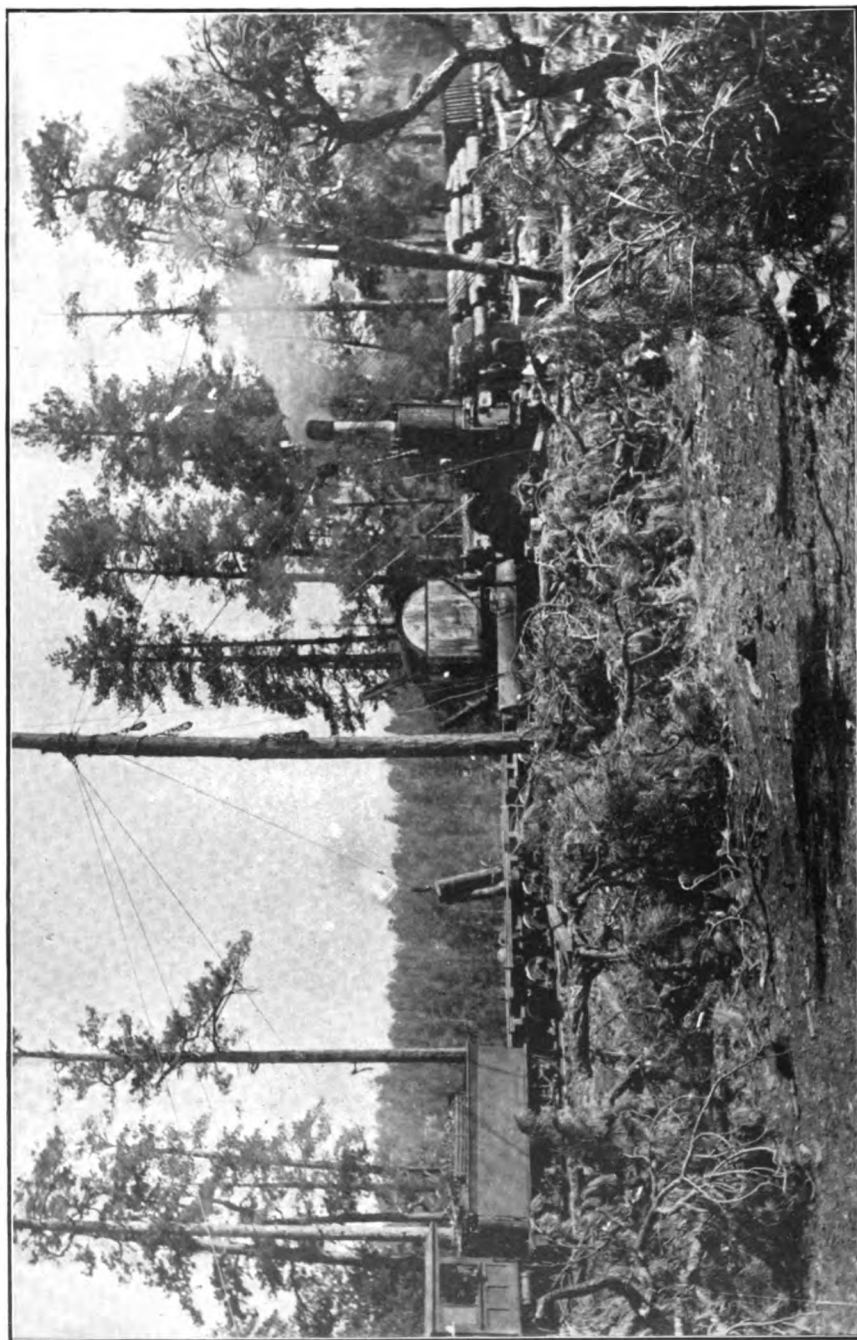
Here and there the road plunges into unbroken forest, "University sections" on which the timber cannot be used or sold until the Territory becomes a state. The trees stand tall and thick and even-sized, dappled with sun and shade—a mimic shadow-forest lying away over the ground from the foot of the tawny trunks.

Climbing over the Arizona Divide, a roof-like uplift of lava where the aspens and young oaks cover the slopes and the rough ledges are hidden in thickets of wild rose-bushes with their rich red waxen haws glowing like fire, the road seems to drop into a big grain field with the ripening heads swaying all together in the wind. The illusion is perfect till the train glides out on a built-up track and water glimmers among the grain stalks.

Rodgers Lake is characteristic of the Arizona forest. In the wet seasons its wide, shallow reach has many duplicates all over the plateau; and in years of drouth it and its lesser fellows become dry parks, as often as not cultivated by some venturesome farmer who plants oats in the assurance that the water will never return—and harvests a crop of wild ducks in the tule reeds.

The railroad was built across the lake in one of the dry seasons and now stands on cribbed-up logs and lava boulders with the water on both sides. Hundreds of wild ducks, mallards, red-heads, teal, and mud-hens, nest in the tule tussocks and the downy-backed fledglings, frightened from their early sun bath on the embankment, tumble into the water and swim for the protecting reeds, darting into cover with big baby fright in their bright black eyes.

Every forest has its own logging methods, growing out of local conditions. In the Arizona forest, railroad track and flat-cars take the place of rivers, flumes, splash-dams, ice-roads, and the like. There are no jams, no breaking up of rafts, no jumping



STEAM SKIDDER FULLY RIGGED AND READY FOR WORK

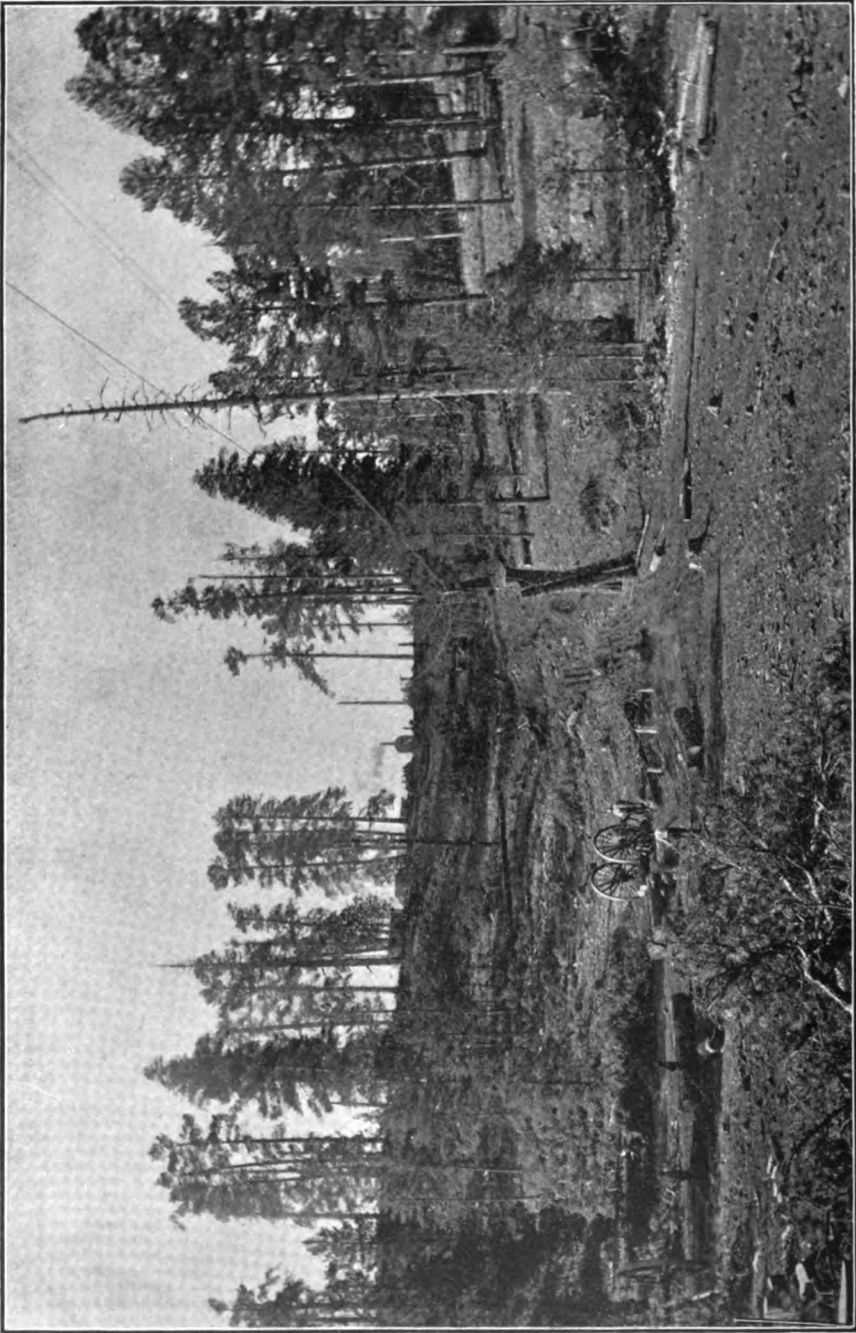


TRIMMING THE SPAR TREE FOR STEAM LOG SKIDDER

or "butting through" of flumes by some unruly log bent on taking its own way down the mountain-side.

When a section is "logged over," the malapais boulders are scraped out of the way, more track is laid, and the camp moves on with the orderly precision of a big travelling circus, every man, cabin and cant-hook in the right place. Wherever the stop may be, the track is "Main Street;" the kitchen, dining, and commissary cars are set off on one side on their own spur, and the little bunk-houses are unloaded from the flat-cars and lined up opposite, with their very stove-pipes unshaken by the move.

A railroad broken in to logging is like nothing so much as a well-broken bronco—it can go anywhere and do anything. Hills that a thorough-bred road would balk at, it climbs, without ballast on rough-hewn ties rolled into place and the rails spiked down under the very nose of the locomotive as it moves along



OVERHEAD SKIDDER CARRYING LOGS ACROSS CANON

with the caution of a bronco on a rough trail. And down that same trail, with the ties rocking on the raw boulders, the plucky, stubborn, blunt-nosed engines will swing the long string of flat-cars piled high with logs, with the sureness of an old cow-horse turning a band of steers into the main herd.

The influence of the Forest Service, combining with the increased values of timber, has worked toward checking the old-time waste in logging. From the time the sawyers mark the cut which is to determine the direction in which the tree will fall, till it has given its length into saw-logs, mine-timbers, and railroad-ties there is no more waste than must be.

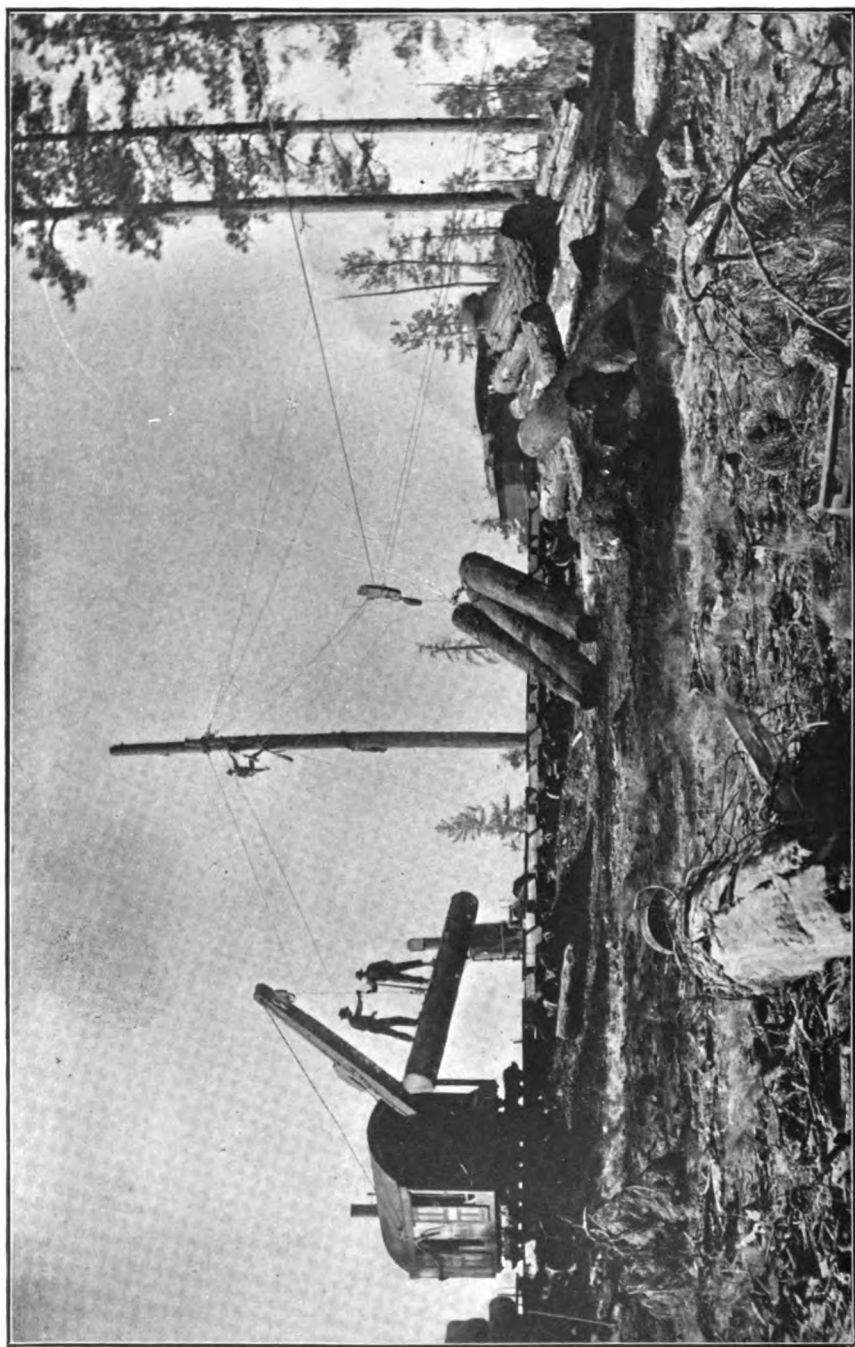
The evolution of the forest into cities and railroads, newspapers and what-not begins in truth with the man back of the saw—or the man still back of him, the saw-filer. He is an old “lumber-jack” who knows every trick of the saw and can set the groups of teeth, keen-edged “cutters” and wider “rakers,” to suit the swing of all his various gangs of sawyers.

Out in the forest near his sawyers, where he can watch and direct the felling as need may be, he cuts off an oak or pine sapling as thick as his arm, two feet or so from the ground, slits the stump down the center till it will hold the saw, and sits down to his filing. Then the onlooker realizes what “a voice like the filing of a saw” may mean, but the skill of the filer commands admiration, as with a turn of the wrist he sets one group of teeth like keen fangs to eat through the toughest “Black Jack,” and another to rake out the sawdust with quick, long sweeps.

Two sawyers to a tree the work begins—axes first till a deep notch guides the fall of the tree; then the saw bites in diagonally first on one side and then the other, then “through the V,” and the thin wound opens and shuts and opens wider like protesting lips as the tree sways and swings and goes crashing down.

It is a tragedy that never grows old to watch a great tree begin to creak and whisper as if with some more human speech it said good-bye to the sky and the stars and the wind and its brothers of the forest. There is a moment after the last saw-stroke when it stands upright still, trembling, reluctant, for one last instant part of the goodly company in which it has grown while generations of men were passing; then the great crown gives more and more—slow, then faster and faster—till the earth sweeps up to meet the prostrate trunk and crashing limbs, and the air shakes with the jar and is filled with dust and rolling cones.

Each gang of sawyers carries a scaling stick. The trunk is marked off in cuts, sixteen feet to the cut, and again the saw burrs and sings and “so many cuts” are reckoned toward the day’s



STEAM LOG-LOADER PLACING LOG ON CAR. OVERHEAD SKIDDER DELIVERING LOAD OF LOGS

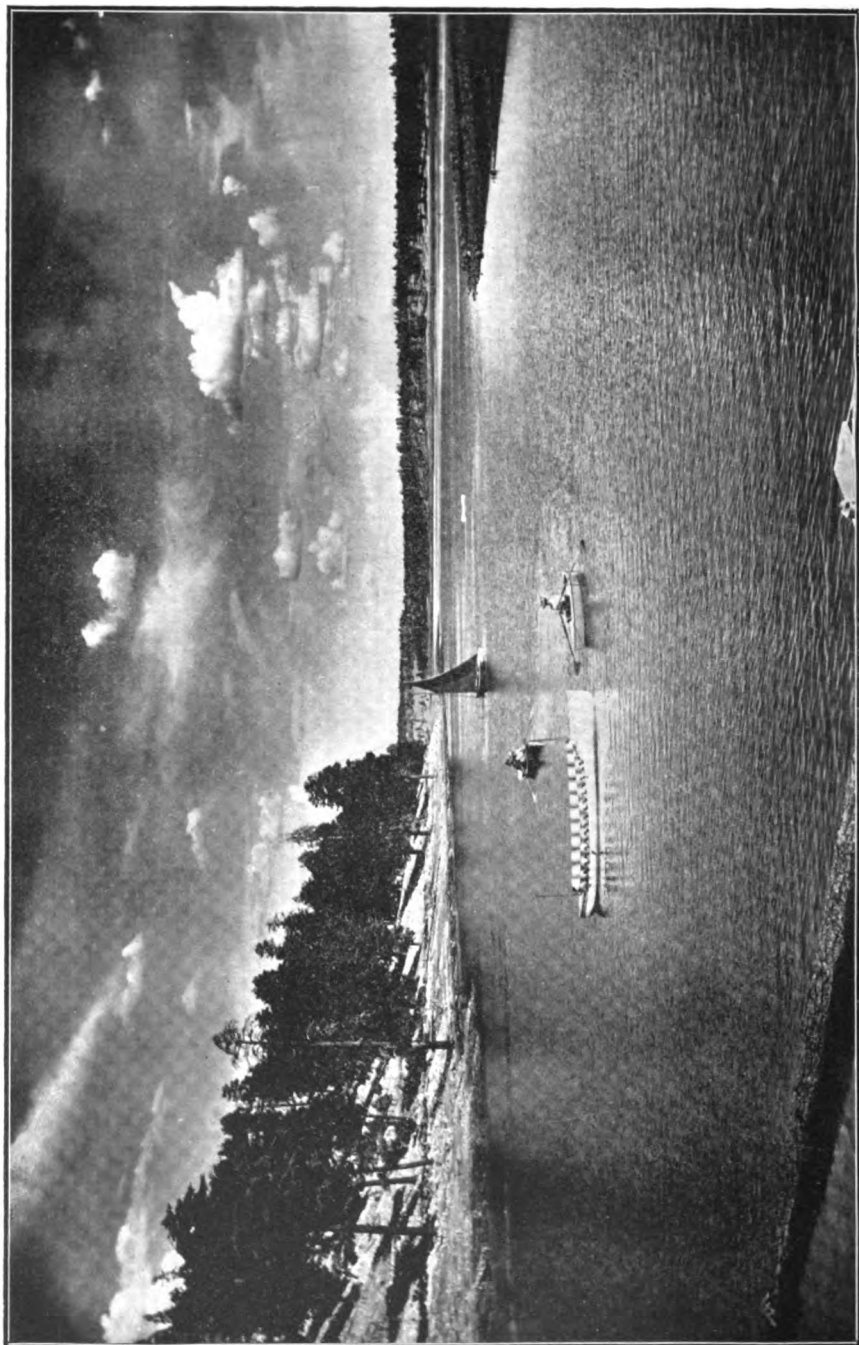
work. The axe-men follow with their double-bitted axes, and under the swift strokes of the "limbers" or "bumpers" the limbs fall clean away from the trunk and the tree has become saw-logs waiting the skidders.

The top too small for the mill will furnish a stull or two for the mines, or ties for some distant railroad. When the stull-makers and tie-cutters have finished their work, the branches will be dragged far enough away from all the small standing trees to insure their greater safety in case of forest fire. As yet the branches are not marketable, though with cheaper transportation they would furnish fuel in great quantity.

Skidding is the most picturesque part of logging. By various ways—ox-teams, mule-teams, horses, or cable and engine—the logs must come to river, rollway, flume, or railroad track, by which they reach the mill. It was all teams till a few years ago, when a southern lumberman who owned a cedar-swamp out of which it seemed a hopeless task to take the logs watched a man-of-war taking on supplies over a suspended cable. Immediately his vision saw cedar logs, instead of bolts and boxes, sliding along that aerial roadway. He interviewed the cable company and the result was a steam log-skidder as adaptable as the logging railroad, and, though bitterly opposed by "lumber-jacks" of the old school, destined to take the place of teams with all progressive lumbermen.

The Arizona Lumber and Timber Company introduced the steam skidder into the Arizona forest soon after its success in the South and now have two machines at work and a much larger one soon to be set up. On the rough hillsides and for scattered trees, teams and the low-wheeled, enormously strong trucks are still used; designed and built for this forest where lava boulders all standing on end make what General Crook called "Arizona's feather-bed roads." The "big wheels," a single pair of very high wheels, under which the logs are swung and skidded-in with teams, are used here occasionally, and almost entirely in other logging camps in the forest.

The steam skidder is the competent working mate of the railroad. The road moves up into the circle where the sawyers are at work and a donkey-engine on a flat-car with big drums coiled full of steel cable slips into place at the end of the track. Beyond the engine the skidder might be mistaken for the mast of some land-locked ship; but it is a mast rooted into the earth itself, for the tall "spar" on which the pulleys and cables are rigged is a strong, flawless pine stripped of crown and branches and set to the task of dragging its brothers down for their ride to the mill.



LAKE MARY, NEAR FLAGSTAFF



LOGS ON THE "DOG" AND ELEVATOR

The rigging of the spar-tree is the most breath-stopping thing to be seen in the logging camp. The tree, 80 to 100 feet high, swings in the wind, but the "rigger" climbs along, cutting off the branches as he goes and at last chopping the crown square off, himself moored to the bare trunk with waist-rope and climbing-irons. As the crown falls, the trunk whips back and forth like a sapling shaken by the leap of a wild-cat, but the rigger whistles and sings as he fastens the pulleys a foot or two below the top and pulls the guy-ropes and cables into place.

Five smaller cables anchored to the earth steady the tree—which has more than once snapped like a dry pole under the tremendous strain of the big logs floundering in like some ungainly, monstrous fish at the end of the thousand-foot cables.

When the skidder is full-rigged, roadways are cleared out into the timber from the foot of the spar-tree, boulders rolled aside and saplings cut down, and down these tracks the logs can be dragged in from 1600 feet in all directions, using snatch-blocks to turn the outlying logs into the roads.

If there is a cañon to cross or a steep hillside to be logged over, two spar-trees are rigged, the cable runs in the air from one to the other, and the logs, hitched to a short traveling cable, are swung high above obstructions—still floundering like big, unwilling fish. Around the skidder the logs are piled in a great heap of sometimes two or three thousand, reaching half way up the spar-tree; and when all have been dragged in the cables and pulleys come down and the skidder moves on to another "set."

When the skidder goes, the locomotive and a long string of log-flats pull in, with a short box-car behind, out of whose open front a long crane reaches like the neck of an inquisitive ostrich. This is the steam log-loader, the fit and worthy road-mate of the skidder and the locomotive. If they have been adaptable and efficient, this machine seems endowed with human intelligence.

The skidder has piled the logs beside the track, all within forty or fifty feet. Up in the box-car a compact but powerful engine purrs and spits like a desert wild-cat waiting to take the conceit out of a fox-hound. The engineer, jammed in between the engine at his back and the levers in front (for which he needs four



IN THE WILLIAMS LUMBER YARD

hands instead of two), keeps his eyes on the half-inch steel cable coiled over the drum ahead and drawn taut along the neck of the crane, on the levers, the logs, and his "lumber-jack" assistants all at once.

Two men wait, one on the flat-car with a cant-hook, and one on the ground by the logs. The big boom swings out, more than ever like the neck of some huge bird, and drops a line of cable, with a pair of steel log-tongs at the end, down to the man on the ground. He catches them deftly, opens the jaws, and with a quick swing clenches a log midway in the bite of steel. The engine snarls, the boom swings up, and the log is lifted and poised over the flat-car with wonderful precision.

The man with the cant-hook pushes and guides it and it drops into place with scarcely a jar, though it may weigh half a ton; then the cable slackens, the steel tongs loosen, and the tireless boom swings out for another load. Three men can load fifty cars in a day, six logs or more to the car, according to the size of the logs.

When a car is full the engine spits and growls more fiercely and the loader turns around and lifts itself back into position for another car. The pile of logs melts away and the spar-tree itself is felled and sawed into logs at the final "clean-up."

It takes two or three months, according to the thickness of the timber, to "log over" a new camp, and meanwhile the next "set" has been selected. The log-loader puffs in on "Main Street," grips the little bunk-houses and swings them up, full-furnished as they stand, to the flat-cars, and presently sets them down again in primeval forest to repeat the story.

In a good many ways the logging camp is as self-sufficient as the forest around it. The box-car commissary furnishes the clothing and tobacco that are the necessities of life, and a few of its simple luxuries. They have a saying that "it takes a lumber-jack to cook for lumber-jacks," and the long, clean car-kitchen full of good smells is in command of a man who began at the saw.

When the gong sounds and the doors of the dining-cars open, no lean and gloomy dyspeptics respond languidly; there is a football rush and no call for predigested patent foods. Many a city restaurant offers a less inviting bill of fare not half so well cooked, and none of them have such whole-hearted patronage. Business and pleasure are combined at meal-times with commendable thoroughness; and if the old saw of fair weather following empty dishes were true, it would never storm in the logging camp.

It is a wholesome life; clean air, good food, all outdoors to live in—and none of the dens of the devil that mar the mining camps. And at night—then the mystery and beauty of the forest closes around the camp like the sea around an island. The trees whisper together a different speech than by day; the big, near stars seem tangled in the branches, they shine so clear and low. A cone falls and the noise seems to echo back into the darkness; the air is loaded with balsam scents and the clean, sweet odor of new cut wood. It is worth being a "lumber-jack" by day to be a man in the forest at night.

Below the saw-mill is a long, narrow log-pond, and here the log-trains stop and the logs are rolled straight into the water or piled in big ricks along the brink till they are needed. Floundering like Colorado River salmon caught in the shallows on an



IN THE SIERRA ANCHA MOUNTAINS, ARIZONA
Here a Government Saw-Mill is Getting Out Piling and Lumber for the Tonto Dam

up-river run, the logs are guided by a man with a long, steel-headed log-pike into the jaws of the "dog," a submerged iron contrivance of bull-dog tenacity that sends them climbing an elevated roadway to the sawing-floor, where the "nigger" waits like the chief executioner to force them against the teeth of the long band-saw.

The "nigger" rivals the log-loader in the human precision of his movements. He was so named because he displaced negro log-rollers in the saw-mills of the South; and there might well be more intelligence in his powerful mechanism than in a dozen woolly heads. A lever releases the log from the elevator and rolls it into the great arms of the "nigger," through whose grip it goes to the sliding carriage, which conveys it to the saw.



Photo by E. A. Sliker

THE THOMAS RANCH-HOUSE IN UPPER OAK CREEK CANYON

When the first cuts have been sawed off, the "nigger" lifts and turns the log and slides it again into position, and so on till it is cut into boards and passes on to be resawed if too thick, to be trimmed, and to meet the various processes that lie between a rough-cut board and marketable lumber. The sawing determines the character of the log as some stern test proves the man; some of the smoothest and best looking logs as they come from the forest, when sawed show inside knots in increasing number to the center and grade into second- or third-class lumber.

In the mill, machines handle the lumber wherever it is possible from the log to the finished output. The waste is reduced to the lowest limit by cutting the short ends into lath and box-lumber.

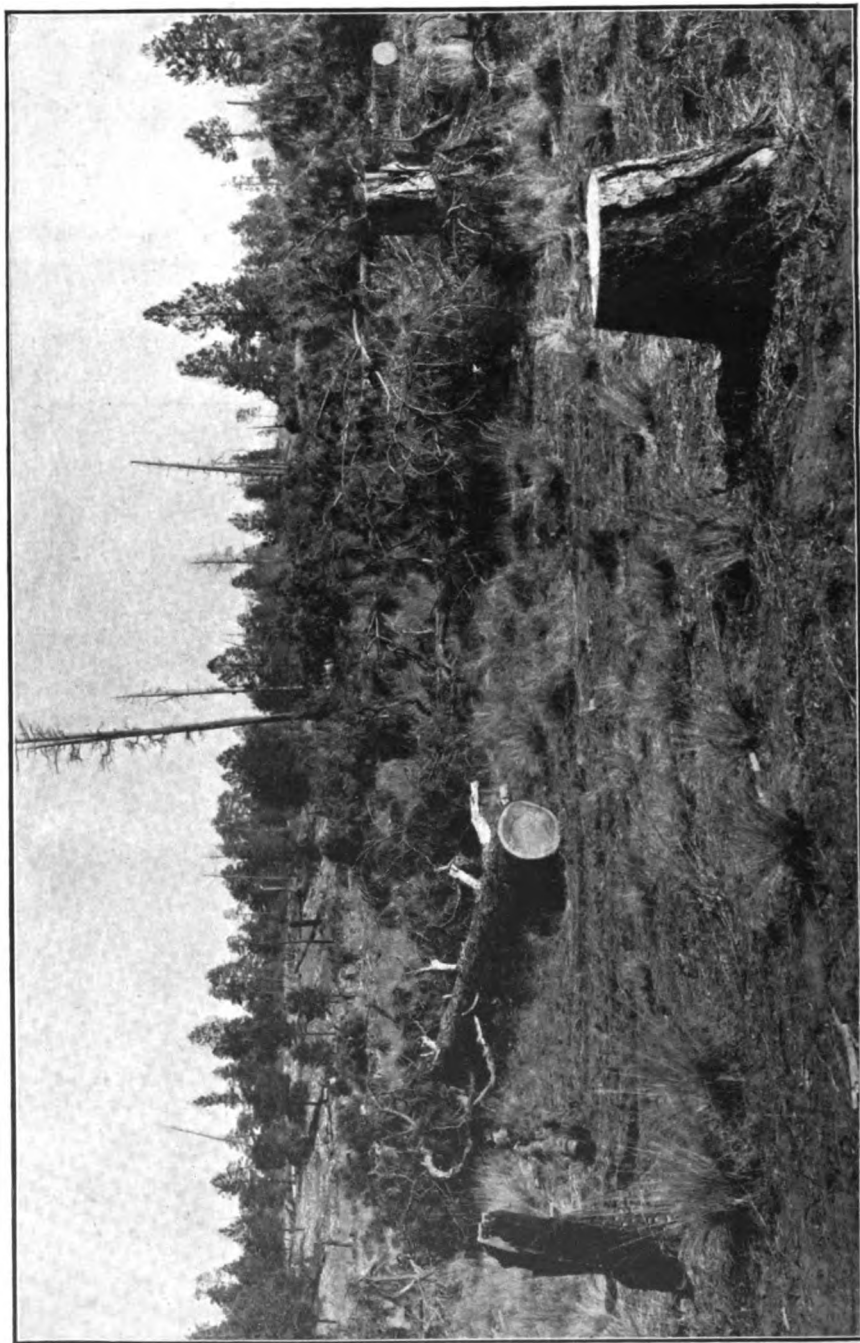


Photo by U. S. Forest Service

READY FOR A FOREST FIRE

Logged district on private land where brush is not piled, stumps cut high and much of topwasted

and logs that would have been left to rot in the forest a few years ago are now used in the boxes, for which there is an increasing and steady demand. The sawdust is burned as engine-fuel, and such waste as is absolutely useless under present conditions is burned in a big, hooded furnace outside the mill.

The mill of the Arizona Lumber and Timber Company cuts on the average of 600 logs in the two ten-hour shifts and from 30,000,000 to 40,000,000 feet of lumber a year. The mill of the Saginaw-Manistee Company at Williams cuts about the same, the amount for both being lessened by winters of exceptional snow.



Photo by U. S. Forest Service

LARGE GROWTH OF ALLIGATOR JUNIPER

It is estimated that at the present rate of logging the Arizona forest will last about fifty years, after which time the areas now cut under the regulations of the Forest Service will be ready to log again. More than half of the logging is on land within the Reserves, and the private holdings of the Arizona Timber and Lumber Company are logged along the general rules of the reserved land. Practically all the lumbering has been done in the forest along the Santa Fé Pacific railroad southwest of the San Francisco Mountains. In this reserve 148,845 acres have been cut over; one square mile has been logged in the Black Mesa reserve, and in the Tonto reserve piles and lumber were cut for

the Reclamation Service work at the Tonto storage dam. The Gila reserve has been logged to some extent recently, but the bulk of the great forest is still untouched.

The southern trend of the forest is less accessible than the northern end of the plateau. Deep cañons, walled with straight, unbroken "rim rock," cut far back into the mountains, which are themselves cliff-walled and rugged. It is not to any considerable extent a mineralized country, and the one industry of stock-raising has not rendered many or good wagon-roads necessary, had the contour of the country made them possible. It will remain for many years to come the least settled and least accessible part of Arizona—a beautiful, wild, little-known region, full of



Photo by U. S. Forest Service

FOREST LUMBERED UNDER RULES OF FOREST SERVICE

Brush from tops piled at safe distance from growing trees. Sufficient seed-trees and all trees less than 14 inches diameter left standing. Brush piles will be burned with precautions against forest fires.

natural wonders and of the ruined homes and remains of a pre-historic race. Cliff- and cave-villages known to very few white men are hidden in the remote cañons, along with pictographs on cliffs and boulders.

Only four or five permanent streams have their source in this water-shed, and springs are less frequent than in other wooded mountains. The lakes are nearly all natural basins which fill with the flood waters of wet seasons and dry away in years of drouth; some of them fill the bowl-like craters of the lava region, and many are mere catch-places in the cañon bottoms.

The prehistoric dwellers on this great upland did not fare hardly for food. Beside the seeded grasses, a basket of acorns might be gathered on any ridge, and the low, shaggy piñon, or bread-nut pine, mingles with all the lower forest. Thickets of wild raspberries and blackberries ripen on the higher slopes; thick-thorned gooseberries fill the cañons loved of the bear, and wild turkeys, and blue service-berries and elder-berries hide in the breaks. Black walnuts, wild grapes, and red currants cling in the cañon-beds, and far up the peaks sweet wild strawberries ripen in the edge of the snow.

Circling the greater forest on all sides and mingling with it on the higher mesas is a wide woodland of cedar, juniper and Ari-

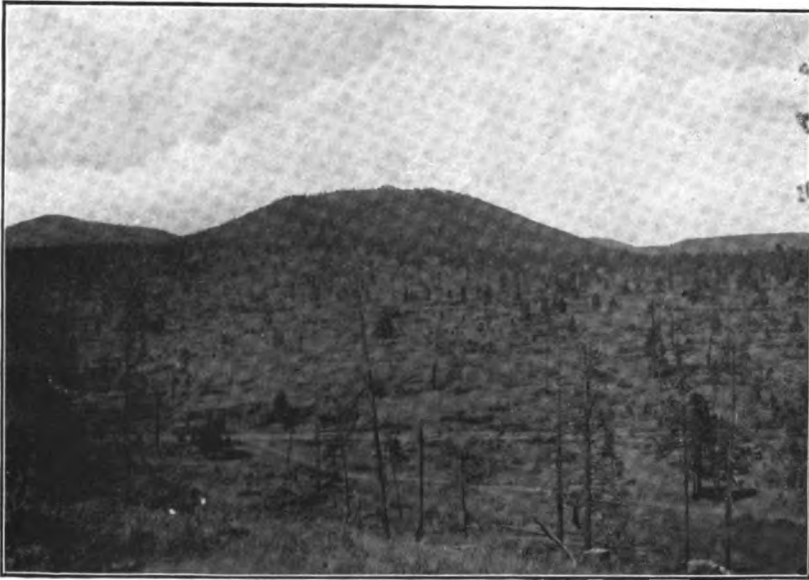


Photo by U. S. Forest Service

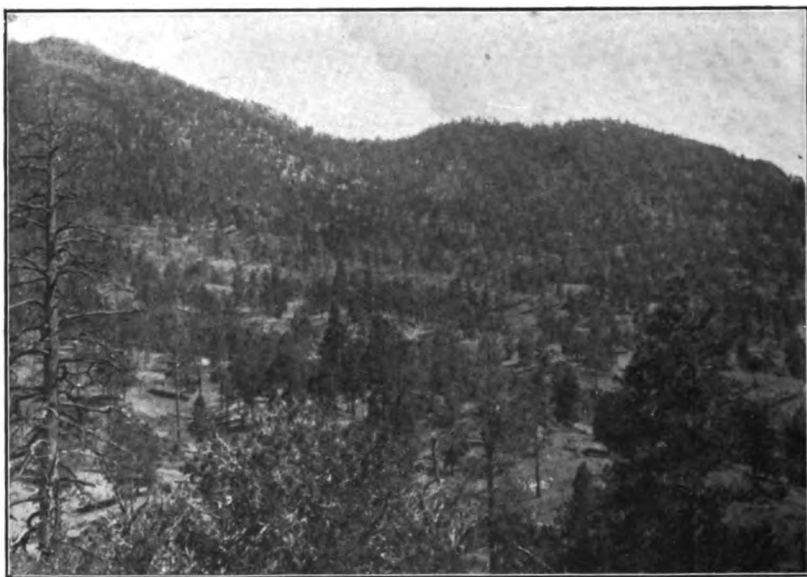
PRIVATE—AND—FOREST DESTROYED BY WASTEFUL METHODS

zona cypress, which, while not available for lumber, is of much value for fuel. It covers the roughest and most broken foothills with a far-reaching cloak of green so dark that it has won the name of "Black" for the southern forest. Some of it is already included within the reserve area, and all of it should be; for with reasonable care in cutting the young growth would re-forest lands that will otherwise be left barren.

President McKinley created the first forest reserves in Arizona in 1898, and the policy has been continued till practically all the forest area is under government protection. Nowhere in the West will such protection work greater good, since all climatic conditions are less favorable to rapid and continuous reproduction

of forest trees; but the reserve work was severely criticised in its beginning, especially by men who saw their grazing-lands likely to be restricted.

The people of the United States have come very slowly—more slowly than any other people in the world who call themselves civilized—to realize that the forest has a greater value than the lumber and fuel it is capable of producing. This truth had of necessity to be forced home in the semi-arid West, but only after the rich forests that once covered thirty-five per cent of the entire area of the United States had been butchered to make the holiday of heedless greed.



SECTION LUMBERED BY CAREFUL METHODS

Large number of small trees left, and sufficient of cone-bearing size to re-seed the ground

Streams had to run dry, and watersheds turn barren to enforce the lesson, which, even so, was learned grudgingly. The first laws looking to the protection of the public forests and their careful and intelligent use were met with bitter opposition, and the first lands so protected were set aside for their scenic beauty and the natural wonders they contained rather than for their larger value to the general good.

It was natural enough that with all the wide frontier open and much of it unexplored there should be, a generation ago, general wastefulness. When grass grew and forests stood with no man to use them, why should any man be sparing of the grass and timber he could use? The pioneer blazed his trail literally with the axe and set his mark on the earth with the trampling feet of

his herds. It was natural that the sons he had bred to his own ways should resent any curtailing of their freedom to use and destroy.

Care in use seemed at first to be prohibition and privation, and as the forest reserves came in contact with private lumbering interests and enforced methods which would insure the perpetuation of the forest and of the industry, and reached out into the grazing regions and set the number of stock within the limit of safety, an exceeding bitter cry went up from the men who had turned their private holdings of forest into stump-strewn desert, and watched their cattle and sheep starve to death on overstocked ranges.



Photo by U. S. Forest Service

SEED TREES LEFT ON TOP OF HILL TO ENSURE RE-SEEDING

But in appreciation and consideration the forest is slowly but surely coming to its own, and the Forest Service has grown through opposition, to approval and co-operation, its avowed purpose "to make the forest render its best service to man in such a way as to increase rather than diminish its usefulness in the future," being better understood as its plans more fully develop and are put into practice.

All land within the reserves may be used, with reasonable restrictions; and all timber that has reached marketable condition may be logged under rules that inflict no hardship and save the future forest. The grazing-lands, instead of being shut off from use, have been brought back to the point where they support well

the stock allowed upon them, and return a considerable sum to the Government beside giving the stock-owner better protection than he is able to secure for himself on the open range.

In the year 1905 there were grazed in the forest reserves of Arizona 71,915 head of cattle, 11,462 head of horses, and 218,000 head of sheep, at a price of twenty and twenty-five cents a head for the horses and cattle and five cents each for the sheep.

The same year, 931,849 feet of lumber was sold, with 16,649 cords of fuel wood and 2,200 posts and poles. In 1906 Arizona received \$7,976.68 revenue from her reserved lands, that being ten per cent of their gross return to the Government.

The general purpose of the Forest Service is the protection and



Photo by E. A. Sliker

{ 3 AND TROUT POOLS IN OAK CREEK CAÑON

use of the present forest along lines that will permit and encourage forest growth for the future. It is not desired to hamper or prevent the legitimate use of the present timber stand, but so to direct it that needless harm will not be inflicted on the young forests. The methods are carefully adapted to the conditions existing in each section of country, and in Arizona at this time consist chiefly of protection from fire, restriction of grazing, and such supervision of the use of timber as will prevent waste and leave the young "stand" unharmed.

The conditions here are unusual in that there is a great quantity of mature forest that must be used within a reasonable time in order to realize its full value, and the reproduction, or young

growth, is for the most part so insufficient that the cutting or other destruction of young trees and seedlings is a very serious matter.

The rules of forestry insist that all trees must be cut within eighteen inches of the ground, and that the trunk of the tree must be used down to eight inches in diameter. The branches left must be gathered and piled in small piles away from all living trees, and later burned by the forest officers as a guard against fires. The trees to be cut are selected and marked by an officer of the service and trees under fourteen inches in diameter, together with a sufficient number of vigorous mature trees to reseed the cut area, are left standing.

This care of seed trees is very important, for on lands logged twenty or more years ago there are frequently almost no seedlings. The Forest Service is conducting experiments in a limited way looking to the artificial planting of treeless land in the forests. Nurseries have been established where large numbers of pine and other forest seedlings have been sprouted and brought to suitable age for transplanting. The establishment of such a nursery near Flagstaff has been under consideration and would be a thing of great importance, since in so much of the Arizona forest natural reproduction has fallen dangerously low.

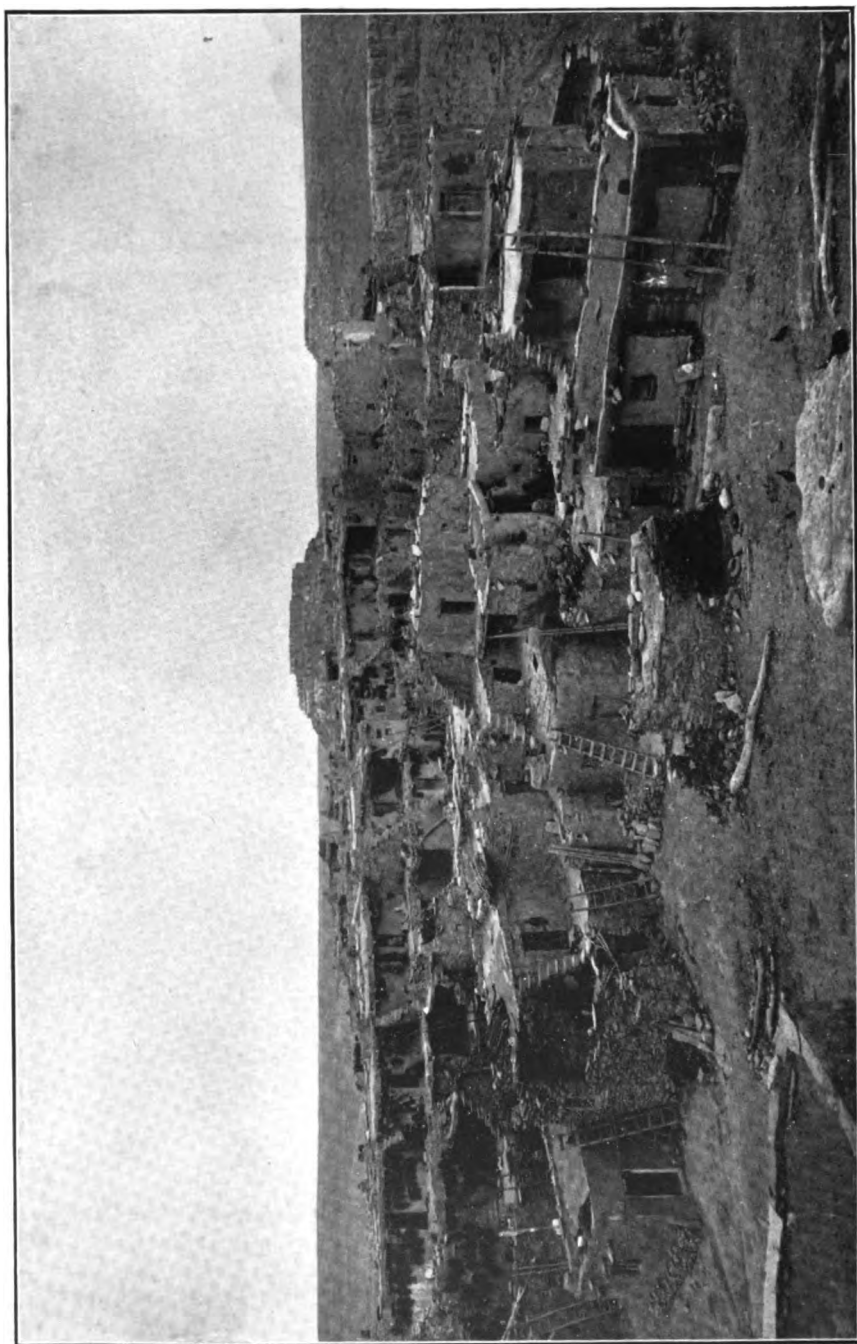
In no part of the United States is the need for the perpetuation of the forest more urgent than in Arizona. Practically all the agricultural land in the Territory must depend permanently for its water on the outflow of the water-shed which the great forest covers. In some sections where the mountains have been stripped of timber the result is already felt; the snows melt earlier and faster, and the water, no longer held back in the forest-litter on the ground, runs at once into gullies, and seeking the main water-courses takes its way rapidly to the sea.

Wherever the character of the soil permits, the lands stripped of their timber cut and wash into channels that hasten the running off of storm-waters; and, though it may be merely a coincidence, local observation over a considerable period shows that in certain sections the summer rains seem to avoid deforested mountains that had previously been part of a regular rain belt.

But whether its influence on climate and moisture be more than is now believed or much less, the forest has more than a material value to human life. Its beauty and strength are part of the larger heritage. It is the last frontier, where the spirit of the Wild has eternal refuge.

More and more this great forest of the Southwest will be the pleasure-ground of adjoining sections. Game is still fairly plentiful; trout are abundant in some of the streams, and natural wonders repay a journey in any part of it. Recently-opened wagon-roads have made some of the most beautiful and least-known portions fairly accessible—notably the old Apache stronghold in the Sierra Anchas and the upper cañon of Oak Creek, a spot whose wild and varied beauty the Grand Cañon can scarcely surpass.

Dewey, Arizona.



"THAT NIGHT AT ORAIB"

AN ARCHÆOLOGICAL WEDDING JOURNEY

By *THERESA RUSSELL*

CHAPTER XII.

OMEGA

"The swallows are making them ready to fly.
Goodby, Summer. Goodby! Goodby!"



THUS the days drifted into yesterdays. Each Tomorrow was silently swallowed up by the devouring jaws of Today, until not one more Mañana was left to us. Ah, no, it was not the Mañanas that were going away! Each pregnant cloud-wraith of a Day-to-Come would in the fulness of time be delivered of its crystal-line Hours; and these in turn, held in poise for one exquisite breath, would be drawn irresistibly into the soundless deeps of the Days That Are Gone, even as the "dewdrop slips into the shining sea."

And as they go, one almost hears them say, "For mortals their Valhallas, their Elysiums, their noisy, crowded Paradise. For us the sweet Nirvana, the Eternity of Time."

So shall the eternal process of creation and swift death of days keep its serene, unceasing course, though we are gone. But so long as other days shall be given us, born under howsoever gloomy skies, bearing whatsoever different gifts, they shall at



"GUARDED PLACES OF SILENCE"

least yield up the Incense of Remembrance, the wistful, recurrent memory of these, their sun-kissed, warm-breathed, elder brothers.

"What day of the summer are you going to forget last?" queried the Anthropologist, as, reaching the last hilltop, we looked down upon the Town.

"Don't know about days; but that night at Oraibi, when we were favored with a cloud-burst, and the wagon-roof sprang a leak and we had to stand up through the dreary midnight watches, hugging our bedclothes to our bosoms to keep them out of the wet, that night has a flavor of permanence, me thinks. What event is going to be your Bohemian Girl?"

"When other things and other times their tale of woe shall



"MUTE, UNDECIPHERABLE MESSAGE"

tell? Well, speaking of flavors, there's a strong taste in my mouth yet of that camp by the muddy waters, when we had a 'strawberry roan' festival three times per diem."

"We did have an effective color scheme for those spreads, didn't we? You did not appreciate it so much in the coffee"—

"At least, not in the top half of the cup."

"But when you shaded it into the canned cream, its beauty burst upon you."

"It was the gravy that always looked particularly giddy to me, coming in that crushed-orange effect."

"And yet, there are few days that have as happy been. And in the future, when the whirlwind of fate scatters our plans to the

four corners, I fancy there will some recollection be of those distressing occasions when these same pink-tea repasts were interrupted by the dancing sand-dervishes that swept down upon us like"—

"A batch of unexpected company at meal time?"

"Well, since you put it that way, perhaps our sportive desert visitor was the less devastating. We could flee to our tent of refuge, you know, and save as much food as we could carry in our hands."

"And his call was always of the ultra fashionable limit."

"Another item to his credit. Speedy transit redeems the unwelcome."



"IDLING IN DOORWAYS"

"Most everything has its redeeming feature, for that matter."

"That is its leaven, nicht wahr, for the working out of its own salvation?"

"'Work out your own salvation,' translated from Theology into Science, becomes simply, 'Survive if you are fit;' and you probably see a clearer example of that operation here than anywhere, not only in the self-reliant life of the desert itself, but in the lesson it forces us all to learn, when we attempt to partake of its life."

"Is it that, I wonder, that gives most people the shudders at the thought of the desert? That sense of its indifference, inability to help, unresponsiveness?"

"Perhaps. But the desert is not unresponsive. Like everything else, it is waiting for you to strike the vibrant chord."

"It seems, though, always to be associated with two ideas—that of cruelty, a place of punishment for all and mercy toward none, and of isolation. The latter is instanced in a letter from a friend, who writes: 'It seems to me there must be a heartbreak in its very loneliness, an infinite sadness in its vast spaces.'"

"The sadness is there. The question is forever on your lips, 'How can you be so smiling and so sad?' As to the loneliness, that comes from a painful realization of proportion, and is the beginning of wisdom. When we once get a perception of our own speck of existence as it shows up against a background of some size, we are ready to begin growing."

"And by and by we'll be big enough to make up our silly quarrel with our environment?"



"BY AN IMPASSIVE, RUMINATING RIDER"

"At least, we might give over sulking because it doesn't appear to be directly concerned with us."

"And yet it does have something to give us, after all."

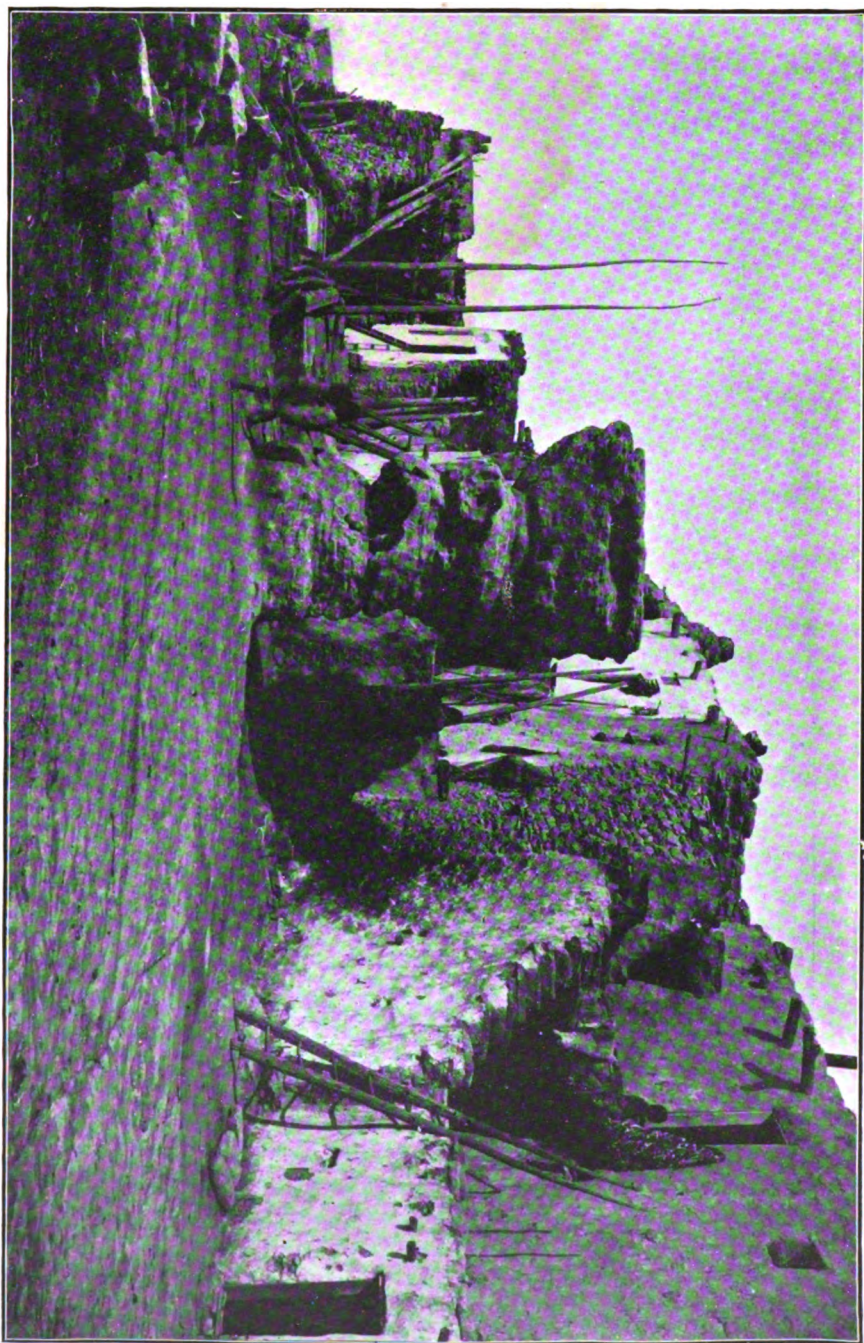
"Decidedly. But to make the gift effectual, we must get out of the desert with it. We are gregarious, and on the whole, do best with the herd."

"But after a sojourn in a world apart, such as this, you are not the same to yourself, nor others to you."

"No; and the difference, I should say, is the result of the acquisition of elasticity."

"A protecting envelope, as it were?"

"Something like that. Then when you take this newly sheathed

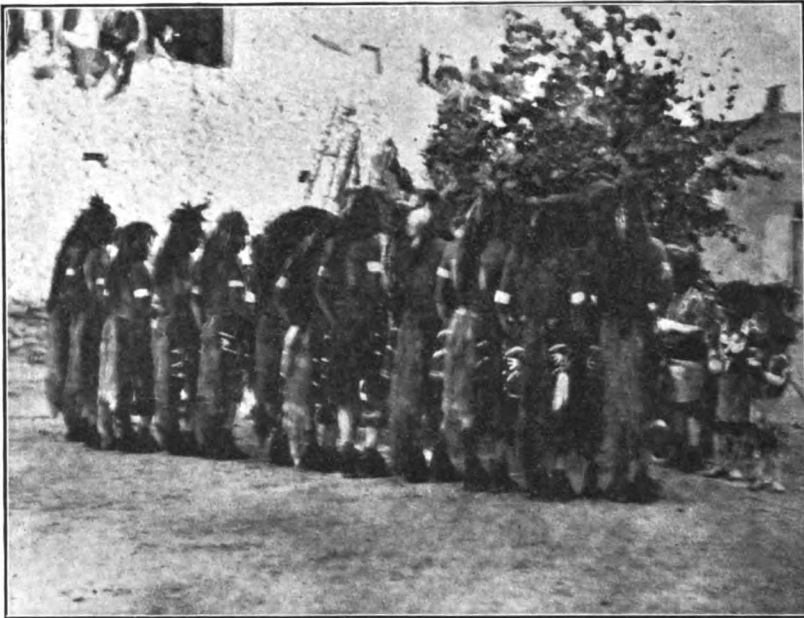


"THEIR HOMES, ANCIENT OF DAYS"

sphere of self back to the crowd, and push it into the current, you will find it more sharply defined from the other spheres, and yet more sensitive to their impact. It will yield more easily, rebound more quickly, and bear fewer traces of the blows."

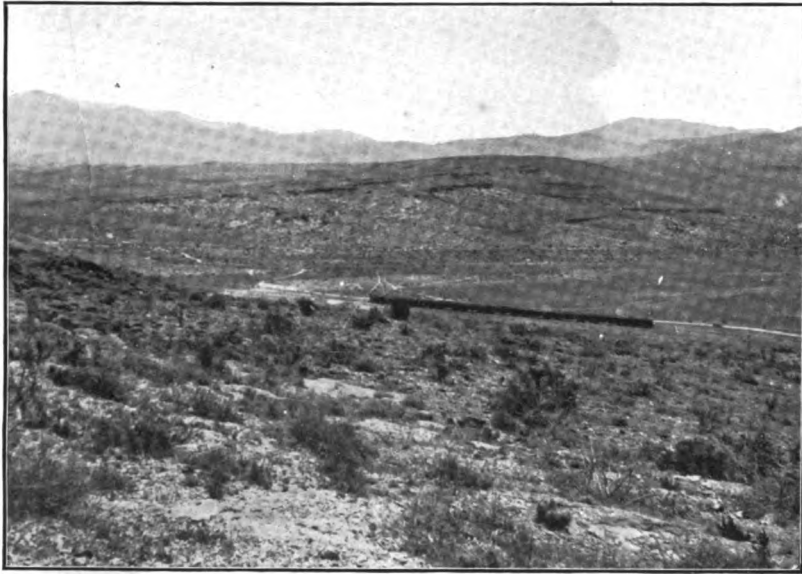
We were now so near civilization that we could hear engines puffing and a bell ringing. The sounds smote sharply upon our unaccustomed ears.

And now we swing into the street, the same old street, as sordid, as trifling, as important, as magnetic as ever. We meet people, the same old people, as busy, as selfish, as clever, as lovable as ever. We talk and bargain and laugh and fare sumptuously and wear fine clothes, in the same old way. Why, the old life gets its old grip on us at the very first touch. Already our



"ABSORBED IN THEIR DEVOTIONS"

dream summer shrinks back among the Unrealities. Yet with a timid persistence she flings her memory-pictures upon the background of a canvas whose main area is already crowded with things of a different order. Kaleidoscopic in distinctness and in transientness we see them—the merry youth of Moki land, and their homes, ancient of days, but loved even as are our own; the bunches of crimson chilis flashing against white plaster or grey adobe; the heathen more absorbed in their devotions than we know how to be; the ubiquitous burro, idling in doorway or ridden abroad by an impassive, ruminating rider; the guarded places



"ADIOS"

of Silence offering here and there mute, undecipherable messages transcribed in a shrouded past to untranslating rock. Remote but inviolate they are coming—and going. The heat that was not hot, the dirt that was not dirty, the "agua" that was always "muy lejos," the pungent smell of sagebrush after rain, all were vanishing, covered up by the clamorous present, locked away—ah, well, we have the key.

Now we are looking out of the car window. Erminio is the last to bid us bon voyage, and he adds a kind hope for return.

"Adios, Señor. You bring la Señora next summer, is it not? She learn speak Spanish pretty pronto, if she come."

"All right, Erminio. Goodby, Bill."

"Oh, tell Bob goodby, too!"

"All aboard!"

"Adios! Adios!"

"Adios!"

MUTABILITY

By A. L. Bunner.

IF I should see the fixed stars could change
 And all the face of heaven awry and strange;
 If I should see the slow tide leave the land,
 Nor turn again across the waste of sand;
 If I should see the sad earth wait the spring
 That came no more with all its promising,
 But brown, and bare, and bleak, the whole land lay
 And night succeed the night, or day the day—
 These stable things might change, did Love abide;
 All instability, now Love has died.

New London, Conn.

AN EPISODE FROM THE RESERVATION

By ALFRED TALBOT RICHARDSON.



JOHN HALO CHICKAMIN ambled into town on a Saturday afternoon, mounted on his latest pony—a thoroughbred cayuse of the purest blood, which he had acquired by purchase from his brother-in-law not more than a fortnight before. It was not a beautiful animal to the indifferent eye of a stranger, but it was a horse, and Chickamin was an Indian, and therefore he prized it. Chickamin himself was not beautiful, but he meditated a square deal to every man, white or brown, and none could hold up against him any acts inconsistent with his baptismal vows. As he came into the town, it was in his mind that the white man at the store would perhaps smoke with him, or make him a present of crackers, dried herring or chocolate drops. He tied his pony to the rack by the bridle-reins and entered the store. Here he took up a position near the stove (since it was January) and leaned against the counter, wrapped in his green-striped blanket. He stood thus for an hour before making his purchases of coffee and salt-pork, and then he resumed his former position and stood so for another hour. Trade was brisk, and the trader and his clerks busy, and nothing was said about presents. Towards six, Chickamin walked out, conscious that his homeward road was four miles in length and the night dark and somewhat cold. There had been no change in the disposition of his blanket nor in the expression of his face since he alighted from his horse, nor perhaps since he had assumed them upon arising that morning. He still meditated a square deal to all men.

Arriving at the hitching-rack, he halted, his face changed somewhat, and he said "Huh!"—for the pony was not there. He examined the rack carefully by the light from the store-windows, and then stood still for a while to see what else would happen. Nothing happened. Presently appeared a friend of his, whose harmonious and significant name sounded something like Paris Green to a white man's ears, and was therefore recorded in that form on the government rolls. Many Indians bear names which are sadly unpractical and un-American. It is their own folly and they must take the consequences. Chickamin called his attention to the singular phenomenon of the horse. Paris said "Huh!"—and stood still. Together they waited to see what would happen. Nothing happened. In the course of time Paris said "Huh!" again, and passed on to where his own pony was tied. Here he mounted, without turning his head, and rode off into the dark. Still nothing happened. Some time in the course

of the evening Chickamin said "Huh!" and set out on foot for home, carrying his groceries under his blanket. This, as has been said, was a journey of several miles, and the road was rather muddy and snowy. Chickamin's moccasins were good—for moccasins—but his trouser-legs were wet and torn and flapped about his ankles. An Indian does not by choice travel on foot. Still Chickamin meditated a square deal for all men as he slopped toward home with his load.

Next morning a passing white man hailed him to ask if he had lost a horse. Chickamin admitted that he had. "You'd better go in to town then," said the white man; "maybe you'll find him. Feller there been trying to sell a horse, and the way he acts seems like he must 'a stole him."

Chickamin took another pony and went to town, picking up his friend Paris Green by the way. There he sought out the Marshal and made known his errand. That powerful official took them around to the livery-stable and confronted them with a pure-blooded cayuse.

"That your horse?" he asked.

It was, and Chickamin said as much, after due consideration.

"That Chickamin's horse, Paris Green?" said the marshal.

"Yes; that's his horse," said Paris after a decent interval. If there is anything an Indian knows, it is ponies. Both men spoke and understood English, as good reservation-raised Indians; but they liked to take it slowly and a few words at a time. Both were middle-aged men, and each was the head of a family. They got along with the Marshal first-rate. He understood them, and they him. They had known his father.

He now took them down to the shookum-house and showed them the white man within it. "That man's been trying to sell that horse to two or three people," he said. "Know anything about him?"

Chickamin considered the member of the superior race before him. He himself had not much forehead, at least in the place where the Aryan wears his forehead. His head sloped back from his eyebrows in the peculiar way that caused early travelers to call some of the northwestern tribes (including some that did not merit the title) "Flatheads"; but this man, though his head was of a different shape, seemed to have even less. Chickamin had a grand nose; the other man had hardly any—and he smelled worse than Chickamin remembered ever to have smelled in his life.

"No; I never see him before," said Chickamin. He had a deep voice, suggestive of a wide opening in his throat and underground caverns somewhere in his chest.

"That settles it," said the Marshal, truculently. "This duck blows in off'n some freight train and fills up his tank, and after dark he thinks he'll swipe an Indian pony and sell him, and go on up to the city and blow the price. Hang it," he continued, addressing the by-standers, "I don't see why an Indian ain't got just as good right to what's his as any other man; and I tell you right now, so long as I'm marshal in this man's town, I'll cinch a feller just as quick for stealing an Indian's horse as I will for yours or mine."

The Marshal's sentiments were received with approval by his white auditors, and it may be added that nothing in them struck the two Indians as being inconsistent with reason.

"I'll send him up to the Sheriff," he went on, "and you boys just get up in court and tell your story, and I'll tell mine, and you'll see him get it good and plenty."

"Huh!" said John Halo Chickamin and Paris Green.

* * *

Time passed on, and after a while the two Indians were told by the Marshal to be ready on a certain day to go with him to the city. So together they fared to town, the Indians decked in the greatest state that was theirs. It was long since either of them had had occasion for such splendor in wearing apparel as befits a young buck in his pride, to say nothing of a reservation bridegroom; still some of their possessions, in the line of hats, hair-ribbons and blankets, were more impressive than others, and these they had now assumed, to witness the punishment of the unjust white man.

Matters had hardly yet arrived at that pass, however, they found. They had merely been sent for to state their case before the authorities. First they were taken to the office of the Sheriff, and him they feared, because he was manifestly an austere man. He caused them to stand in the hall outside his door, and their powerful friend, the Marshal, was obliged to wait a long time before he could even obtain leave to state his business. Then they were called in, and, still standing, were permitted to tell the plain tale of their horse. The Sheriff, it seemed to them, was impatient with them for having had a horse, or for having had it stolen, and he wanted them to talk faster than it was convenient for them to do. And their great man, their tower of strength, seemed strangely shrunken. His voice was no longer loud and confident, his opinions appeared to carry no weight here, and the Sheriff once or twice checked him without ceremony when he opened his mouth to help out their relation. This was all quite different from the spectacle at which they had supposed they were to assist; and also, when the Sheriff was through with

them he sent them to another medicine white man, called the Prosecuting Attorney. Outside his door again they were obliged to wait, but when they were admitted they felt better, for it appeared that he was their friend. His words at least were friendly, and he said it was too bad, and that the man who had taken the pony ought to be punished. He made notes also concerning the case on a paper that was on the desk at which he sat; but it seemed to them that his eyes were empty of interest and his thoughts elsewhere; and presently he said, "All right, that'll do, boys; that's all," in a cheerful hearty voice, and turning his back on them with a nod in the direction of the door, took up certain other papers and gave them no further attention. They wished to know what was going to be done to the horse-stealing stranger, but saw no easy way to ask, and the longer they stood the less they saw any way; so they went down to the street, and after they had sat on the curbstone and stood in the doorways for a sufficient time, they set out for home. They saw their friend, the Marshal, once or twice, but he was in company with the Sheriff, and seemed not to desire their society. They dined on some things that the man at the fish-market gave them, that day, and quenched their thirst with the pure water of the street fountain under the statue of the soldier with the Vandyke beard.

* * *

Then there came another day when they were summoned to attend court; and this time there was no mistake about it. They were going up to behold the discomfiture and punishment with which a righteous law overwhelmed men who stole Indians' horses. It put them in good heart from the outset to see the goodly company who were bound for the city on the same errand. There were the Marshal, the owner of the livery barn and several others who had had knowledge of the affair. These were all in high spirits and shouted cheerful words to the Indians as they passed them; and the latter also were happy, though they said little.

Then there was more waiting. The two friends sat on the court-house steps or stood in the halls, and continued to say little. After a long time they were sent for, and followed a deputy up the stairs to a large room, where at last they were to see the justice of the white man. Here they found all the actors in their drama assembled. There were their friends from the reservation, sitting among the spectators; there was the Sheriff; there was the Prosecuting Attorney sitting at a table within the railing; at the foot of the table sat also the horse-thief, though much changed in appearance. He was clean-shaven and his hair was very black and shiny, and he had a hook-like curl

plastered on his deficient forehead; he had also a black coat, and a collar and necktie, though these garments seemed not wholly at home upon him. There was a third man too at this table, who was whispering to the prisoner as they came in. He was a man of harsh and stern aspect, who looked the Indians over with a cold and unsympathetic gaze which sent a chill of foreboding through them both; it was plain at a glance that his medicine was very strong. There was much medicine about this place. There were twelve men sitting on raised seats in one corner, most of them chewing gum, an art of which an Indian finds it hard to grasp the beauties. And behind a desk higher than any sat, busy with some papers and looking at no one, a beautiful white man in whom they recognized at once the hyas skookum tyee, the presiding genius of all this mechanism.

"John Halo Chickamin!" somebody called, and Chickamin was conducted past them all to a chair, by which he was made to stand while he raised his right hand in the air. He was then addressed by a man who had been writing at a table below the judge, in the following words:

"Do sumly swear test shnow given case nund hearing shbe truth holtruth nbuttruth s'help Gah."

"One minute, John!" said the prisoner's attorney, as the Indian was slowly bestowing himself in his seat. "Now John; just what do you understand by the oath you have just now taken?"

The witness did not answer at once, and the lawyer repeated the question, a little louder and a little faster. "Just what idea, what impression, John, did that gentleman convey to your mind by what he just now said to you?"

As the reply was still not immediately forthcoming, he tried again, and then again, each time in harder words and with swifter utterance. By the half-dozen repetition, the Indian had his answer formulated and brought as far as to his lips. His voice, when at length it issued, quite quenched that of the lawyer, and sounded very large and singularly out of place in the courtroom.

"That mean," he said, "that I goin' tell truth."

"Ah—yes!" said the lawyer, and scratched his jaw.

Chickamin told his story and was dismissed to a seat without the bar. After him Paris Green was called to the stand. Him too the lawyer sounded as to his interpretation of the oath.

"That mean," the Indian submitted, "if I don' tell truth God ain't goin' help me."

"Yes, just so!" said his interrogator. "Now, Mr. Green, when you say God won't help you, do you mean the Indian God or the American God?"

At this something like a far-a-way smile seemed to flicker over the grave face of Chickamin, sitting among the spectators, and he leaned slowly forward and spat on the floor. He and his friend were not one in theological matters. Paris Green was a pillar of the Baptist church on the reservation, whereas Chickamin was a staunch Catholic, having been baptized into the ancient church in his youth by no less an authority than the Great Blackrobe, Father DeSmet.

The taking of testimony proceeded. The two Indians had found the trail, that had seemed so simple, beset with pitfalls. They had both been much embarrassed by a series of questions, wholly unexpected, as to how the brother-in-law had got that horse in the first place. When they were unable to tell this, the hostile attorney had sneered bitterly at them and said, "That's all I want of you!" and it seemed that somehow they had been put in the light of having stolen the animal themselves.

The remaining witnesses fared no better. The livery man was made to say, as it seemed, that he would have kept the horse and sold it himself if he had thought it safe, and the Marshal was covered with confusion as to his own acts on the night in question. "That's all I want to know of you!" the lawyer said to each in turn. "You can stand down;" and both quitted the stand red-faced and angry. The other witnesses were not permitted to say so much as a word in the Indians' favor. "I object!" the hostile attorney would shout whenever one of them attempted to open his mouth, and some way he was always in the right. His medicine was indeed strong.

Then after a while the lawyers took turns and spoke. Chickamin's courage revived as he heard how clear and plain his friend made the case, and how he charged the jury to remember their oaths and the sacredness of property rights; but it sank again at the bitter things the other one dared to say about Indian ponies, and Indians themselves, together with marshals and horse-dealers on reservations, and all Indian things in general. Then he caught up a book, a large serious-looking book, and read from it to the jury. "It appears," he read, "that from whatever cause, juries are reluctant to convict a white man on Indian testimony." After he had read this he struck the book with his fist and shouted louder than ever. "Listen to that," he said, "gentlemen of the jury! This is the solemn utterance of your Supreme Court, the highest judicial authority in our state! A white man is not to be convicted on Indian testimony." The jury beamed responsively and chewed gum, and Chickamin's heart sank lower and lower as he listened; the time at last began to seem long to him. Still he sat, while the judge charged the jury and they retired; he

sat while some small affairs of adoptions and naturalizations were taken up and despatched; he was still sitting when a knocking at the door announced the return of the jury with a verdict.

"Read the verdict," said the judge, when they had taken their seats. And the clerk read, "We the undersigned jurors um-um-um do find the defendant not guilty as charged."

"Release the prisoner! Call the next case!" said the judge.

"Huh!" said John Halo Chickamin and Paris Green, as they wrapped their blankets around them and passed out.

* * *

Some weeks later, on a Saturday noon, when the busy little city was at its busiest, fire was discovered in the roof of the old wooden court-house, relic of primitive days; and as it had already stood longer than any one had a right to expect of it, it made no delay in burning, and took up very little time of either the fire-department or the crowd of spectators that stood to watch it go. But off in a retired place, behind some piles of cord-wood, were certain picturesque figures, in barbaric hats and long blankets, who encouraged the burning with unintelligible shouts, and when the roof of the court-room fell in, and overwhelmed lawyers' table, judge's bench, jury-box, spectators' seats and all in one gorgeous mess, performed sundry ceremonial dance-steps which are not recognized in the rituals of either the Baptist or Roman Catholic churches.

North Yakima, Wash.

THE MOONLIGHT

By VIRGINIA GARLAND.



IF YOU have loved this earth,—this Brown Beginning,—loved in unswerving humility, striving and triumph the light of the stars, the sun, the moonlight; if you have had rare, uplifted moments when you have felt the universal pulse, then you will wake some moon-ascending night, with the sweet earth-madness upon you.

Out of your sleep you will rise, trembling in a perfumed frenzy of silver desire to come breath to breath with the breathing of the planet.

Forth in the moonlight you will go, your humility forgot, to meet a mighty lover—a force which is at once your soul-mother, your soul-lover and your God.

Hushed is the earth in that supreme silence she lays over her deepest activity. A thousand arms uphold you; a thousand lips caress. Your feet are led out on the breathing earth so cool and fixed, so cool and quiet, which but seems so riveted and quiescent.

Wait! Step softly! Stand a moment! So! Now your feet can feel the dominant swing and singing spinning in endless space. Your ears may hear that Great Heart beating, beating, through a mountain range—at your throat—in the fibril ends of the smallest wood-vine.

Ah! what a wonderful thing has happened when once you have become conscious of this measured Life-Beat. Never, hereafter, to be the same dense, unknowing accumulation of passing form. For a response has gone up from you in harmonic pulse with the stars.

The moon is low. The forest trees stand black—waiting—in the velvet gloom. Against the expectant sky their swaying tips catch a vague thought of playing silver.

Slowly—slowly—the white radiance floods over, trickling, dripping, slipping, shimmering from leaf to leaf, lying in quivering white blur upon the upcurling, outbreaking ripples of the brook, falling to the abeyant earth in broad, luminous rivers, in running, flickering cobwebs of light.

Silver winds enwrap you. The golden-grey, the chill and fire-white fluorescence touches your eyelids, flows down your breast. You lift your eyes, heavy with vision, to the full mystic tide.

Nor is this the moonlight known of mortals, but the Infinite touch, all but direct, burning deep into your eyeballs, charged with all your soul can hold of the fluidic magic of moonlight-fire.

You are blind now, blind to the miscarried shapes that man calls Life; to the intricate, colossal seeming.

The moonlight penetrates, possesses the pupils of your eyes. The white effulgence sinks to deepest nerve of you. Your moonstruck sight sees into an over and far beyond. Daring and unafraid, you know this restless, ambered-silver glamour may be woven into cold, white, glowing, everlasting things.

Your body is lifted, light—no longer a barrier to the midnight breeze. The breath of the winds flows through you.

High to the Radiance you lift your arms. Illusion slips into your shadow there. You feel the forming, you hear the melting and singing of Life. You are pierced by the Cosmic Motion. Your body is a White Flame, burning in the Moonlight. Along the ray of reception, your soul reaches the Real.

And when your swift sight has failed, when your shackles are on once more, when again your blood has thickened in its channels, you cannot forget that once in clear and solvent spell you woke to a silver call; that the seeking moonlight fell and found you so.

Forever running through your blood are white strains of illumination. You will walk apart in close and loving communion with the soil. With the responsive earth, you will ever respond, and many will listen to the truth of the Earth-visions.

In your touch, your smile, a flash of the moonlight will be humanly given, teaching in unswerving humility, striving and triumph, that Great Love of the light of the Stars, the Sun, the Moonlight.

Brookdale, Santa Cruz Co.

THE INSTINCT OF HUMANITY

By ANNA BECK ALLEN.



SINCE dawn the two men, David Graham always in the lead, Robert Knox a yard or so behind, had been struggling up the steep mountain trail. In the morning the air had been crisply invigorating.

By noon it had grown biting cold, and the men had caught occasional glimpses of snow-storms raging on the further mountain reaches. By nightfall they, struggling still upward, had met the descending storm, and were yet pressing stubbornly forward. Fifteen miles behind them was North Bend—so far as they knew, the nearest human habitation. Before them, so near that they could hear its sullen roar in the pauses of the storm, was Cedar River, and on its further bank stood their cabin with its bountiful store of food and fuel and blankets.

In the very teeth of the storm they won their way to the river, which still gave back some faint reflections of the waning twilight. Graham dropped his pack, and, turning, caught Knox, who was staggering under his lighter load.

"If this ain't the dog-gonedest luck!" drawled Knox, when he had recovered wit enough to take in the situation, "Did you suppose this river ever got high enough to wash the foot-log away?"

Graham gave a kick to a little snow-covered mound, dislodging the light snow and disclosing some freshly-cut chips.

"Look at that, Rob! The river didn't play us that trick. Some scoundrel has been using his axe."

"But who in creation cares enough about this wilderness to go to all that trouble?"

"I reckon it's been some claim-jumper. I heard that those loggers who were at the head of the lake last summer were working around this way, and stealing the timber clean. They don't want settlers here, for that will put an end to their thievery; and I suppose they thought to settle us by cutting away our foot-log."

Robert sat down on his pack, his chin resting on his knees.

"Well, Dave, I can't go another step—I'm clean fagged out. I'm sheltered by that hill, and I propose to take a nap."

Graham's fatigue dropped from him like a cloak unhooked.

"Shut up that nonsense!" he said gruffly. "I'm going to give you a little rub-down, then I'll make some coffee, and we'll have our supper."

"What's the use of going to all that trouble? Don't you know we'll freeze to death tonight, anyhow? Everything's frozen solid—three feet of snow on the ground, and this blizzard—"

But Graham, fumbling in the pack with half-frozen fingers, had

found a piece of paper and a box of matches. He shook the snow off the pile of chips, picked out the thinnest, dryest ones, and soon had blaze enough to thaw out a can of oysters and a loaf of bread. The empty can Dave filled with water from the river, and soon had ready a pint of steaming coffee.

"Shall we make a night of it here, or swim across?" asked Dave, when their supper was eaten, and the last chips were turning to ashes.

"We can't pick wood out of this hard snow," said Robert, "and the storm is getting worse. We're rested now, and I think we'd better swim across."

Four years of college athletics and two years with an Alaska surveying party had toughened Graham's muscles into seasoned hickory. After the first shock from the icy water, he felt an exhilarating sense of mastery over the turbulent flood. He struck out boldly for the opposite bank, and had almost grasped an overhanging alder before he thought of his companion.

"Hello, Bob!" he shouted back. "How are you making it?"

Receiving no answer, he turned, and saw Knox struggling in mid-stream. A few long strokes carried him back in time to grasp the boy's clothing as he was being borne downward by the greedy current.

By the time Graham had dragged Knox to the bank, it was pitch dark. After an ineffectual attempt to restore him to consciousness, Graham lifted the body in his arms and struck out for the cabin, which stood on a hill a hundred yards away. It was tough work wading through three feet of snow with his heavy burden; but he reached the cabin without mishap, and laying him down, stooped to unlock the door. To his surprise he found the padlock dangling at its broken chain, and the door standing ajar. Another lighted match showed the interior of the cabin bare of everything except a pile of bark, and a heap of dry fern gathered for bedding. The sight gripped Graham's heart as neither storm nor flood had done; but here, at least, were shelter and potential warmth for the poor fellow freezing at the door.

With the storm barred out and a big fire roaring in the fireplace, Knox soon revived, and the young men took stock of their assets. Everything had been stolen from their cabin—all their ample winter store, which they had lugged up over the rough trail in the Autumn, was gone. Not a thing was left except one battered old tomato-can that lay under a piece of bark.

"Well, Bob, there's no use talking; we can't stay here. We have enough food in our packs to last us about one day. This storm may hold on for a week, so that there'll be no chance for

game, and it's get out or starve. Here, lie down on these ferns and go to sleep. When your clothes get dry, I'll spread them over you. We must pull out of here in the morning, storm or no storm, or we may get snowed under."

Knox soon fell into uneasy slumber, but Graham stayed awake until after midnight, drying the clothing and keeping up the fire. He did not know that he had fallen asleep until he was startled by Robert calling aloud for help.

"What is it?—what is it, Rob?"

But Robert was muttering and moaning, and his labored, raucous breathing warned Graham that a new enemy, pneumonia, had to be reckoned with.

"Poor chap, it's awfully tough on him. I don't know how he's going to get out of it. If he shouldn't—I don't see—how—I—can ever tell—his mother." He put more bark upon the bed of coals, helped Robert into his dried under-clothing, and stretched himself upon the floor beside him.

Daylight came slowly, filtering through such a snowstorm as even those hoary mountains had seldom witnessed. The snow had drifted around and over the cabin, and packed itself in a solid mass against the door. From a small window on the lee side of the house David looked out upon a world all white, except for the grey trunks of the trees and the glistening thread of the river, and as he looked, his grey eyes shone black, and his boyish mouth set itself in hard lines. He turned from the window, piled big pieces of bark upon the fire, then knelt beside Robert, who was moaning and tossing in his sleep.

"Bobbie, Bobbie," he called, all the potential fatherhood of the man touching into wistful tenderness his fine, young face, "Bobbie, I'll have to leave you for a little while. I'm going to get our packs—I'll be back as soon as I can." But Robert stared at him with uncomprehending eyes.

Graham took several broad pieces of bark and laid them cross-wise upon each other on the snow that reached almost to the window-sill. Then he crawled through the narrow opening out upon the improvised sled, and by holding the pieces together, he was able to work his way slowly along until he came to where the ground began to slope toward the river. A slight push sent the sled careering downward, until it landed Graham in a snowdrift on the river bank.

He had begun wading up the river to find a better crossing, when he heard the sound of an axe and men's voices. He continued up stream in the hope of finding some one to help them out of their distressing situation. To make any headway against the ice-cold current was not an easy task. Sometimes, indeed,

he found the water only ankle-deep; but more often, when snow-laden branches intervened, he was forced to struggle around them in water up to his armpits.

At last he came upon a little clearing where a crowd of men—forty or more—were gathered around a fire that crackled and roared in despite of storm winds and snow drifts. A cluster of small shanties made of cedar “shakes” and the larger bunk-house and cook-house, told Graham that he had come upon a logging camp.

“Hello!” he called, “I believe I’m about frozen.”

The men, moved by a common instinct of humanity, rushed toward him.

“Say, pard, your nose and your ears—” a sudden black cloud shut Graham in, and the men’s voices trailed off to an infinite distance. When the curtain lifted, he found himself wrapped in blankets, and an ineffably appetizing odor assailing his nostrils.

“Drink it—drink it all down, and tell us what you’re doing out in sich weather.”

Graham drank it greedily, and sitting up told his story in few words. “Not a thing left,” he said. “Everything stolen—and Robert dying, perhaps of pneumonia.”

But as he spoke, he felt a change in the men, and the feeling brought a revelation. These men were his despoilers; the very blankets around him were his own, that ax had his initial carved upon its handle; so did that shovel. The accusation in his eyes leaped to his tongue—but he remembered Bob.

“What time is it, men? How long have I been here? Rob is alone, and he may be dying. Give me some food and blankets and medicine, if you have any, and help me to get back to him.”

But they were hard men now, self-convicted thieves, outlawed by every canon of pioneer life. Besides, a weightier reason, one that Graham was not slow to guess, made them his enemies.

A black-bearded, sullen-eyed man, the boss of the camp, stepped between Graham and the young fellow that had given him the soup.

“You blarsted Seattle dude,” he cried angrily, “you come up here, and you stake out ever’ foot o’ land thet’s wuth havin, fer your homestid claim an’ your timber claims. You spend a week or two on it ever’ six months or so, huntin’ er fishin’, an then you’re ready ter prove up on it, an us fellers, thet’s been makin’ our livin’ out’n this timber since afore you wuz born, hain’t got no show at all. We can’t do nuthin’ else but saw logs, an’ it’s got so’s we darn’t lay our ax to a tree ’thout bein’ hilt up fer trespass. Here you’ve got notices posted up on a hull section o’

land—millions o' feet o' fine timber on it, too,—an' you hain't intitled to nary foot of it, neither; an' now you've jist got ter git out'n here, an' be mighty quick erbout it, too."

The man had talked himself into a fury, and he advanced threateningly toward Graham.

The latter began to unwind the blanket in which he was swathed.

"Say!" he called to the men by the fire, "Let me have my clothes, if you please."

The boss turned to the man that had given the soup. "Help him on with his duds, Nolan, an' let 'im git away from here—the quicker the better," and with a word of command to his men, he led them to the further side of the log-heap, and held them for a few minutes in low-toned conversation. He came back as David had finished dressing.

"See here, we hain't got no medicine, an' our grub's gittin' pow'ful scurce—dunno's we kin make it hold out more'n a day er so. Anyhow, we're goin' ter git out'n here soon, ever' mother's son of us. Drascol's makin' up a passel fer you, an I want you ter git erway from here 'thout another word, an' don't never show your face here again'."

Graham's impulse was to jump upon the bully, and beat him until he should understand the quality of mercy, but again he thought of Rob. He looked from one saturnine face to another, but saw in them nothing except a kind of terrible, grim amusement over his helplessness; only Nolan shook his head warningly.

Without a word of thanks or comment, Graham took the bag of food handed to him by Drascol, and walked rapidly away. Anger, indignation, resentment—everything was forgotten in his anxiety about Robert, left so long alone in the cabin.

II.

Warmed and fed and rested himself, Graham found the return trip comparatively easy, though by the time he had swam twice across the river for his packs, his fingers were stiff and his clothing was like a coat of mail. Nevertheless, he bent his back to the triple burden, and making a slight detour to avoid the deepest drifts, he came again to the cabin. He found Knox much as he had left him, except that his breathing had grown more difficult, and his cheeks were a darker red.

When David had divested himself of his wet clothing before the bed of hot coals, he brought snow and melted it in the old tomato-can and bathed Robert's face and hands. Robert opened his eyes.

"Say kid, I'm burning up inside. Lay a snow-drift over my

left lung—right here, will you?" And David, remembering his mother's remedy for croup, poured the things out of the flour-sack given him at the logging-camp, wet the sack in snow-water, and placed it over Robert's chest.

By this time daylight had begun to wane; the storm was fiercer than ever; the snow had crossed the line of the window-sill, and was creeping up against the panes. David having grown ravenously hungry, began to investigate his store of supplies. The package from the logging-camp received his first attention. It was a big parcel, done up in a piece of old wrapping-paper. As he undid layer after layer, a maddening rage took possession of him. When, at last, he came to a big stone jug, empty, he threw back his head. "Oh, God!" he sobbed. "How can you let such demons live?"

He unrolled his own packs—a change of underwear for himself and Robert, a book or two, a loaf of bread, a can of oysters, a pound of coffee, and a little sugar.

"What fools we were to take any chances! But for those rogues—tomorrow I will have it back or there'll be things doing."

He took a mouthful of the ground coffee, and lay down beside Robert. Several times during the night he roused himself to put more bark upon the fire and to renew the snow-poultices on Robert's chest. As the night deepened, Robert's breathing grew somewhat easier, and he sank into a heavy stupor.

After many hours of hunger-haunted sleep, David awoke to find a faint light diffused through the cabin. He sprang up, and looked at Robert's watch. It was eleven o'clock. Eleven o'clock and only a hint of daylight! He went to the window and found that the snow had crept higher than the highest pane. They were buried in a drift of unknown depth.

"A loaf of bread and a can of oysters"—the words repeated themselves to him over and over, over and over, while he put on his clothes, made a fire, and bathed Robert's face and hands. "A loaf of bread and a can of oysters," he turned his eyes hungrily to where the food lay on a shelf in the corner. Yes, Robert must have food. He had eaten nothing for two days. Graham filled the tomato-can with snow, and set it on the hot embers. When he had it full of boiling water, he made some coffee, and roused Robert enough to make him take a few swallows of the stimulating fluid. The rest he drank himself.

"The coffee will last us both," he thought, "but I will save the bread and oysters for the kid."

He realized that he faced starvation unless he could escape from this awful man-trap. He pried out the window sash, and tried to burrow head foremost through the snow drift. But it was packed

so hard that he could make only a few inches headway. Then he raked the few live coals out of the fireplace, and climbed up the chimney, which, thanks to the hot bark fire, had remained free from snow. When he had lifted his head above the snow level, he saw that through some freak of the storm the cleared space between the cabin and the river had been filled with a drift twenty or thirty feet deep. The trunks of the trees on each side of the clearing had disappeared, and their evergreen foliage was so weighted by snow as to give to the landscape the appearance of a great white couch. His trained eye ran over the possibilities of escape.

"If Rob were well, and if the snow should form a crust hard enough, we could slide from here to the river, and, with a raft, there'd be a fighting chance to float down to Renton."

During the remainder of that day Graham busied himself in making a raft. The floor of the cabin furnished timber and nails. With his pocket-knife he tongued-and-grooved the timbers together, making a broad, shallow box, which, he hoped, would be water-tight. He stopped many times to give Robert some needed attention. Thanks to the densely-packed snow outside and to the pile of bark within, the air of the cabin maintained a summer temperature. By a continual application of snow-poultices, he was able to allay the inflammation of the lungs, and gradually to reduce the fever. On the morning of the fourth day Robert opened his eyes in perfect recognition of his friend.

"I'm awfully hungry, Dave. I reckon you've been feeding me on snowballs, haven't you?"

"You've drunk at least two gallons of coffee; but now, if you won't say another word, I'll give you a little—just a mouthful—of regular oyster soup."

David's voice was gentle as a nursing-mother's; but when he turned to the shelf on which still lay the can of oysters and the loaf of bread, his face was set in a wolfish snarl, and his eyes burned with more than wolfish greed. For a long minute he stood before the shelf—the man in him fighting against the beast. Then the wolfish muscles relaxed, the fire died out of his eyes, the beast slunk out of sight—the man still ruled.

He opened the can of oysters, and poured a few spoonfuls of the rich liquor into the tomato can.

"Here, Robbie, drink it down quick," and Robert, wondering at his friend's rough tones, drank it, and smacked his lips with a gusto that sent the red lights back to David's eyes.

"Ah-hm-m, pretty good—only not half enough of it."

"All you can have now; but"—in a mother-soft voice—"trot off to sleep, and you can have more when you wake up."

Graham spent that day in making a sled much as he had made the raft, except that he was not so careful about the joining of the timbers. By night he had grown so weak that he could scarcely raise himself when he stooped to wait upon Robert, or to renew the fire. For four days he had had no food except the soup at the logging camp, and he had been drinking very sparingly of coffee, fearing that the supply would give out before Robert was strong enough to leave the cabin.

Robert's repeated calls for food during the fifth night and the morning of the sixth day made it necessary for David to mince the oysters, and reduce them to soup. When they gave out, he soaked thin slices of bread in coffee, and administered that to his ravenous patient. Time after time, Graham had to fight the same awful battle against his own wolfish hunger—and Robert, with the egotism of a man desperately weak and starving, never suspected that his friend was in even worse case. Indeed, during the fifth and sixth days he slept most of the time, only waking, now and then, to beg for food, and, when it was given to him in scant measure, to slip off again grumblingly to sleep.

Late in the afternoon of the sixth day, he awoke feeling vigorous and refreshed in every muscle. The fire had died down into a heap of ruddy coals, by the glow of which he could see David seated on the hearth. Robert reached out a feeble hand and touched him.

"Wake up, old lady! I feel like two-hundred-and-fifty per cent. We'll get out of this in the morning, if you'll give me something to eat that is strong enough to brace me up."

David turned his head and grasped Robert's hand.

"Yes—yes—get out of this. Sure—" He tried to shake off the deadly lethargy that had almost overcome him. "Sure thing—just climb up the chimney—knock the snow off the roof—take raft and sled up—and float—down—to Ren—"

"Good for you, Dave. You always could beat the Dutch for contriving. Now let's have some supper. You're keeping me on awfully short rations. There's no danger of my eating enough to hurt myself. How's the grub holding out? Can't we have something now?"

"Not tonight—not tonight Robbie. I—reckon—we'd both better wait till—morning—"

"But I'm nearly starved, Dave. Good gracious, son! I've had nothing but a little weak coffee for two days—the few bread crumbs didn't count. I need something stronger."

"I—I—know you do, Robbie—I—know—" reaching out his trembling hand gropingly toward Robert, "but—there's nothing

left—nothing but—a—a little coffee for you—for—us—before you—we—start—in morn—”

III.

For three days the men at the logging-camp fought the snow. If they relaxed ever so little, it crept upon them, stealthy, insinuating, ready to smother them with soft caresses. Morning, noon, and evening, they shoveled it from their roofs, from the open space in front of their shanties, and from the path to the river. In the interim of snow-shoveling, they smoked their pipes, played cards, sang songs that had been new in the music halls of Seattle the summer before, or bolted the heavy food that John Chinaman was eternally preparing. But even then the hours dragged endlessly. Forced to abandon the out-door camp-fire, they herded together in the bunk-house, railing at Father Time for having swapped his thoroughbreds for an ox-team.

Graham's visit to their camp had awakened in them a renewed sense of their wrongs. It was the old quarrel between Leather-Stocking and the settlers, handed down through generations, and carried across mountains and plains to the very limits of the continent.

“Tain't 'at I begrudge 'em somep'n to eat,” the boss had said, justifying himself to his men. “We don't want 'em up here. They'd hev us out'n here quicker'n a wink. I got a contract to furnish the Western Mill Company 500,000 feet of lumber, an' I've agreed to give you fellers work whilst I'm a-gettin' uv it out; an' here's my outfit 's cost me 'most a fortin. S'posen I let 'em run me out, what'd become o' my contracts, and what'd we do the rest o' the winter? Thar's no other timber 'at we could git at.”

“That ain't no lie neither, Boss. First come, fust served is the logger's motto. Them Seattle dudes has no business up here in the woods nohow.” It was Hank Johnson, the burly hook-tender, that spoke.

“Oi dunno about that. The kid says to me whiles I was a-helpin' him dress, ‘Oi wouldn't moind it so much,’ he says, ‘if it weren't fer my pardner. He's wantin' to make a home up here for his mother, an' I'm jest a-helping him. Drascol, phwat did yez put up in the bag fer him to take back wid 'im?’”

“It would 'a' did yer eyes good to 'a' seen it, an' 'a' made yer mouth water some; but I've mostly forgot whut 'twur, but it wur a-plenty fer them ter chaw on fer a week, an' still hev a-plenty left.”

The men greeted Drascol's answer with a loud haw-haw; but the laughter was as joyless as an echo.

“I'm thinkin' they won't halt long 'nough to need much of

anything, after the straight goods the Boss measured off," remarked the skid-greaser. "S'pose they'll hit the trail fer Seattle purty quick after he gits back to's shanty. Whut did he say about goin', Nolan?"

"Nothin'; but he can't git away whiles the kid's sick. Phwat do you s'pose went with his grub 'n things?"

Nolan was a new man in the camp, but his keen wit found an answer to his question, in the silence of the men.

These men of the logging-camp were men of action rather than reflection; but when they climbed into their bunks that night, and drew their heavy blankets about their ears to shut out the wind that shrieked like men in mortal agony, they could not shut out the thought of the boys in their empty cabin.

"May the saints defend us!" prayed Nolan, when he opened the door of the bunk-house the next morning, and an avalanche of snow came tumbling in. "An' how do yez think them kids will be managin' now?"

The men, variously attired, rushed to the doorway to get a view of the snow, which, in spite of having been shoveled away the evening before, was almost as high as their heads. At the table they fell to discussing the boys again. Nolan, though he did not suspect the sorry joke that had been played upon Graham, urged that they should make an effort to reach the cabin. But the Boss, too angry to give full credence to David's story, argued that the boys had doubtless brought some food in their packs, that they would not suffer from cold, and that it would, moreover, be impossible to reach them through the heavy, snow-laden timber.

As the storm continued, the men grew more and more restless. Songs and cards and long-winded yarns ceased to charm; and, curiously, the thought and the talk of the loggers began to wander in a circle, like men lost in the woods or on the prairie: and always their talk came round again to "them kids." Had they found their way back to North Bend before the storm became too violent? Had they even started? If they had stayed in their cabin, how had they fared? Then another and another would recount gruesome tales of men lost in the woods, or buried in snowdrifts—and ever again the talk circled back to, not "them Seattle dudes," but just "them kids."

On the third day the storm ceased, but the snow lay fifty feet deep in the gorges, and the thermometer outside the bunk-house said 20 degrees below. After two days more of inaction some of the men tried to get away from the camp; but one and all returned with the same story—they were hemmed in on all sides. Many trees, twisted and tortured by the wind, and weighted by

the snow, had been broken off or uprooted, and lay where the trails had been. Nolan was the last to return.

"Oi thried to go down the river, but Oi could get only a hundred yards away. Thry as Oi might, Oi could get no further. It'd take the forty of us to hew our way to them kids tomorrow."

The men were in the bunk-house, some seated on benches, nail-kegs, or cracker boxes, some leaning against their bunks, and some sprawled out on the floor in front of the log fire. The lights and shadows played over their rugged faces, giving them an expression sometimes grotesque, sometimes wholly sad.

"I wisht," said Drascol, breaking a silence that had lasted for several minutes, "I wisht thet'd 'a' been a ham 'stead of a empty jug."

"Drascol's gone clean daft, a-talkin' about empty jugs. Cheer up, me boy, the Chinook wuz a-blowin' as I come in; an' there's some hope of yer a-seein' a full jug afore yer die."

"Yes, but all the same. I wisht the kid had a-found a ham in 'is bag when he got to 'is cabin, 'stead of a empty jug."

"May the howly saints defend us! you sure niver put a empty jug in the pore kid's pack that day?"

"'Twuzn't all my doin's—an' besides, 'twuz jist meant fer a joke—but I wish it had 'a' been a ham. I can't sleep o' nights thinkin' 'bout that empty jug."

"May it ha'nt your blasted souls forever!" and Nolan flung himself face downward on the floor.

The men crept into their bunks, but the Boss sat by the dying fire, his chin sunk low on his breast, his pipe forgotten, his thoughts circling round and round in a maze from which there seemed no escape. He had expected the storm to pass, had expected the boys to return to Seattle. But the storm had had its will, and had laughed at his calculations. The boys—in whatever direction he forced his thought, it always came, tired and overdriven, back to the boys, and halted there. What was it stirring in the hard heart of him that made him go over the situation again and again, explaining, excusing, justifying his action? Was it a brute fear of the possible consequences to himself, or was it the fine, true instinct of humanity, which, left to itself, works always toward higher things?

"Byes" said Nolan, on the morning of the sixth day, as the men gathered around the table, from which coffee and flapjacks and fried bacon sent up odorous vapors, "Byes, Oi'm goin' to thry to find them kids today, ef Oi die fer it."

The meal was eaten in silence. At its close the men furtively watched Nolan as he stuffed his pockets with cans of oysters, pork-and-beans, and other such luxuries as the camp afforded,

not forgetting to include their last remaining bottle of whiskey.

"Byes," he said as he stood facing the men, "Oi'll nade hilp, for the love of the saints, won't yez come with me?"

The Boss sprang to his feet.

"Get your axes and shovels, men," his voice rang clear, "We'll see the inside of that cabin before the sun goes down."

All day the loggers hewed and shoveled their way through forest and snowdrift, working like men striving for the prize of life; and ever as the hours slid by, they measured the trail already opened with that which still remained. Just as the sun paused for a moment on the highest peak of the Olympics to toss back a parting salute to Mount Rainier, the men broke through the columns of forest soldiery, and came out upon some trees that had fallen across the clearing in front of the cabin. The cabin itself was but a mound of snow, and the fear, which the men had all day been warding off with sturdy blows of axes, now tugged at every heartstring. But as they looked at that snow-covered mound, so like a new-made grave, they saw a thin column of smoke float lazily up from the headstone. Scarcely a thread at first, it grew—and grew—and grew——

"Hurra-a-ah!" The men rolled out the shout in one long volume of sound, then broke into a frantic rush—plunging into drifts, falling over each other, making stepping-stones of the fallen—coming thus, a lucky few, to the roof of the cabin, while the rest floundered behind, like shipwrecked men struggling in the surf. With their shovels they began to dig into the snow, which, under the influence of the warm Chinook, had already melted and settled to a considerable extent.

In a few minutes they found the door, and in a sudden, dreadful silence they cleared away the snow in front of it. Then the men hesitated, looking the question they could not put into words. But Nolan, turning his head from his companions, set his shoulder to the door. It yielded; the Boss followed Nolan in, the other loggers crowding after, and peering into the room, lit now by a ruddy blaze.

Robert staggered up from the hearth, where he had been mending the fire.

"Food, food!" he cried, pointing to Graham, who still leaned, but with eager wide-open eyes, against the jamb. "Give him food, for he's starving." And the Boss knelt down beside David, and moistened his lips with whiskey, while Nolan tore open a can of oysters.

Seattle, Wash.

NOT IN THE BARGAIN

By VALERIE DeMUDE KELSEY.



KENNEDY caught one of the councilmen in the lobby before the meeting began. "How are you, Jeffries?" he asked, shaking the hand of a big-boned, long-legged fellow whose corduroys were tucked into high boots that were wet and "smelly" in the warm room. "Are you going to vote for my pipe tonight? Let me see—you helped lay my pipe at Henderson's Flat, didn't you? Of course, of course—and I remember your words at the time. 'Good clean job, well done,' eh? . . . I can count on you then—"

"O, well, I don't know, Mr. Kennedy," broke in Jeffries, who was moving uneasily under the other's assured tone. "I ain't saying you won't lay good pipe, but Benson's man spoke to me first—and I can't see much difference between steel pipe and cast-iron, myself."

"That's just where reliable service comes in, Jeffries. You know me, you know my work. I ask your support on these two points. Gopher Hill's only a little place, you can't bond very high, and it will pay you people to have your work well done. Come—I want your vote! Do I get it?"

"I—I can't say, can't say at all. It takes the council as a whole to decide. I'm only one." He turned away from Kennedy's detaining hand and joined the group about a table where Lawson, the agent for Benson & Co., was opening a case of beer.

A brisk young clerk with flashy tie and hair plastered over a head of many bumps was bringing in glasses.

"Come up, gentlemen, come right along and help me git rid of this," Lawson was saying in hearty tones. "Drink to the future success and prosperity of Gopher Hill when you've got a power plant with a line laid by Benson & Co., the reliable steel-pipe men." He pushed forward several boxes of cigars. "Have a weed," he urged to the men about him. "There's lots of time before the meeting begins. Nothing like good tobacco to—to—" he paused a barely perceptible moment and glanced at the men before him. His city-bred instincts caused him to smile inwardly. It was in his mind to say, "brighten your wits," but, while the phrase was apt to a degree, he knew those unkempt men would catch him up if he used it, and Benson & Co. must have the contract for that pipe line. He was instructed to spend money enough to get it. So he said without the flicker of an eyelid, "Why good tobacco, my friends, is just the thing to get acquainted on, ain't it, now?"

Kennedy looked on from a distance with a certain grim interest. He felt genuine contempt for the men about the table,

yet something of pity, too. He knew Lawson for a rascal, a clever tool of Benson & Co. In his capacity as a city official during previous years, Kennedy had rejected many thousands of dollars worth of Benson steel pipe and caused them to re-lay a great deal beside. It was natural that Benson & Co. should have no use for him, and since he had dared to enter the field in open competition, the said company had waxed wroth with a degree of temperance wholly unhealthful. There is nothing like having for an enemy a man who knows that you know he isn't honest. This was the attitude of the Benson people toward Kennedy. They knew he rated them at their exact value and they hated him accordingly.

Fletcher Kennedy was that unique product, an absolutely honest man who did by others as he felt that others should do by him, and the fact that others didn't had not soured him. He only said occasionally, "This is a queer world," or "We're all crazy—only some of us are crazier." He was always pleasantly surprised when someone showed an appreciation of his ability by coming to him for a fine decision in hydraulics. Unconsciously he was living proof that honesty sweetens human nature, but he was not the type to philosophise about it.

And he wanted that contract for several reasons. Chiefly because he knew that the little town of Gopher Hill was in the clutches of its councilmen, that most of them cared more for what they could get from Benson & Co. than for the welfare of Gopher Hill, and all his instincts were antagonistic to graft.

There was another reason, too. Back in Denver he owned a little house which was not entirely paid for and he hoped to clear enough from his contract for the Gopher Hill pipe line to lift that indebtedness.

Kennedy knew he had a fighting chance and he meant to use it. He watched the rapidly-emptying bottles and diminishing cigars without a change of expression, and when the meeting was called to order followed into the council-room with firm step.

After the minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved, the regular order of business was taken up. Reports on various subjects were heard and the business of Gopher Hill disposed of rapidly. At last the contract was reached. The bids, five in all, were opened one by one, and it was found that Benson & Co. and Kennedy were very close, Kennedy's being the higher by \$225.00.

Kennedy was surprised that the Benson bid should be so high. He had expected them to underbid him heavily and knew at once that they were counting on a large profit. Suddenly he was conscious that Jeffries was trying to catch the president's eye.

"Mr. President! Mr. President!"

"Mr. Jeffries has the floor!"

"Mr. President, as a member of the Gopher Hill council I want to say that a good many of us are in favor of Benson & Co.'s steel pipe. As you see by the bids it's cheaper, and Mr. Lawson tells us that the line will be promptly laid. He's willing to employ all the young men in Gopher Hill that want work. That means a good deal, Mr. President,—work for the unemployed, experience for our young men, money in circulation right here. I move you, sir, that we award the contract for the Gopher Hill pipe line to Benson & Co."

Jeffries sat down amid applause but before the motion was seconded on old man in the back of the room asked the privilege of the floor. He was bent and grizzled but the fire in his eyes showed plainly enough that his spirit was young.

"Mr. President," he began; "I helped lay out Gopher Hill, an' I'm as partial to this little town as a mother to her first boy. I believe in the future of Gopher Hill, I know her needs, an' there ain't a man here that's more concerned for her welfare than Caleb Wright is." He paused and glanced about him from under his shaggy brows. All eyes were upon him but no one spoke. "Now, sir," he went on, "I ain't anything special 'gainst Benson & Co.—never did a day's dealin' with 'em in my life—but I don't like their signs. If Benson & Co.'s so dead sure their pipe's the best, what the devil does their man set up the drinks for? It riles me clear through and through for somebody to offer my stomach a fee before I've cast my vote!"

He was interrupted by cries of "Order! Order," and the president was obliged to use his gavel with some vigor. But Caleb Wright merely waved his hand contemptuously and waited for quiet. When it came, he continued, "That's all right, Mr. President! I'm not out of order, sir, not at all. I've a point to make an' I'm makin' it, see? We've seen the liquid advertisin' of Benson & Co.—an' now I move we have a little speech from Lawson, and another from Kennedy before we decide about the contract. Let each man tell us about his pipe. Time enough to vote after that."

Considerable uproar followed the speech of Caleb Wright, but eventually the motion carried, and Lawson, much pleased with the opportunity given him, walked briskly to the president's desk and faced his audience.

"Mr. President! Members of the Gopher Hill council! I appreciate your—er kindness in letting me talk to you, I do indeed. I take it this means you people know the kind of pipe you want. You know Benson & Co., you can bank on their delivering the goods—I can see that. Yes—and I feel you've as good as awarded me the contract right now. Just let me tell you one thing—

there ain't any other pipe in this country but Benson & Co.'s. Why, we'll lay you such a pipe line that every town around here'll be wantin' one, too. You see we make our own pipe, every foot of it, we have our own inspectors—"

Here Lawson's wandering eye alighted on Kennedy. He saw Kennedy smile. Now that smile might mean a good deal. Lawson was in a sufficiently merry humor to choose his own interpretation of it.

"My friend Kennedy," he said, veering about suddenly and thrusting his fingers into his vest pockets, "smiles! It must be that he, too, appreciates our steel pipe. Well, Kennedy's the man to know a good thing when he sees it. I guess he's tired of cast-iron pipe and wants to use our steel pipe. Of course, I don't know how he feels, for I never laid the Kennedy pipe—only"—

But he got no farther. The crowd of citizens outside the railing seemed to enjoy the big Swede's jollyng of his opponent. A slow wave mounted to Kennedy's forehead, he bent forward suddenly and interrupted Lawson, speaking in a cool, even tone without accent.

"I can't say as much for you, Mr. Lawson. I've not actually laid the Benson steel pipe, but I've relaid about \$150,000 worth of it the last seven years—and a hot job it was, too."

His clear tones were heard by all and a roar of laughter followed, led chiefly by Caleb Wright.

But Lawson was not the man to take offense, though his jaunty air fell off a trifle. Unfortunately he had drunk a little more beer than was necessary to his well-being—the surplus made him less acute.

"Oh, come now, Kennedy!" remonstrated Lawson. "That's not fair. You know as well as I do that no firm can always have honest contractors. We've laid a lot of pipe in Denver—at lower cost than any cast-iron pipe that was ever made."

Kennedy interrupted again.

"Mr. Lawson, I know this. Your company has put in a lot of pipe in Denver"—he paused and Lawson brightened visibly—"and so far as costs go, counting law-suits and work done over, the Benson steel pipe was the most expensive article Denver ever took hold of. It cost that city a million and a half dollars—an amount greatly in excess of actual values."

But Lawson had had enough. He ignored Kennedy's interruption and launched into a panegyric on steel pipe, carefully refraining from further reference to cast-iron. His arguments appealed to the councilmen; and when he sat down, they accorded him long and vigorous applause.

Jeffries was up at once.

"Mr. President, you seem to have forgotten the motion I made a while back. I now substitute a motion. I move that the power to award this contract be delegated to a committee of five, to be appointed by the Chair, their judgment to be final. I move my motion, sir. We'll stay here all night, if this matter has to be threshed out by the whole council."

"Is there a second?" asked the president, above the quite unnecessary applause.

"I second the motion!" came from the rear of the council chamber in loud tones.

"All in favor of the motion," began the president hurriedly, then stopped, for Fletcher Kennedy was on his feet and interrupting.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. President, but the agreement embodied in the previous motion has not been carried out. Mr. Lawson had his word—I ask for mine."

He stood with his head up, waiting, his tall form and large, well-outlined features singularly attractive in the smoke-filled room.

The president would have preferred to put the motion without further debate, but he knew Kennedy, and so he softly laid aside his gavel.

"All right, Mr. Kennedy! Go ahead."

"I'm aware that it is practically impossible to get the average politician to see merit in anything but where his vote counts for something," began Kennedy, fearlessly taking the bull by the horns. "I know something about politicians and I know that the best pipe ever made will leak, when the contract for the work is let as it promises to be let here tonight. That's as logical a conclusion as that two and two make four. And so, before the deed is done I want a word with you, gentlemen. It's true that my bid for cast-iron pipe is higher than Benson's bid for steel pipe—higher by the prodigious sum of two hundred and twenty-five dollars. I have no hesitation in saying that cast-iron is a more expensive article than the regular steel pipe. My bid is legitimate, and I planned a legitimate profit. On the other hand, I can say without fear of dispute that Benson & Co. are asking eleven thousand dollars more than necessary in order to make a good profit. I can show you this by figures, if any of you care to go into the matter. At present, I'm speaking simply for myself in comparing the two kinds of pipe. After years of experience I decided to lay only cast-iron pipe—save in the places where wooden staves would serve the purpose better. I decided to do this, because cast-iron pipe is heavier and more durable than

any other pipe that's made. It won't corrode like steel pipe, nor rust out as soon. Steel pipe is thinner than cast-iron pipe and won't stand anywhere near an equal pressure. Your pipe line runs on an unusually steep grade—as you'll find to your cost if you lay steel pipe. Now, one other word, and I'm through. I know most of you Gopher Hill men and you know me and the kind of work I do. I'm willing to rest on that with all of you. Doubtless you'll let this contract to suit yourselves, but I want to remind you that every town has an election day—and there's often a campaign cry that swings results unexpectedly. The last city election in Denver was practically decided by the slogan, "Down with Benson's pipe!" That cry meant more to the tax-payers than party—as it will mean here if you're not mighty careful. And the tax-payers—as tax-payers have a way of doing—won't wake up to the fact until it's too late to help matters. Gentlemen, I thank you!"

Kennedy took his seat amid a moment of absolute silence, conscious that he had told the truth and that he had probably ruined his own cause.

"I move Mr. Jeffries' motion, Mr. President," said a councilman, rousing as if from a daze.

The president put the motion and the motion carried. When the committee was appointed Kennedy saw with regret that it was composed of Benson men.

"That settles it," he said under his breath and got up to leave the council chamber, when Caleb Wright arose.

"Mr. President," said he, "I had a little talk with some of the councilmen before the meeting was called to order, and we agreed 'twould be a good thing to have a first-class engineer go over the pipe line and see if he thinks it's all right. I move, therefore, that the Gopher Hill council secure the services of Mr. Kennedy for that purpose."

Kennedy sat down, surprised. He knew he could go over the line in a couple of hours. He turned to the president, who was questioning him. Yes; he would inspect the line, if the council wished him to. Yes; he could do so in the morning. His fee? It would be three hundred dollars. He left the room as the president was putting Caleb Wright's motion and paused in the door long enough to see that it carried. Then he went to his hotel.

The next day he inspected the line with the engineer-in-charge, learned that the committee of five had awarded the contract to Benson & Co., and caught the evening train for Denver.

A good dinner in the "diner" somewhat took the edge from his chagrin at losing the contract and he made his way with

slow steps to the smoker. He was comfortably engrossed with a cigar and his thoughts when Lawson entered.

"Why, hello, Kennedy!" he cried, jovially. "Didn't expect to see you." He sank into a chair and dropped his head forward into his hands. "Lord, Lord, but I've a headache to beat the band!" He groaned and rubbed his forehead hard. "Say—that contract about laid me out. Don't I look it?"

Kennedy turned amused eyes at him and pulled at his cigar without replying. Truly Lawson was a sorry spectacle. His eyes were blood-shot and puffy underneath; his mouth dropped in an ugly line at the corners; his hands shook. Kennedy understood and his disgust for the agent of Benson & Co. struck several shades deeper.

But Lawson wasn't a mind-reader. He only knew that he was miserable, that he was trying to "sober off" by the time he reached Denver, that Kennedy was a quiet chap one could talk to without having what one said repeated—and he talked.

"I guess you're sore over not gettin' that contract, Kennedy; but if you'd worked for it like I have and then got left you'd be a damn sight sorer. That committee!" He got up and drank several glasses of ice-water, then came back and sat down in front of Kennedy, a bit uncertainly. "Lord, man! That committee! I wanted 'em to get right down to business soon as the council was over—but they?" He spread his hands in an opulent gesture. "They wanted fun—for all the world like young lambs turned out to grass. And maybe we didn't have fun." He paused and chewed a clove reminiscently. "I ain't hit the bed at all. The blamed fools played roulette and poker all night. An' me? Why, I just naturally had to keep up my end. I was ahead once, too—three hundred and sixty plugs to the good—but I couldn't win. 'Twould have been all off with Benson & Co. if I had. So I slung out kind of careless and let 'em beat me—daylight found me about sixty in the hole. But old Benson ain't the man to mind a little thing like that." He paused and twisted his dilapidated mustache for some moments. At last he went on. "About daylight, something was said about the contract, but there was so many empty bottles and cigar stumps lyin' 'round that we hadn't any room for a meeting, so they moved we adjourn to the lobby. The motion fit the case all right, all right. They held a committee meeting out there and awarded the contract to my old man without a dissenting vote." He took a small round box from his vest pocket and extracted four white pellets. A visit to the water tank followed, and he returned to his seat before Kennedy with a little more assurance.

"Ever try any of these?" he asked, holding the pill-box to view, a conscious leer in his eyes as he spoke. "I guess they'll

fix me right, all right," he added, disregarding Kennedy's quiet gaze and returning the box to his pocket in apparent unconcern. At last, however, Kennedy's fixed stare was too much for Lawson. He settled back in his chair with a huge yawn. "Lord, I'm sleepy's an owl," he remarked and promptly fell asleep.

Kennedy's cigar had gone out while he listened and gradually a deep upright line furrowed between his brows. He sat motionless long after Lawson's breath began to sound in heavy, even waves. He was thinking hard, a trifle bitterly, too.

So that was the way Benson & Co. got their contracts? What show had a decent man, anyway? The world lurked with opportunity for the rascal, while an honest man couldn't lift a mortgage. What was the good in it all when affairs were settled that way? His old enthusiasm for right living, stunned by the momentary shock, reasserted itself. He felt again the strong desire to do, to be, all that his manhood was capable of. There wasn't any other way. Why, what would life be if a man let go when things went wrong? That was the time to hang on. And there were other contracts, other chances than this, larger fields where he'd win out yet.

He pulled a little book from his pocket and began to figure rapidly, pausing after a little to glance out of the window. Lights were burning here and there as the train sped by. They were in a suburb of Denver. Soon he would be home.

Home! At the word the last bit of depression was lifted like vapor. He had a mental picture of a woman, merry-faced, sane, running to open the door before he could ring. She knew his step. He sat up and smiled to himself there in the smoker. Then he bent over and touched Lawson, gently at first, then shook him.

"Wake up, Lawson—here's Denver!" he cried, and went out the door briskly as the weary man stumbled to his feet, rubbing his eyes.

Salt Lake City.

LIFE

By KATHERINE OLIVER.

HERE'S what I love—the clean sky above
And the wide clean air;
The mounting plain, the sweeping rain,
The wind in my hair.

To ride and ride, where the land spreads wide
To the darkening hills,
In a splendid race to the open place,
And the life that fills.

To ride and to rest on the hill's high crest
Under open sky;
And to sleep without fear, where the stars are near
And God close by.
Rialto, Cal.

SPELLING REFORM



STRIKING contribution to the discussion of "spelling reform" was made by Benj. Ide Wheeler, president of the University of California, and close friend of President Roosevelt, in his recent address at Stanford University. It covers so much ground, in so scholarly and sane fashion, that it is worth preserving. Said Dr. Wheeler:

We are assembled today in the name of the University not built with hands. The same disorder of Nature, which last April made men distrust the solid earth on which they dwelt, revealed to them the sure resource of human helpfulness; and the same distress, which showed how small their actual need in things of sense, pointed straight toward the things that are real and the things that abide. The same disaster that doubly decimated the monied support of Berkeley and disheveled the glories of Stanford's pœcile walls unveiled to clearer view the greater University of Man we always knew was always there, the university of common purpose in common love of truth and cleanness—not anchored to the soil of any place, not named with names, not built with hands.

I am sure there never was a time when, by the touch of world-wide sympathy, Stanford felt more certainly conscious of its part in this greater university; I am sure there never was a day when the hand-clasp of Stanford and Berkeley so carried the heart-beat, as this day which by its very circumstances reminds of common loss and common task, and blends oneness of fate with oneness of spirit. A memorial will we rear today "out of our stony griefs," and it shall be a witness between us, and Mizpah, the watch-tower, shall be its name—the Lord watch between me and thee when we are absent one from another.

The chief instrument of that intercommunication amongst men upon which is conditioned human sympathy and mutual understanding as the basis of the larger life in human society is language. The significance of this occasion prompts me, therefore, to some remarks on unity of standard in intercourse by language; and I am further encouraged thereto by the consideration that philology, having of late "got into politics" a little, is suffering the usual maltreatment in current discussions. It is not with a view to taking sides in a practical controversy, but in order to present some fundamental principles of the science of language, pertinent thereto and commonly ignored, that I make this my venture, trusting to your kind allowance that philology, now that various other walks of life have had hearing in the matter, may not seem to trespass in claiming for its adnumbrations the right to throw some further shadows upon the question.

The definition of language as "voice expressive of thought" is doubly inadequate. In the first place, it is far less a means of expression than a vehicle of communication. Historically it takes its form almost entirely, not from the prompting to express what is within one, but from the suggestions of hearing as to what will be intelligible to others. It is a means of communication; it always takes into account the other man; it is pre-eminently a social instrument. In the second place, it is, in modern civilized society, addressed more to the eye than to the ear. Most of us read every day more language than we hear, even if we limit our reading to newspapers and text-books; but if we turn to the higher intellectual life, there can be no doubt that our acquaintance with the larger range of powers and possibilities in

language is determined immeasurably more by reading than by hearing. Broadened intercourse in the world of men is calling more and more for an intercommunication of thought not restricted to the range of a speaker's voice. We resent the power of distance to keep men and ideas and sympathies asunder, and we refuse to condition intercommunication upon a certain physical propinquity of larynxes and ears. The phonograph and the telephone are ultra-modern devices for annulling distance and bringing larynx and ear nearer together without the crude necessity of bodily transporting one or the other. As such, these instruments aid in returning language to its original character as sound addressed to the ear. Still, if we were from this time on to abandon altogether the pen and the printing press, and make our libraries into storehouses of phonograph-cylinders, we should at least cut ourselves off from the past; for written language is an instrument not only of triumph over space, but even more significantly, as a means of record, an instrument of triumph over time.

One may fairly presume, I think, that the device of written language, by which man has been slowly lifting himself during the last four millennia out of the shackles of space and time, i. e., out of savagery, is not likely to be abandoned forthwith. The problem, however, of how to hold the written language in intelligible relation to the viscous body of the spoken language without sacrificing the essential value of the former as an agency of civilization, will command increasing attention, and will demand the co-operation of special knowledge, broad human wisdom, and withal much caution; for the problem is beset with grave difficulties, and most especially as concerns the English language, of all languages that are or ever have been.

As every language serves the purpose of communication among the members of its speech-community, it follows that every language is a standardized product. This is true of spoken language as well as of written language, though in a more refined degree and less obtrusively. In the last analysis and from the purely descriptive point of view of, e. g., phonetics, every speaker possesses a language of his own; there are as many languages as there are individual speakers. Each one has his own selection of words, uses some of them in special meanings or with individual limitations of meaning, has his own intonations, or peculiarities of pronunciation, or special colorings of particular sounds; but all these individualisms are held in continual restraint and subjected to a perpetual leveling influence by what the individual is daily hearing from those about him, as well as by the necessity of making himself understood by those about him. The result, by countless imitations and compromises, is the unconscious standardizing which creates and maintains the idiom of a speech-community, however small it may be. The constant struggle between the centrifugal forces of individual usage and the centripetal forces of intercommunication within the community yield on the one hand standard, on the other life, as the source of progress and historic change. But the mass swings as a whole, and reduces the individual languages approximately to its own orbit.

The same conditions which held the individual language in subservience to the community speech operate in holding or reducing the speech of the lesser community to accord with that of the larger community according to the dictation of intercourse. Isolation allows dialects to emerge and shape themselves in separate standards; resumption of intercourse levels them out and constrains them into subservience to the greater mass and recognition of the wider standard. So the great national languages are created in part by leveling, in part by absorption, but always in response to the facts of national life and intercourse. The man who desires to have part in the larger community and gain a hearing will accommodate himself to the standard, be it unconsciously, through natural imitation of that which he admires, or consciously and with toil, as in the case of actors and public speakers who cannot afford to bear the provincial mark. There arises, too, in cases of the rapid extension of a standard such as has characterized the history of English in the last century, the intervention of the school-teacher, the dictionary, and even the elocutionist as valiant exterminators of dialects!

vermin. Theirs is rather rough work, to be sure, but after all they are the frontiersmen of an advancing unitary civilization founded upon free intercourse that insists upon a uniform, standard means of intercommunication. A man who moves about much among various classes and in various places, and wishes to be generally acceptable to all audiences on short acquaintance had better standardize his *theyater* and *obleege* and *massacree* and *ain't* and *hist* (*hoist*) and *Roosian* and *Euró-pean*; but at home it will make no difference. It ought not to make a difference anywhere, but it does; it seems to start a suspicion that he may not be the bearer of a message from the great world.

The matters I have just been discussing fall mostly under the guardianship of orthoëpy and orthophony. I have indeed fetched a compass in my approach, but the goal toward which I am tending is orthography, which is to the written language what orthophony is to the spoken.

Writing arose from the demand for record for those separated in time or for communication with those separated in space. Writing began as pictures of objects, then gradually attached itself to their names, then to syllables, then to single sounds. Writing began in Europe when the Greeks, receiving the Phœnician symbols and with them their names, applied them with the value generally of the initial sound of these names in writing down sound by sound, as best they could, their own words. It was a painful exercise in phonetic spelling, and their early inscriptions are abiding monuments of the agony. The speech of different localities differed in dialect, and each district wrote as its own dialect sounded, with the result that the writer of one district could scarcely decipher the writing of his neighbors. Added to this was the embarrassment that different districts had accepted the symbols with somewhat different values; thus the Ionians who dropped their h's accepted the letter *heta* (our H) with the value *ē*, to them the initial sound, while the Athenians who kept their h's gave it the value of h. After a while, about 400 B. C., the Athenians, by way of conformity to the more brilliantly worldly Ionians, compromised to the extent of adopting their letters and their values but continued to spell at first more or less phonetically. The shape, however, which the phonetically written word assumed during the following generation proved to be the form the word was to keep for all the generations thereafter. The literary prestige of the fourth century established the word in place of the letter as the unit, and ever after, even down into the present Modern Greek, the assemblage of symbols marking the word remains unchanged. The sounds have changed, but have dragged the letters with them. And what is more, with the decay of provincialism and the rise of a national Hellenic consciousness based upon intellectual achievement and embodied in Alexander's Empire, the Athenian form of the words, as the vehicle of a nation-making literature, became the accepted form for all the dialectal districts. So there became one normal form for all Greece in all the generations; and Syracuse could read a newspaper of Byzantium, if there were one, and Polybius could read Thucydides, six centuries before him, and never suspect that he could not in a seance understand the language of Thucydides' ghost—if there were one. This written language of Greece was an orthography, nothing more or less, and this is what an orthography meant for Greece: it shaped and maintained a nation, though tribes and states decayed, manners and faiths shifted, and no governmental system stood to represent the national existence; and when, in the nineteenth century, the little State re-emerged from out the black lava-crust of Turkish rule that had submerged and almost choked it, it was an orthography, more than any one thing else, that gave it the breath of a national life. With the outbreak of the Greek Revolution in 1821, the only strand—to be sure it was a golden thread—that joined the New back to the Old was the language preserved in the service of the faithful ancient Church of the East and preserved essentially unchanged in outward form the tongue in which were first written the Epistles and the Gospels.

The modern state is national, not by virtue of unity of blood or faith, but pre-eminently by virtue of unity in the medium of intercourse, primarily by writing, secondarily by speech. Germany has one recognized standard language overlying various shrinking dialects of speech; likewise France, Italy, Holland, Spain. Norway is held aloof from Sweden by a distinct standard of Scandinavian speech, and is turned toward Denmark. Austria-Hungary fails of nationality from lack of a common idiom.

I come now to speak of the English language. This has made more than

a nation and more than an empire. The one instance in history of a single language serving two great empires, it has dedicated a broad region belting the globe to free intercourse and equality before the law.

Historically, it is a dialect of the English Midlands, elevated by natural processes to supremacy above its colleagues and gradually extended with the spread of the English empire throughout the world, being enriched and cosmopolitanized, lifted out of its provincialism, and fitted for its broader tasks by materials absorbed from multifold sources, and being simplified in its structure and mechanism by submitting to use in the mouths of men of various minds and various tongues. Prior to the sixteenth century, its spelling, though not self-consistent, owing in general to the diversity of the sources of the language and the confusing influence of the French spelling, was still quasi-phonetic, i. e., though it did not always represent the same sound by the same symbol, it undertook to represent the spoken word. The appearance, however, in this century of an abundant literature, coincident with the development of printing, tended to fix the spelling and remove it from subservience to sound. Its call to a higher and wider use cut the language loose perforce from the spoken idiom of any single district or class. Our present orthography may therefore be roughly said to represent nineteenth century words by means of symbols, which, though by no means used with the simplicity and self-consistency of phonetic spelling, really stand for sixteenth century sounds. At that time the vowel-symbols were used essentially in the "continental" values. We now, e. g., write the phonetic word *naɪm* with *a* because it was pronounced *naam* in the sixteenth century, and write *mile* with *i* because it was then pronounced *meel*. We write the word *see*, on the one hand *sea*, commemorating its former pronunciation with the open *ay*-sound, and on the other as *see*, as a record of the older close *ay*-sound. The two words were distinct in Shakespeare's time. The influence of printing, the appearance of dictionaries in the eighteenth century, and the patient insistence of teachers and spelling-books through the generations gradually reduced the orthographic diversity to the present uniformity. It was a long, hard struggle, but it was a struggle which would not have been made had not society had in view an end which it was of serious importance for it to attain. The intensity of the struggle has left its trace in an extraordinary orthographic orthodoxy, or even prudery, which often treats false spelling as a mark of vulgarity, if not of mental inferiority. But this is the way in human affairs with things which seem necessary, but cannot give a full rational account of themselves. The fact is that English orthography was compelled under existing circumstances to find its source of authority in the hasty crystallizations of usage rather than in the intelligent rulings of a rational tribunal—hence the blind orthodoxy, and herein some claim to forbearance.

As to the resultant orthography it cannot be denied that many inconsistencies are frozen into its mass. One and the same sound is denoted by various different devices, as when, to cite an extreme case, the voiceless lingual sibilant is indicated by *sh* in *shine*, *si* in *pension*, *s* in *sugar*, *ss* in *issue*, *sci* in *conscious*, *ti* in *nation*, *ci* in *social*, *ce* in *ocean*, and *ch* in *charade*. On the other hand one and the same device may denote different sounds, as *ough*, which denotes *off* in *cough*, *o* in *dough*, *uf* in *enough*, and *au* in *plough*. Words of like sound are differently spelled, as *cite*, *site*, *sight*, but this last must be esteemed rather an advantage as an appeal to the eye. It must also be admitted that the language in its preoccupation with adjusting itself to its importunate tasks laid itself open to the tricks of false pedantry and rococo decoration, such as the *b* in *debt* and *doubt*, the *gh* in *delight*, the *ue* in *tongue*, the *hy* in *rhyme*. Such are the familiar materials of the oft-repeated indictment against our orthography. It is undoubtedly a barrier to the acquisition of the language now extending itself as a common vehicle of intercourse beyond its natural habitat. In the inevitable discussion of its reform, however, a sober consideration of all that is involved must warn against the rash imperiling through shallow judgment of the greater good for the lesser benefit. Here follow certain points of view.

First: Uniformity in the written language throughout its entire territory in any given period, as the present, is a prime demand of civilized intercourse.

Second: The establishment for the United States of a standard of written English different from that recognized elsewhere in the English-speaking

territory is an isolating and divisive movement, promising loss and waste to intercourse and culture, and introducing consciousness of contrariety where the opposite is desired. The needless irritation caused by the minor differences already existing points ominously to what would result from greater.

Third: The English language is not the property of the people of the United States, still less of its government; it is a precious possession of the English-speaking world, and the moral authority to interfere in its regulation must arise out of the entire body and not from a segment thereof.

Fourth: Every person who is born to the use of the language inherits thereby a definite advantage in the world for intellectual gain, for influence and effectiveness, yes, even for commercial success, by very reason of its extension of use in uniformity of standard. This inherited advantage constitutes a vested interest, and must not be trifled with.

Fifth: Any radical change, such as for instance would be involved in phonetic writing, would have the effect of cutting us off from the language of Shakespeare and the English Bible, making of this a semi-foreign idiom to be acquired by special study. Indeed, our entire present library collections of English books would be placed beyond the reach of the ordinary reader, and be as Dutch to his eyes. The bond uniting all the products of the language from the Elizabethan period to the present day creates a very precious heritage for every speaker of the English tongue.

Sixth: The adoption of a phonetic writing, it should furthermore be remembered, would involve imitation of the various dialectal forms of the spoken language—all of which is highly interesting to phonologists, but to the plain reader anathema.

Seventh: Print is addressed to the eye, and the reader's eye, taking in whole words or even the composite form of whole phrases in rapid glance, is disturbed and hindered by abnormal forms of spelling.

Eighth: The proposal to introduce gradually through the co-operation of volunteers a certain number of new spellings, and then, when these are well under way, presumably certain others, seems to promise an era of ghastly confusion in printing offices and in private orthography and heterography, as well as much irritation to readers' eyes and spirits.

Ninth: The list of three hundred words proposed by the Simplified Spelling Board is a somewhat haphazard collection following no very clear principle of selection. One hundred and fifty-seven of them, such as *color* for *colour*, are already in their docked form familiar to American usage. The remainder seem to owe their inclusion in the list to their having been misspelled a number of times in English literature; thus the *y* is tabooed in *pigmy* (for *pygmy*), not in *synonym*; the older spelling is resumed in *rime* (for *rhyme*), but not in *gest* for *guest*, or *tung* for *tongue*. There is no excuse, however, for *thru* (for *through*) from any point of view. The symbol *u* carries generally in English the value *yu* (in *use*) or *u* (in *but*); only very rarely, as in *rural*, *rumor*, has it the value *oo*. *Thru* has not even the authority of error.

The interests here involved are too serious to be treated craftily, or on the principle of the entering wedge. If these are all the changes to be made, they lack system, and are unworthy. If more are to be exacted, let us know what we are doing. The English tongue is our priceless heritage whereby we as a people and as individuals are made members of the widest community of intelligence and freedom in the records of mankind and sharers of the amplest traditions of vigor, integrity and self-government, and it behooves us to deal considerably with it, and keep it in honor. This possession, furthermore, we hold in joint title with many peoples in many lands, and we may not ask for the portion of goods that is ours without injuring the rights of others and likewise impairing our own estate and the inheritance of our children. In the jealous keepership of our children and our children's children, the tongue in which our fathers spoke the freedom of the individual man shall become with the untolding of the years the chief instrument of unity and peace among all men.

FULLERTON, ORANGE COUNTY

By *W. W. KERR.*



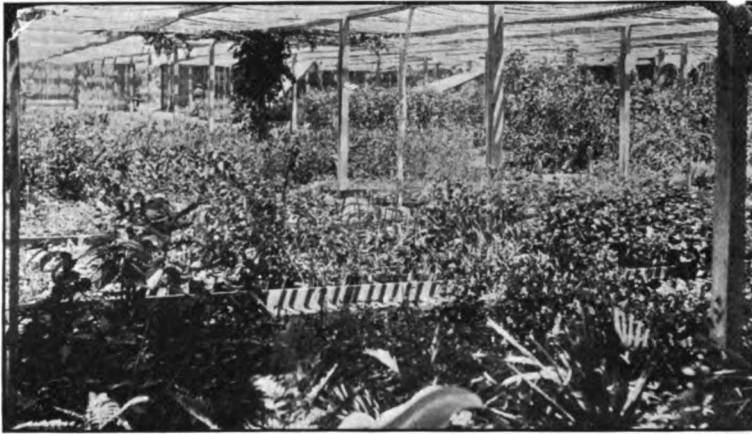
TO VISITOR to Southern California, whether seeking a home or for pleasure, should ever return East without first paying a visit to Orange county—one of the smallest in the State, and yet one of the most beautiful, productive and wealthy. The first town of prominence on the Santa Fé railway, twenty-three miles southeast of Los Angeles, in one of the most favored sections of this most favored county, is the town of Fullerton, and this is the point at which he should begin his investigations, and beyond which he need not go if he is seeking a quiet, comfortable residence in a small town or an investment in ranch-property.

It is a place of about 2,000 inhabitants, within easy reach by rail of Santa Ana, the county town; Los Angeles, the metropolis of Southern California; or the beach and mountain resorts. It is situated in the midst of a country unexcelled in its productiveness, whether the quantity, quality or variety of its products is considered, or the profitableness of their culture.

Its actual existence dates back some eighteen years, but its real progress towards its present prominence is measured by less than five years. Within that time its population has increased two hundred per cent, and practically all of its other interests have been born and brought to their present state of perfection, so that it may truthfully say, as merchants are in the habit of saying when they advertise their wares, "everything is new and fresh; no shop-worn goods." From this it must not be concluded that social conditions are in a crude, disorganized state, as is sometimes the case in new towns;



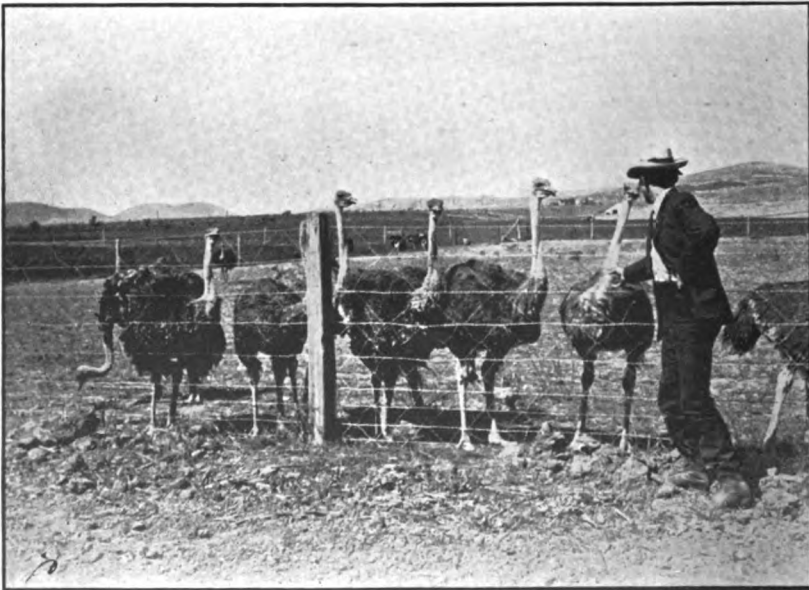
A FULLERTON DRIVEWAY



IN A FULLERTON GREENHOUSE

on the contrary, it has been settled up with people from the far East, Middle West and South, who were civilized and polished before they came here, and have made it their home because it offered them advantages that they could find nowhere else. They brought with them the peculiarities characteristic of the several sections from which they emigrated, and these have become so blended as to form a composite picture, showing the better traits of all by preserving only the best features of each.

Its religious advantages leave nothing to be desired. There are four churches—the Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian and Christian—all occupying their own neat buildings and all working together harmoniously in building up the spiritual welfare of the town.



AN OSTRICH FARM NEAR FULLERTON



A FULLERTON RESIDENCE

In the matter of education it is fully up to the times. It possesses one high school and one grammar school, both housed in elegant brick buildings especially adapted to the requirements of such institutions. The former employs six teachers, and includes a curriculum and physical laboratories

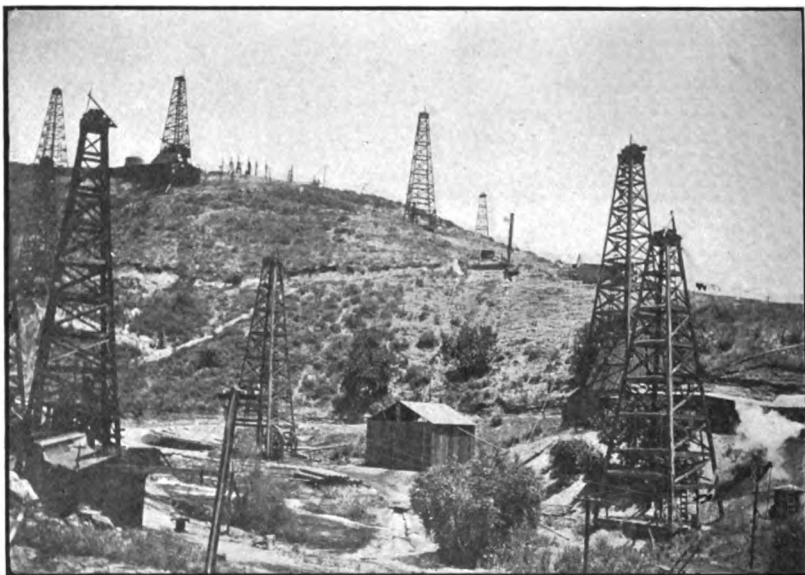


ORANGE ORCHARD NEAR FULLERTON

competent to carry its students up to the demands of the State Universities without examination. In the latter seven teachers are employed, and it has an average of 250 scholars.

The fraternal societies are represented by the Masons, Odd Fellows, Woodmen, Fraternal Brotherhood, Ancient Order of United Workmen, and so on almost to the end of the list.

When we come to speak of the climate, we would be modest if the subject would admit of it, but it can be said truthfully that whatever can be rightfully claimed for it in any part of this country, can be boasted of in Fullerton. On the north and east is a line of low foot-hills that shut off all strong north winds in winter, while to the westward is the Pacific ocean (at a distance of fourteen miles at the nearest point), whose gentle breezes fan away the heat in summer, making an equable climate throughout the year that



THE FULLERTON OIL DISTRICT

is particularly grateful to people who come from a country where both winters and summers are severe.

Fullerton has a complete system of electric lighting, water works, and local and long-distance telephones, giving to its citizens all the advantages in these directions enjoyed by larger places.

Among her business enterprises may be found everything necessary for the convenience of her people. There are two substantial banking institutions, two weekly newspapers, several general stores, two hardware stores, a large agricultural-implement house, two lumber-yards, one planing-mill and wood-working establishment, eight packing-houses, besides a number of smaller businesses of varied character.

Its streets are graded and undergoing constant improvement, while nice cement sidewalks are laid all over the business portion and most of the residence part, so that it is possible to walk almost all over the place dry-shod. Ornamental shade-trees have been planted along the curb which in a very few years will form a grateful shadow for the comfort of pedestrians. An

elegant little flower park has been laid out and planted, and will in a short time be an ornament that any town might be proud of.

The country around Fullerton is level, with a gradual slope from the foothills to the ocean. The soil is a rich, sandy loam, fully adapted to the growth of almost any crop that may be entrusted to its bosom, especially oranges and walnuts, for the successful and profitable cultivation of which it is not excelled, if equaled, by any other section of Southern California. The famous Valencia, the most profitable orange grown, grows here in its greatest perfection.

As the best evidence of the productiveness of this country, it is only necessary to call attention to what it has done. Speaking generally, it may be said that Fullerton is the largest shipping point for agricultural products between Los Angeles and San Diego. There were shipped from this place last season 750 carloads of oranges, at a profit of \$600,000. In addition there were shipped 100 cars of walnuts, realizing \$250,000; 250 cars of cabbages, netting \$30,000; besides 100 carloads of various other kinds of vegetables, and about 25,000 tons of hay and grain.

With the above showing, which has been kept entirely within the truth, and without any gloss or glamor, what better country could any home-seeker want?

For fuller information address the Fullerton Chamber of Commerce.

FULLERTON HOSPITAL

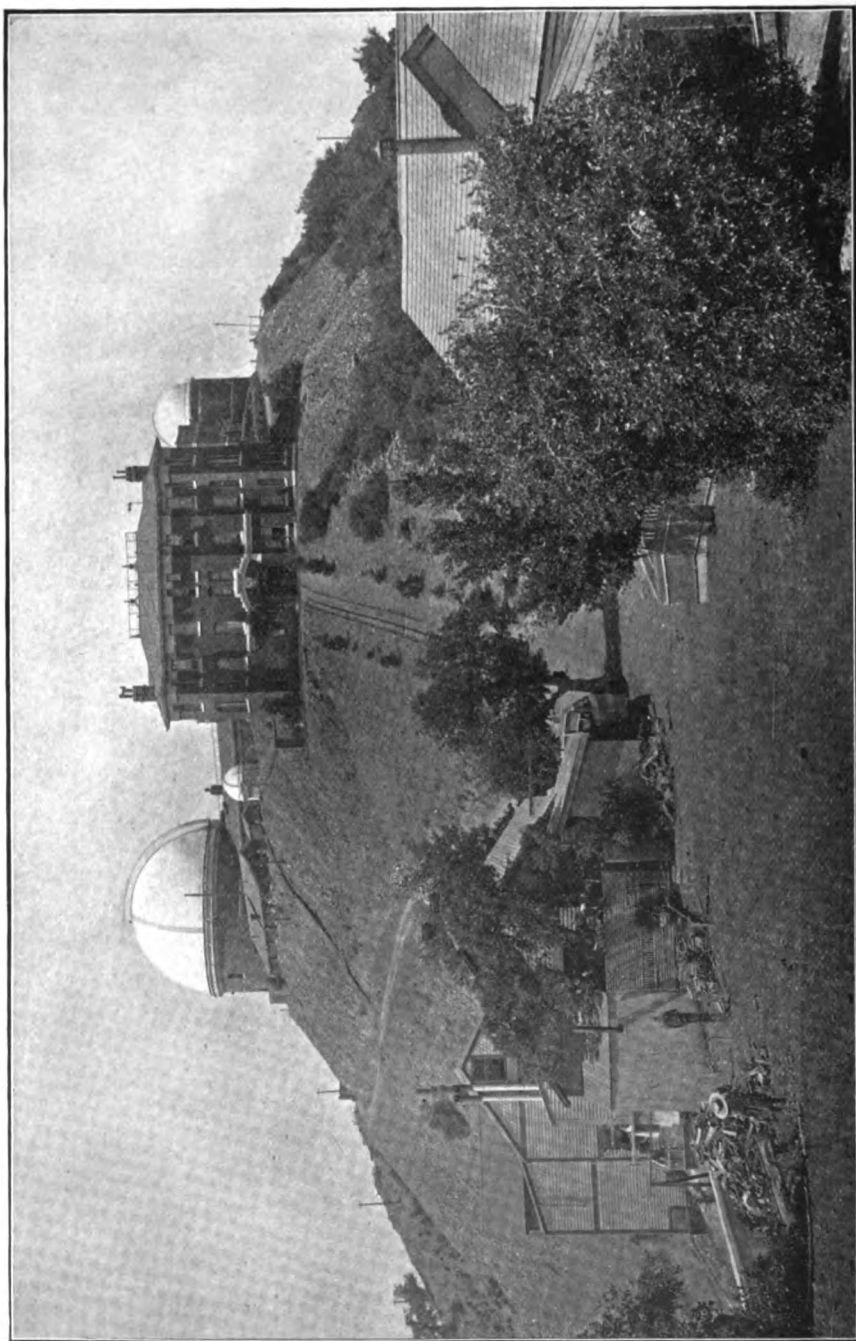
By WM. STARBUCK.



FULLERTON HOSPITAL is located in the midst of the great oil, walnut and orange-growing section of Fullerton, 23 miles from Los Angeles on the Santa Fé railway. It is in a quiet but progressive little suburban city, about 14 miles from the ocean, by direct line. As there are no hills to cut off the ocean breeze, it is near enough to have the semi-tropic sun's rays tempered by the ocean breeze, but far enough away to get the delightful breezes from the mountains that lie back of the little city. It is equipped in a complete way for surgical and confinement cases, and, in fact, for caring for every nature of disease, except contagious, which are not taken.



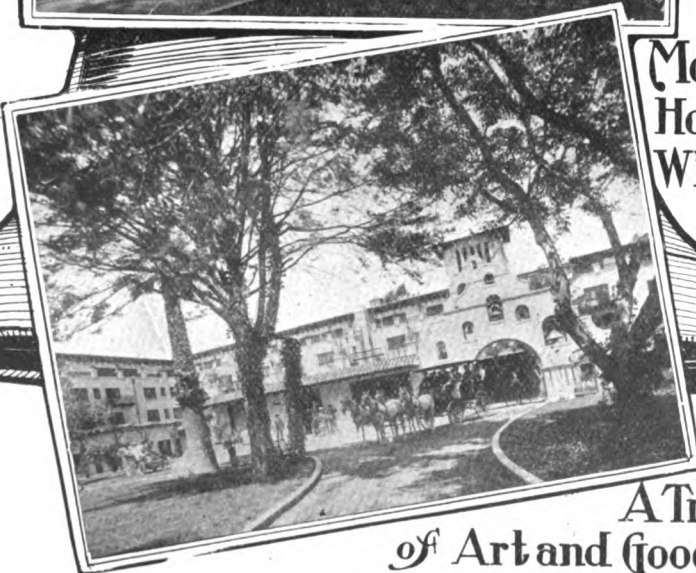
RECEPTION ROOM, FULLERTON HOSPITAL.



LICK OBSERVATORY, MT. HAMILTON, REACHED BY DAILY STAGE FROM SAN JOSE



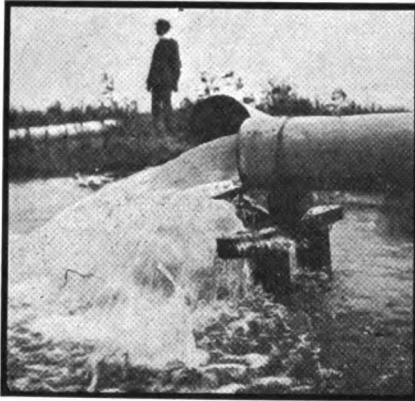
California's
Mission
Hotel
The
Glenwood
Riverside



A
Modern
Hotel
Which is

A Triumph
of Art and Good Taste

ALFALFA FOR PROFIT



We are owners of several thousand acres of water bearing alfalfa, walnut and orange land located in Southern California near Los Angeles. On this land we are developing water and are selling in tracts of from 10 acres and up with water developed at prices from \$100.00 to \$250.00 per acre. Very easy terms. This land will produce seven crops of alfalfa per year and from 1½ to 2 tons per cutting per acre. Alfalfa is now selling at \$10.00 per ton on the ground.

Only one mile from market, schools and churches.

This is your opportunity to purchase a home and a competency on your own terms. See or write

F. W. STEARNS & CO.

LONG BEACH CAL.

California Redwood

has been used for twenty-three years in the manufacture of

Petaluma
Incubators and Brooders

because we have found it superior to all other kinds. Several other incubator makers are giving their testimony to our good judgment by advertising to also use California Redwood. It is not only true that Petaluma Incubators and Brooders are made of the best lumber in the world, but every other article used in their construction is of the highest grade, and therefore these "Standard of the World" Incubators and Brooders occupy the same relative position to all other Incubators and Brooders that the mighty **California Redwoods** do to other trees.

Read "A Bit of Incubator History" in our new catalogue. We send it free. Address nearest office.

Petaluma
Incubator
Company,

Box 118, Petaluma, Cal., or
Box 8, Indianapolis, Ind.



For the nearest to
your nearest office
address nearest office

DECEMBER, 1906

Vol. XXV, No. 6

OUTWEST

THE NATION
BACK OF US

THE WORLD
IN FRONT



EDITED BY
CHAS. F. LUMMIS

A MAGAZINE OF THE
OLD PACIFIC
AND THE - NEW

Copyright 1906, by Out West Magazine Company

20 CENTS
A COPY

LOS ANGELES
217 NEW HIGH ST

SAN FRANCISCO

128 FOURTH AVE. Digitized by

\$2 A YEAR

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

When you buy Life Insurance de-
mand certainties; Trust nothing to
the hazard of a guess

...Pacific Coast Head Office...

Jefferson Square Building, 925 Golden Gate Avenue
San Francisco



The Peerless Seasoning

As a seasoning for Fish,
Steaks, Chops, Game, Soups, etc.,
nothing can take the place of

Lea & Perrins' Sauce

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

Beware of imitations. Look for Lea & Perrins' signature on label
and outside wrapper.

Holiday Gifts

Silver above all and above all other silver

"1847 ROGERS BROS."

"Silver Plate that Wears"

makes the gift that makes the day and occasion best remembered.
Send for catalogue "Z-39" to aid in selection.

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO., Meriden, Conn.
(International Silver Co., Successor.)

== Climatic Conditions at San Luis Obispo ==

Located in an amphitheater formed by the Coast Range, ten miles from the ocean, it has the benefit of the pleasant trade winds and the warm interior air, a combination making a distinctive and perfect climate. Mean temperature, Dec. 52.9; Jan. 52.3; Feb. 54.9; July 65.3; Aug. 65.4; Sept. 64.8; Annual mean temperature 58.9; annual number partly cloudy days 87; cloudy days 69, of which 46 are rainy. CLEAR DAYS 209—giving freedom from fogs without excessive heat found at no other point.

Chamber of Commerce, San Luis Obispo, Cal.



The Range That Pleases

Housewife, cook and the whole family—for all are alike interested in the results of the cooking—is the justly famous "Glenwood" whose annual sale runs up into the thousands. It stands unrivaled for baking, broiling, boiling, stewing, frying, quick water heating, fuel economy, regular draft and every good cook-stove quality. Over 4,000 in use in Los Angeles and vicinity.

JAMES W. HELLMAN

161 N. Spring Street

Los Angeles, Cal.

Hummel Bros. & Co. furnish best help. 116-118 E. Second.



LEARN BY MAIL TO MOUNT BIRDS

and Animals. A fascinating work for Men, Women and Boys. Quickly learned in your own home. Cost low. 15 complete lessons—Standard methods. Satisfaction guaranteed. Save your fine specimens. Decorate home and den. **Big Profits** for spare time. Write for full particulars. **Free Catalogue** and the beautiful **TAXIDERMIST MAGAZINE—all FREE; send TODAY.** W. W. School of Taxidermy, 83 H St., Omaha, Neb.

SONG WRITERS

Your Poems May Be Worth THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS Send them to us for the music. Accept no offer before reading **Music, Song and Money.** It is free.

HAYES MUSIC CO., 200 Star Bldg., Chicago.

POINSETTIA

New parlor game. Fascinating, exciting. Any number of players. Great for the holidays. Entertains the entire family. Seems simple. Try it. Made of California orange-wood. Just the souvenir to send eastern friends. For sale at office or mailed promptly to any address upon receipt of 50 cents. Agents wanted.

J. A. CRONWHITE MANUFACTURING CO.

510 Mason Bldg.

Fourth and Broadway

Los Angeles, Cal.



1 CENT IS ALL IT WILL COST YOU to write for our big **FREE BICYCLE** catalogue showing the most complete line of high-grade **BICYCLES, TIRES and SUNDRIES** at **PRICES**

BELOW any other manufacturer or dealer in the world.

DO NOT BUY A BICYCLE from anyone, or on any kind of terms, until you have received our complete **Free Catalogue** illustrating and describing every kind of high-grade and low-grade bicycles, old patterns and latest models, and learn of our remarkable **LOW PRICES** and wonderful new offers made possible by selling from factory direct to rider with no middlemen's profits.

WE SHIP ON APPROVAL without a cent deposit. Pay the Freight and allow 10 Days Free Trial and make other liberal terms which no other house in the world will do. You will learn everything and get much valuable information by simply writing us a postal.

We need a **Rider Agent** in every town and can offer an opportunity to make money to suitable young men who apply at once.

\$8.50 PUNCTURE-PROOF TIRES ONLY **\$4.80** PER PAIR

Regular Price \$8.50 per pair. To Introduce We Will Sell You a Sample Pair for Only

\$4.80 NAILS, TACKS OR GLASS WON'T LET OUT THE AIR (CASH WITH ORDER \$4.88)

NO MORE TROUBLE FROM PUNCTURES.

Result of 15 years experience in tire making. No danger from **THORNS, CACTUS, PINS, NAILS, TACKS or GLASS.** Serious punctures, like intentional knife cuts, can be vulcanized like any other tire.

Two Hundred Thousand pairs now in actual use. Over Seventy-five Thousand pairs sold last year.



Notice the thick rubber tread "A" and puncture strips "B" and "D," also rim strip "H" to prevent rim cutting. This tire will outlast any other make—**SOFT, ELASTIC and EASY RIDING.**

DESCRIPTION: Made in all sizes. It is lively and easy riding, very durable and lined inside with a special quality of rubber, which never becomes porous and which closes up small punctures without allowing the air to escape. We have hundreds of letters from satisfied customers stating that their tires have only been pumped up once or twice in a whole season. They weigh no more than an ordinary tire, the puncture resisting qualities being given by several layers of thin, specially prepared fabric on the tread. That "Holding Back" sensation commonly felt when riding on asphalt or soft roads is overcome by the patent "Basket Weave" tread which prevents all air from being squeezed out between the tire and the road thus overcoming all suction. The regular price of these tires is \$8.50 per pair, but for advertising purposes we are making a special factory price to the rider of only \$4.80 per pair. All orders shipped same day letter is received. We ship C.O.D. on approval. You do not pay a cent until you have examined and found them strictly as represented.

We will allow a cash discount of 5 per cent (thereby making the price \$4.56 per pair) if you send **FULL CASH WITH ORDER** and enclose this advertisement. We will also send one nickel plated brass hand pump and two Sampson metal puncture closers on full paid orders (these metal puncture closers to be used in case of intentional knife cuts or heavy gashes). Tires to be returned at OUR expense if for any reason they are not satisfactory on examination.

We are perfectly reliable and money sent to us is as safe as in a bank. Ask your Postmaster, Banker, Express or Freight Agent or the Editor of this paper about us. If you order a pair of these tires, you will find that they will ride easier, run faster, wear better, last longer and look finer than any tire you have ever used or seen at any price. We know that you will be so well pleased that when you want a bicycle you will give us your order. We want you to send us a small trial order at once, hence this remarkable tire offer.

COASTER-BRAKES, built-up-wheels, saddles, pedals, parts and repairs, and everything in the bicycle line are sold by us at half the usual prices charged by dealers and repair men. Write for our big **SUNDRY** catalogue.

DO NOT WAIT but write us a postal today. **DO NOT THINK OF BUYING** a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone until you know the new and wonderful offers we are making. It only costs a postal to learn everything. Write it **NOW.**

MEAD CYCLE COMPANY, Dept. "JL" CHICAGO, ILL.

The Emporium

Van Ness at Post St.
San Francisco, California

Santa Claus Headquarters

Gifts for young and old. Toys, dolls, games, wheel goods, all sorts of books, cut glass, jewelry and leather goods. Christmas Novelties of all kinds.

Mail Orders

Filled the Day they are
Received.



Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!!!

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over SIXTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN while TEETHING with PERFECT SUCCESS. It SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALAYS all PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHOEA. Sold by all Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

SAN JACINTO

Riverside County California



The place to make your home. The purest water (artesian). Close to the mountains. Electric lighted streets. Telephone. High School, 4 Churches. Gas for fuel, plant being built. Shaded streets (see cut). Come while land is cheap.

Address for other information

Chamber of Commerce, San Jacinto, Cal.

Allen's B. B. B. FLOUR

Boston Brown Bread Flour is self rising and all ready for the liquids; guaranteed a pure food. Have you used it?

Allen's B. B. B. FLOUR

3B Self-rising Pancake Flour is the most healthful blend of cereals that can be made for pancakes; requires only water or milk and is guaranteed a pure food.

Allen's B. B. B. FLOUR

Highest grade Roller Patent Wheat Flour; makes the best bread baked. Use it. Money back if you are not satisfied.

Allen's B. B. B. FLOUR

Allen's 3B's stand for the best in everything. Best Bread, best biscuit, best gems, best pancakes, best puddings. Always the best.

Allen's B. B. B. FLOUR

Received 2 medals at the Lewis & Clark Exposition. Did you see the exhibit? Did you taste the delicious food served by the demonstrator?

Allen's B. B. B. FLOUR

ALL GROCERS

Eastern Factory, Little Wolf Mills,
Manawa, Wis.

Pacific Coast Factory,
San Jose, Cal.

Made to
Measure



Hats,
Caps,
Leg-
gins

Khaki
Canvas
Corduroy
Corduroy-Khaki

Strong, Handsome, Cleanly Suits

The WM. H. HOEGEE CO., Inc.
138-140-142 S. Main St.
Both Phones Ex. 87

Model H-1907

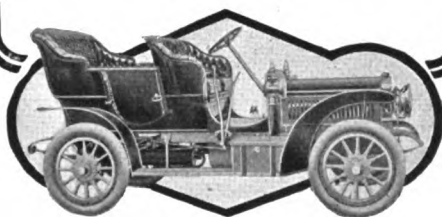
It's the motorist of *experience* who most quickly recognizes that scientific design, and workmanship so precise that all vital parts are made to gauges which do not allow a variation to exceed a thousandth part of an inch, produce the highest degree of perfection and efficiency in an automobile motor. This, combined with utmost care in the production of every individual piece of the entire car, makes this new

CADILLAC

remarkable for its smooth and perfectly-balanced action, its ease of control, its comfort of riding. 30 h. p.; 50 miles an hour. A demonstration will surprise you.

Dealer's name and booklet *sent on request.*

Other Cadillac models are:
Runabout and Light Touring Car.
CADILLAC MOTOR CAR CO., DETROIT, MICH.
Member A. L. A. M.



BEKINS VAN & STORAGE CO. Shippers of household goods

Reduced Rates to and from All Points

243 South Broadway, Los Angeles
1015 Broadway, Oakland

Offices, Room 500, 95 Washington St., Chicago
9 Montgomery St., San Francisco

Cash

FOR YOUR FARM,
HOME, BUSINESS OR
OTHER PROPERTY.

We can sell it for you, no matter where it is or what it is worth. If you desire a quick sale send us description and price. If you want to buy any kind of property anywhere send for our monthly. It is FREE and contains a large list of desirable properties in all parts of the country. C. A. WILSON, Real Estate Dealer, 415 Kansas avenue, Topeka, Kansas.



ANTHONY P. WILSON, ATTY

The American
Collection Agency

No fee charged unless collection is made. We make collections in all parts of the United States.

413 KANSAS AVE.
TOPEKA, KANSAS

KIDDER'S PASTILLES

STOWELL & CO., Mfrs.

A Sure
relief for **Asthma.**
Sold by all Druggists,
or by mail, 25 cents.
Charlestown, Mass.



WHEN WINTER COMES

prepare for the Season's pleasures. Lablache Face Powder will remove the effects of Summer Sun and Autumn Winds. It insures a clear, fresh healthy complexion that will be immune from redness, roughness and chaps caused by the icy blasts of winter. Antiseptic and healing properties and a delicate flowery perfume peculiar to itself are characteristics of

LABLACHE

FACE POWDER

Refuse Substitutes. They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream, 50c, a box, of druggists or by mail. Send 10c. for sample. BEN. LEVY CO., French Perfumers
Dept. 4, 125 Kingston Street, Boston, Mass.

WINCHESTER



LIGHT WEIGHT MODEL 1886 RIFLES

.45-70 GOV'T. CALIBER

Big game hunters who cling to the old reliable .45-70 Government cartridge will find that Winchester Model 1886 Light Weight Rifles made in that caliber will suit them in every way. They are lighter and handier than other rifles handling this cartridge, and, like all Winchester rifles, shoot strong and accurately and wear well. They are made with 22-inch round nickel steel barrels, in Solid Frame and Take-Down styles. The former weighs only about 6 3-4 pounds and the latter about 7 pounds. This rifle and Winchester High Velocity Cartridges, which are made for it, make a very effective combination.

*Send for catalogue describing this and all
Winchester Rifles and Ammunition.*

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO., - NEW HAVEN, CONN.

MENNEN'S

BORATED TALCUM
TOILET POWDER



Any Child
who has enjoyed the benefit of Mennen's Borated Talcum Toilet Powder daily since birth is free from the painful chapping and chafing which comes with winter weather.


Mennen's
soothes and heals, and if used daily, enables the most tender skin to resist the ill effects of changing conditions of weather. Put up in non-refillable boxes, for your protection. If Mennen's face is on the cover, it's genuine, that's a guarantee of purity. Delightful after shaving. Sold everywhere, or by mail 25 cents. Sample Free.

Gerhard Mennen Co., Newark, N. J.
Try Mennen's Violet (Borated) Talcum Powder. It has the scent of fresh cut Violets.



Delicious Maple Syrup

Do It Like It



MAPLEINE produces the **Snappy Maple Flavor** and sugar and water the **Syrup**

35c Bottle Makes 2 Gallons
Sent to any address upon receipt of stamps

ASK FOR MAPLEINE

It Fools the "Old Timers"
Crescent Man'g. Co. Seattle, U.S.A.

EHMANN

OLIVE OIL



Is American made. The American son strives to improve his father's handiwork. Constant effort for improvement means better results—indolent contentment, stagnation. The European Oil is made by a method in use for ages—old decrepit trees. THE EHMANN OIL is made by a modern scientific process,—EHMANN EXCLUSIVE METHOD. Young lusty trees that produce perfect fruit—grow in California's rich virgin soil. EHMANN OIL has life-giving properties, try it.

Ludwig & Matthews, Agents
Los Angeles, Cal.

BHMANN OLIVE CO., Mfrs., Oroville, Cal.

Vapo-Cresolene

Established 1879.

"Cures While You Sleep."
Whooping-Cough, Croup, Bronchitis, Coughs, Diphtheria, Catarrh.

Confidence can be placed in a remedy which for a quarter of a century has earned unqualified praise. Restful nights are assured at once.



Cresolene is a Boon to Asthmatics.
ALL DRUGGISTS
Send Postal for Descriptive Booklet.

Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, of your druggist or from us, 10c in stamps.

The
Vapo-Cresolene Co.
180 Fulton St., N.Y.
Leeming-Miles Bldg.
Montreal, Canada

The Mine & Smelter Supply Company

Salt Lake City, Utah, Dec. 1, 1906.

To Our Nevada Mining Trade:

We find from our increased Nevada sales that our efforts to cater to the necessities of the buyers of mining machinery and supplies of the Sage Brush State are being appreciated, and trust that the close relations so established shall continue. We endeavor to handle only such machinery and supplies which we can safely recommend to our customers, and believe our reputation for standing behind our goods is high throughout the Western United States and Mexico.

You will find that we carry a large stock of Boilers, Hoists, Engines (steam and gasoline), Compressors and Pumps, Blowers and Blacksmith Tools, Clutches, Pulleys, Belting, Shafting and Bearings, Heavy Hardware, Assay Goods, Tools and Supplies; so that there is no need of going farther east for prompt shipments.

We relish telegraphic orders and know how to handle them.

We trust the pleasant relations established will result to mutual advantage.

Yours truly,

The Mine and Smelter Supply Company

J. W. GATES, Local Manager.

Riverside, California

Next month orange picking in the greatest orange-growing district in the world will begin on a large scale, now YOU are interested so let the Chamber of Commerce or the firms named send you pictures, literature and information about the exact conditions here.

Frank A. Miller, Glenwood Inn.

Riverside Trust Co. Orange Groves.

Arlington Apartments, Lime

Seaton & Kinnear Lumber Co.

Riverside Savings Bank & Trust Co.

and Eighth Sts.,

Bresmer Mfg. Co. Planing Mill.

Russ Lumber & Mill Co. Pacific Lumber Co.

Furnished Rooms.



Orange Groves and Mountains



Orange Picking Scene

Where some
of the
2,000,000
boxes of Or-
anges grow
and how they
are picked

Earlimont Colony



Gathering the Earliest Oranges in the State near Portersville.

Tulare County California

A Land of Opportunity
A Land of Promise
Earliest Section
Of California's
Early Belt

EARLIEST

That's What Counts

Earliest Oranges
Earliest Grapes
Earliest Figs
Earliest Olives

Quickest Returns
Extraordinary Prices

EARLIEST VEGETABLES

EARLIEST DECIDUOUS FRUITS

EARLIEST SMALL FRUITS

South of Portersville, earliest part of Tulare County. Rolling upland. At base of Sierra foothills. No killing frosts. No scale. No smut. No diseases. No heavy winds. A beautiful landscape. Responds to landscape gardener's art. Pure air. Unsurpassed climate. Remarkably healthful. Well located. Abundant cheap water. Virgin soil, extremely rich. Close to railroad. Near to mountain camps and resorts. Splendid hunting and fishing grounds in easy reach.

FIRST SUBDIVISION—TO THOSE WHO WILL IMPROVE

Earlimont Colony Co. will care for property of absent owners. Land with water only \$50.00 per acre. Purchasers given benefit of land at about one third usual price in preference to other modes of advertising first subdivision. Large tracts for sale for subdivision. A crop of early vegetables will pay for land first season. Orange groves begin to bear second season and increase rapidly each succeeding year till they net from \$300 to \$600 or more per acre. Good grammar school already on property. Store, postoffice, telephone, etc., will soon be established. A flourishing town soon. Electric roads in near future. Get in early and avoid the rush.

Address all communications to **WM. A. SEARS, Portersville, Tulare County, Cal.**

WOODLAND

The Capital of
Yolo County California

WOODLAND is only 86 miles from San Francisco and 22 miles from Sacramento, the State Capital. WOODLAND has twelve churches, three two-story grammar school buildings, one commodious high school, one Holy Rosary Academy, one well-equipped business college, the best talent obtainable for the schools, one Carnegie library building, and fine free library, four social and literary clubs, twenty fraternal and benefit lodges one 200-barrel flour mill, one fruit cannery, two butter creameries, one fruit packing establishment, one winery, one olive oil and pickling plant, two large lumber yards, four solid banks, four hotels, one large city hall, one well-equipped fire department, four large grain and hay warehouses, a well conducted telephone system, an average rainfall of 17 inches, and many commodious business houses representing all lines of trade.

For further particulars address any of the following:

Bidwell & Reith, Real Estate
Woodland Grain and Milling Co.
R. E. Boyle, Books and Stationery
Bank of Yolo
Bank of Woodland
Sierra Lumber Co.
M. C. Campo, Rancher

Lodi Barnhart Tract

Adjoining Town-limits of

Lodi, California

2 Acre Lots

3 Acre Lots

5 Acre Lots

Grapes and Alfalfa

Write

R. E. Wilhoit & Sons

Stockton, Cal.

or Eaton & Buckley

Stockton, Cal.

JOINT OWNERS



Residence of M. K. Campbell, Paradise Valley

have good shipping facilities, both by rail and water, and the future outlook is very bright for them.

For information relative to other resources of this growing city write for booklet to Secretary Board of Trade or

Peoples State Bank, G. W. DeFord, Hay and Grain; A. E. Williams, Grocer; Paradise Valley Sanitarium, Hutchison Bros, Frank A. Kimball, Real Estate; San Diego Land Co., E. M. Fly, M. D.; M. K. Campbell, Phil C. Bauer, J. C. Fleming, Orange Grower; T. R. Palmer, Attorney; L. Butler, Hardware; E. B. Leach, Lemon Shipper; Theo T. Johnson, M. D.; National City & Otay Railway.

National City CALIFORNIA

The California Citrus Products Company has a large plant manufacturing Citric Acid, Oil of Lemon, Extract of Lemon, Gypsum and concentrated fruit syrups. It has a large trade covering the United States and its insular possessions. Their products enjoy an enviable reputation, having taken gold medals at St. Louis and Portland Exhibitions.

Most of their products are made from cull lemons and the plant has a capacity of ten tons per day. They are situated in the heart of the largest lemon growing district of California,

Hummel Bros. & Co. furnish best help. 116-118 E. Second.

Fair Haven Farms

We will place on sale, at once, nearly 7000 acres of rich, fertile, fully developed, crop bearing land, in the most famous ranch, orchard and vineyard district in the world—near Riverside, California—practically the last unsold land in this wonderful garden spot. On every side are the vast vineyards and orchards that have spread the fame of Southern California products—acres and acres of Alfalfa—the foundation of many fortunes and many small and large farms bearing nearly every kind of crop.

An Inexhaustible Water Supply

Supplying every acre with an abundance of water, through a series of cement canals and viaducts, making waste impossible.

The Most Fertile Soil in the West

This rich red-tinted loam combined with the perfect climate, allow the farmer to work his land for continual profits, every month in the year.

This land adjoins the main line of the Salt Lake Railroad with direct connection to every other trans-continental railroad, insuring quick, convenient transportation for both passengers and freight.

Within 50 Miles East of Los Angeles

*Only 9 Miles west from the
City of Riverside*

We desire to sell this land to buyers, who will settle on the land at once. The number of acres in each farm will be arranged to suit the buyer.

Liberal Terms of Payment

Call or Write at Once for Complete Information

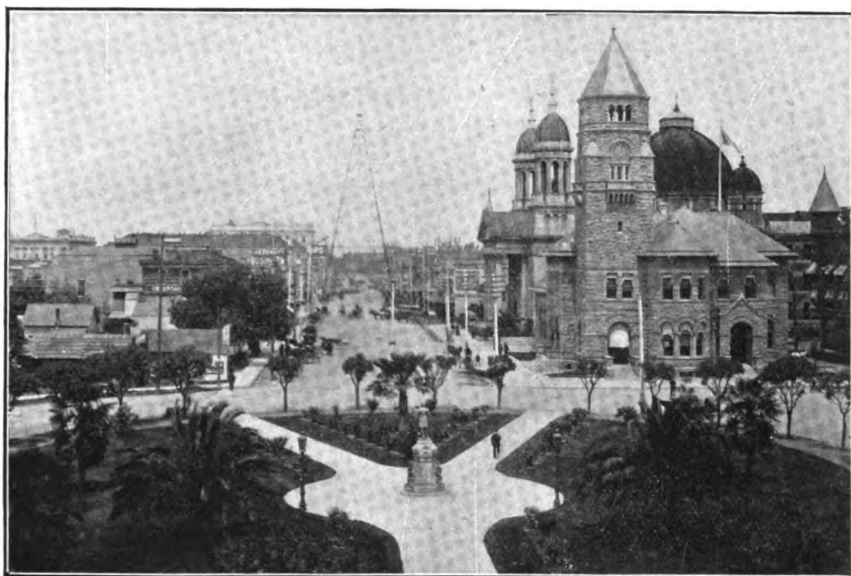
Southern California Real Estate Investment Co.

608 PACIFIC ELECTRIC BUILDING
Los Angeles, California

Home Ex. 2100 ————— PHONE 5 ————— Sunset Main 2100

Headquarters for all Classes of Southern California Realty

Do You Want a Home Amid the
 * PALMS AND ROSES, in a **Garden of Pure Delight?**



===== YOU WILL FIND IT IN =====

Santa Clara Valley

We have the best all-year-round climatic conditions and raise more prunes, apricots, cherries, peaches and pears than any other valley of equal extent. This is the ideal valley for the tourist to visit. Lick Observatory, Stanford University, Alum Rock Springs, Congress Springs, Beautiful Drives, Electric Urban and Interurban Systems throughout the county are some of the attractions.

All railroad tickets grant stop-over privileges, so get off at

SAN JOSE (Population 40,000)

and enjoy life where to live is a pleasure. We will make room for 5000 families with a few thousand dollars to take up the small farms which are self-supporting.

For information address

San Jose Chamber of Commerce, San Jose, Cal. or Any of the Following

Jos. H. Rucker & Co., Real Estate.
 A. C. Darby, Real Estate.
 Van Fleet & Co., Real Estate.
 Case Bros., Real Estate.
 Eagle Brewery.
 Home Union, Groceries.
 Hotel Bristol.
 Spencer & Healey, Veterinary Surgeons.
 Fred M. Stern, Send for Cowboy Outfit Catalogue.
 Red Star Laundry.
 A. Damonte & Co., Mfge. Calif. Glace Fruits.

T. S. Montgomery & Son, Real Estate
 T. C. Barnett, Real Estate.
 Johnson & Temple, Real Estate.
 First National Bank of San Jose.
 Garden City Bank and Trust Co.
 The Bank o. San Jose.
 Security State Bank of San Jose.
 Cambers-Hayes Co., Furniture.
 Trinkler-Dohrmann Co., Crockery.
 E. A. & I. O. Hayes.
 The J. K. Armsby Co., Dried Fruit Packers.

THE WONDERFUL

Lindsay Orange District

Is attracting the attention of homeseekers everywhere. This famous district is recognized all over California. It is deemed A WONDER even in this wonderful state of California, and the best possible for the investor and homeseeker. If you are thinking of changing your location you can not afford not to know about this wonderful section of California.

Our New Booklet

Just off the press, is brimfull
of information and photo-
graphic scenes in the

Lindsay District

Write for it NOW and BE POSTED

You cannot afford to locate anywhere except in the best possible place for you. A letter will bring you the booklet by return mail. IT IS FREE, and you need it. Write for it. Address

The Central California Realty Co.
LINDSAY, CALIFORNIA

References: The First National Bank of Lindsay and this Magazine.



HOTEL CASA LOMA

REDLANDS, CAL.

*A perfect climate...The finest
Orange Groves in the State*

Magnificent Mountain Scenery.

Beautiful Parks and Fine

Residences.

Excellent Hotel Accommodations

Redlands is the show place of Southern California, picturesquely situated on the foothills at the eastern end of the San Bernardino Valley, elevation 1350 feet, surrounded on three sides by a snow-capped mountain range whose highest peaks tower 12,000 feet.

A city of homes, good schools and churches. Eastern visitors to California should stop at Redlands as it is the first point of interest reached by any of the southern transcontinental roads.

For information address **BOARD OF TRADE, REDLANDS, CAL.**, or any of the following:

Williams-Curtis Co., Real Estate.
First National Bank.
Casa Loma Hotel Co.
J. J. Naughton.
Redlands Abstract & Title Co.
Dike & Logie, Real Estate.
John P. Hight, Jr., Real Estate.
Hill Crest Inn.

Palm Confectionery, E. E. Case.
Anderson & Asher, Real Estate.
Austin & Clark Co., Real Estate.
Redlands Laundry Co.
John P. Fisk, Real Estate.
J. W. Jenkins, Electrical Contractor.

W. J. Davenport & McLain, Contractors.
Geo. S. Biggin, Real Estate.
D. M. Donald, Contractor.
Mutual Orange Distributors, Fruit Shippers.
John Blodgett, Livery.
Redlands Fruit Association
J. C. Peeves, Hay & Grain.
L. E. Huntington, Contractor.



HILL CREST INN AND ANNEX

Lodi, San Joaquin County, California

FIFTY PER CENT INCREASE IN POPULATION IN TWO YEARS
Home of the Famous Flame-ToKay Grape

Souvenir Edition
of the
**Lodi Home
Magazine**

for December 1906
Free to All



LODI HIGH SCHOOL

Write for a FREE
COPY of the
**Lodi Home
Magazine**

Further information upon application to any of the following:

W. A. Young Lumber Co.
LeMoin & Fish, Publishers.
Henderson Bros., Hardware.
Beckman, Welch & Thompson Co.,
Grocers.
W. J. Robinson, Barley Mill.

Dougherty, Whitaker & Ray Co., Ho-
tel.
Garner & Woodson, Land.
Northern Hardware Co.
John C. Bewley & Co., Real Estate.
San Joaquin Land Co.
The Realty Co.

COLTON *The Hub City of Southern California The Center of the Orange Belt*



HOTEL AND PARK, COLTON, CALI

Colton offers
special induce-
ments to Home-
seekers who should
be mindful of its
splendid school
and church privi-
leges; its business
and social life, the
ideal climate and
the location as the
HUB CITY.

COLTON is a rapidly growing city of 4,000 inhabitants, and has exceptional prospects for the future. Colton is 56 miles east of Los Angeles, on the main line of three transcontinental railroads. You can afford to pass through without stopping to investigate. For further particulars address any of the following:

Wileox-Rose Mercantile Co.
H. G. French & Co.
The First National Bank of
Colton.
Colton Fruit Exchange, out-
put 1906, 400 cars of or-
anges and lemons.
H. E. Fouch & Co., Real Es-
tate.

Gregory Fruit Co.
Hon. James D. Knox.
R. L. Deakins, Palace Cigar
Store.
G. M. Green, Supt. of Schools.
Colton Grain & Milling Co.
D. C. Swartz, Undertaker.
M. A. Hebbard Co.

McRen & Hager, St. Clair
Livery Stables.
Colton Pharmacy
J. M. More, Blacksmith.
O. L. Emery, Hardware.
G. B. Caster, Contractor &
Builder.
Mrs. M. A. Fox, Real Estate.

HUNTINGTON BEACH

Huntington Beach is Entering a Great Era of Progress and Development

The town is literally teeming with opportunities for the man of enterprise. Burn into your mind the fact that not one single dollar has been lost through investments in Huntington Beach property—but many thousands have been made. It's Huntington Beach NOW—are you going to respond to the call of Opportunity?

Huntington Beach Abounds in Substantial Improvements

Both public and private. Broad, smooth, asphaltum surfaced streets, cement walks and curbs; modern business blocks; good school facilities; \$200,000 water system; new streets being opened,—in fact progress is paramount here.

Huntington Beach "Holds the Keys" to the citrus fruit belt and the worlds greatest celery fields

Only 32 miles from Los Angeles, less than an hours ride. Take Pacific-Electric Cars at 6th. and Main Sts. Los Angeles

Huntington Beach Company, 332 Byrne Bldg.
Los Angeles

First National Bank J. E. Glenn Co., Orange County Real Estate
Seely & Gillespie, Real Estate Huntington Beach Tent City Co.
The Hub Investment Co., Real Estate Pacific Tours Co.
J. W. Toms, Ivy Restaurant F. H. Hopevell, with J. E. Glenn Co.
Leatherman & Talbert, Real Estate M. E. Helme, Furniture
Linsecum & Thompson, Livery Moneton & Cummings Realty Co.
Geo. E. Phelps, Livery and Furnished Rms. W. C. Smith, Butcher
Geo. M. Miller, Plumbing C. T. Ingersoll, Carpenter and Builder

SANTA CRUZ

CALIFORNIA

Wants Investors for Two Propositions

No. 1—To erect a Sand Lime Brick Factory. Acres and acres of sand on the main line near Santa Cruz, 71 miles from San Francisco.

No. 2—To erect Modern, Furnished Cottages of 5, 6 or 7 rooms. This is a 25 per cent. investment.

For further further particulars and Booklet "D" address the Board of Trade.

SAN PEDRO, CALIFORNIA

The Harbor City



SAN PEDRO HARBOR

the minds of the men who make the commerce of this country, than any other along the many thousands of miles of our coast line. San Pedro undoubtedly has the brightest future of any city on the west coast, and is the place for the young man or the old, for the capitalist or the laborer.

For information relative to commercial conditions and business prospects, address **The Chamber of Commerce, San Pedro, Cal.,** or

A. P. Ferl

J. A. Weldt

Olsen Hardware Co.

Dodson Bros., Contractors

John T. Gaffey

William W. Burke & Sons,
Grocers

L. Kelly

Miss C. Rogers & Co., Real

Estate

Alcorn & Cox., Real Estate

Hummel Bros. & Co., "Help Center," 116-118 E. Second St. Tel. Main 509.

REDONDO, CALIFORNIA



Redondo is next to the busiest seaport in Southern California. If you doubt this assertion take a day off when in California and visit Redondo. During October ocean vessels discharged at our wharves 6,150,000 feet of lumber, 3,500 poles, 116,000 ties, 2,000,000 shingles and 42,000 barrels of oil. In addition to this hundreds of tons of freight were received for surrounding towns.

Redondo has other attractions which will appeal to you. We have the beautiful Moonstone beach, nothing like it in the world; the most attractive residence sites that the eye ever gazed upon; the largest and most imposing high school building in the state; three electric lines that furnish communications with Los Angeles and immediate towns. Realty values are enticing and a good opportunity is now presented for the prospective homeseeker to invest.

Write to the Secretary of the Board of Trade for the latest descriptive folders telling all about Redondo.

For further information address either of the following:

Redondo Board of Trade.
Redondo Improvement Company.
Hotel Redondo.
Chas. J. Creller, Real Estate.
Redondo Realty Company.
Montgomery & Mullin Lumber Co.
Redondo Milling Company.

C. Ganahl Lumber Company.
J. F. Reber & Company, Plumbers.
Wells & Company, Real Estate.
Redondo Building Company.
L. J. Quint.
H. B. Ainsworth.
A. J. Graham.
A. B. Steel.



La Jolla,

== CALIFORNIA ==

A Beautiful

Healthful

Restful

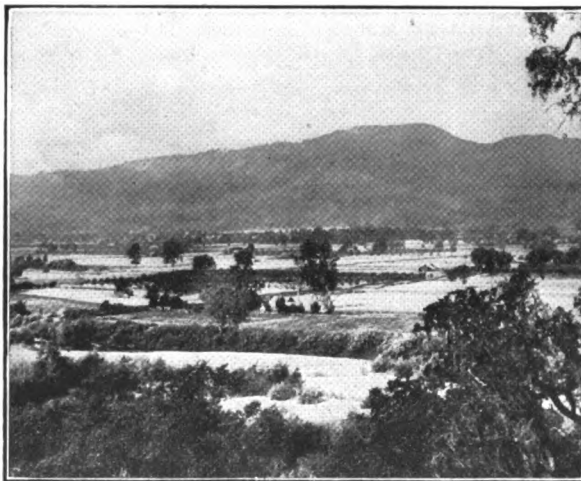
Winter Resort

BY THE SEA

to which thousands of invalids and tourists annually go from all parts of the world to enjoy her balmy air and perfect climate her delightful sea bathing and fishing, her golf links, social and literary clubs for ladies and gentlemen and the genuine hospitality of her citizens. Only the early arrivals can secure their choice of the greatly increased accommodations for the season 1906-7. For information write the President of the La Jolla Improvement Association, or

Mary H. Fitzhugh, Real Estate.
Walter S. Lieber, Real Estate.
C. D. Rolfe, Real Estate.
E. J. Swayne & Co., Real Estate.

Mrs. A. P. Mills, Real Estate.
L. A. & S. D. Beach R. R. Co.
La Jolla Mdse Co.
Podesta & Scripps, Bath House.



DON'T OVERLOOK

Ukiah

CAPITAL OF MENDOCINO COUNTY

CALIFORNIA

The Best and Fastest Growing City in Northern Cal.

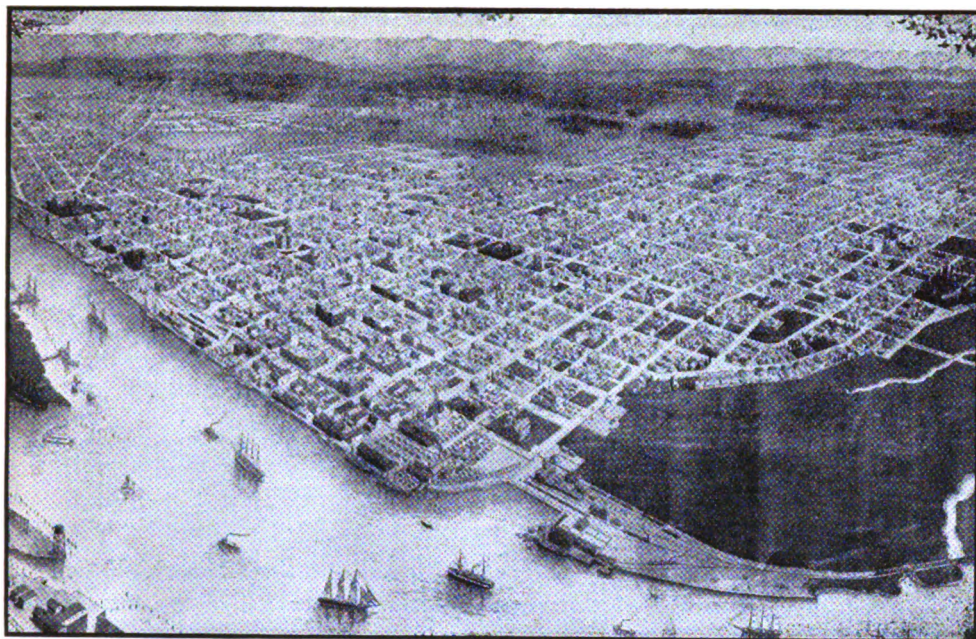
Ukiah is situated in the center of a beautiful valley surrounded by mountains, through which flows the Russian River. The land along the river is very rich, and a large acreage is in hops and alfalfa. The bench land lying between the river bottom and the mountains is particularly well suited to vineyards, and

many acres are now planted to grapes. Land can still be bought in this valley at reasonable prices, and it offers many advantages to the homeseeker. Good climate and water. No fogs or malaria. For further information address the following:

Address Secretary, Board of Trade or any of the following names

Poage & Woodward, Real Estate.
Jamison Bros., General Merchandise.
L. B. Frasier, Real Estate.
Mendocino County Abstract Bureau.
C. P. Smith.

Frank Sandellin, Palace Hotel.
C. Hofman, General Merchandise.
J. M. Owen, Real Estate.
Geo. W. Geacy, Fashion Stables.



EUREKA, CALIFORNIA,

Has regular and quick water communication with San Francisco, with freight rates ranging from \$1.00 to \$4.00 per ton, the cost of living and prices of merchandise, clothing, manufactures, and general supplies are governed by those of the latter place, and vary but little therefrom.

Humboldt County Has:

Great extent, affording choice of location. Cheap lands in abundance. Its own lumber, fuel, food, wool, leather. Equable temperature, insuring bodily comfort. Healthfulness, especially absence of fevers and malaria. Diversity of products, giving variety in occupations. Abundant rainfall, guaranteeing crops and water. Great natural resources in divers branches. Cheap lumber, making improvements inexpensive. Cheap fuel, costing little more than the labor of taking it. Good schools within reach of every home. Good county government, honestly administered. Cheap freight rates by sea to all Pacific points. The largest and best body of redwood on earth. An honest, peaceful, law-abiding population

Humboldt Has Not:

Chinese, to compete with American labor. Irrigation, with its expense and litigation. Spanish grants, to cloud titles and bar settlement. Railroad land grants, to interfere with progress. Codling moths to destroy the apples. Colorado beetles to destroy the potatoes. Summer thunderstorms to interfere with harvests. Long winters when stock must be fed. Severe frosts to destroy vegetation. Crop failures from any cause whatever. Cyclones, blizzards, tramps or strikes.

For further information address any of the following well known firms:

H. L. Ricks, Pres. Chamber of Commerce.

Geo. W. Baker, Real Estate.

Eureka Ice Co.

R. D. Johnston

Delaney & Young

Taylor & Zane

J. H. Hunter.

G. A. Waldner, Western Hotel.

Skinner-Duprey Drug Co.

Thos. H. Perry.

F. B. Hink

Porter, Fautz & Brooks.

J. C. Henderson.

E. G. Kramer.

Bank of Eureka



Covina "A City Amid The Orange Groves"

Offers to the tourists and home seeker the charms afforded by Mountains, Valleys and Orange Groves, combined with all the comforts, conveniences and social attractions of the large cities.

Covina is situated on the Southern Pacific railroad and the new Covina line of the Pacific Electric, in the center of the world famed San Gabriel Valley, in a thickly populated neighborhood, has first class Grammar and High School, six churches, two national banks, and savings bank, live newspapers, hotels, good stores, Carnegie library, ladies' and men's club houses, electric lighting and power, gas and telephones, and finer roads for automobiling than any other town or city in the United States. Abundance of pure water and the finest orange groves in the state. The place for a home, the place for investment.

A Covina Home—Christmas Amid Oranges and Roses

Hourly trolley car service with Los Angeles. Running time thirty-five minutes.

I. C. Fairly, Real Estate.
First National Bank of Covina.

J. L. Mathews, Publisher.
C. F. Clapp, Drugs & Stationery.
G. O. Dudderar, Confectioner.

Warner, Whitsel & Co., Grocers.

C. W. Tucker, Photographer

J. H. Collman.

W. A. Layman, Hotel Vendome.

F. H. Fabrick, Hardware.
F. M. Chapman, Rancher.

Covina High Lands Citrus Union, Fruit Packers.

A. P. Kereckhoff, Rancher.

F. E. Dudderar, Livery.

W. B. Broadwell, Merchant.

C. W. Potter, General Hardware.

W. Q. Custer, Furniture.

Mrs. I. I. Cook.



A Pasadena Home

PASADENA, CALIFORNIA.

Is the ideal residence city of America—More beautiful homes streets and trees and flowers than any other city of its size. Altitude 800 to 1000 feet.

Population: 1880, 361; 1890, 4882; 1900, 9117; Nov. 1906, 30,000

Average winter temperature 56. Average summer temperature 67.61. Ripe fruits and beautiful flowers every day in the year in the Pasadena gardens. No saloons, but the finest schools and churches of any city of its size in America.

For Beautiful Booklet Write to D. W. COOLIDGE, Sec'y. Board of Trade

What Do You Wish For Christmas?

Health? Wealth?

A New Home?



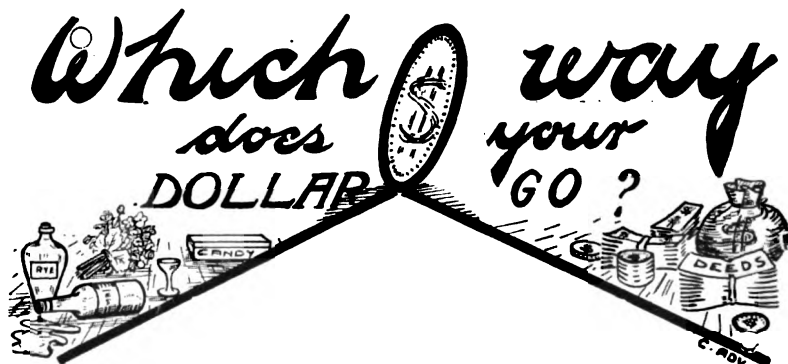
New Hotel "San Fernando Rey"

Many who have failed elsewhere have found these in the San Fernando Valley. Shut in by encircling mountains, away from most of the sea-fogs, with their blight and black scale; with three hundred days yearly of life-giving sunshine, and a chance to enjoy God's out-of-doors; with gold in rock and sand; deep, fertile soil; clear artesian water; the best citrus fruit in California; and room for all who come!

Come and try it before you decide on your new location.

Stay a few weeks at our new hotel, the "San Fernando Rey" and then determine for yourself!

Address Secretary Board of Trade,
San Fernando, Los Angeles County, California



What Does It Earn For You Today?

**Are You Getting 4 per cent Interest
and No Guarantee?**

Would you like to have it earn 20% and with an absolute guarantee?

Then write us NOW (before you turn away from this page) for our beautifully illustrated booklet telling all about those Cultivated 10-acre California Farms, that bring the purchaser an income, without making it necessary to locate on the land. We cultivate the land, you share in the profits.

Golden State Realty Co.

Dept. A, 610 S. Spring St.

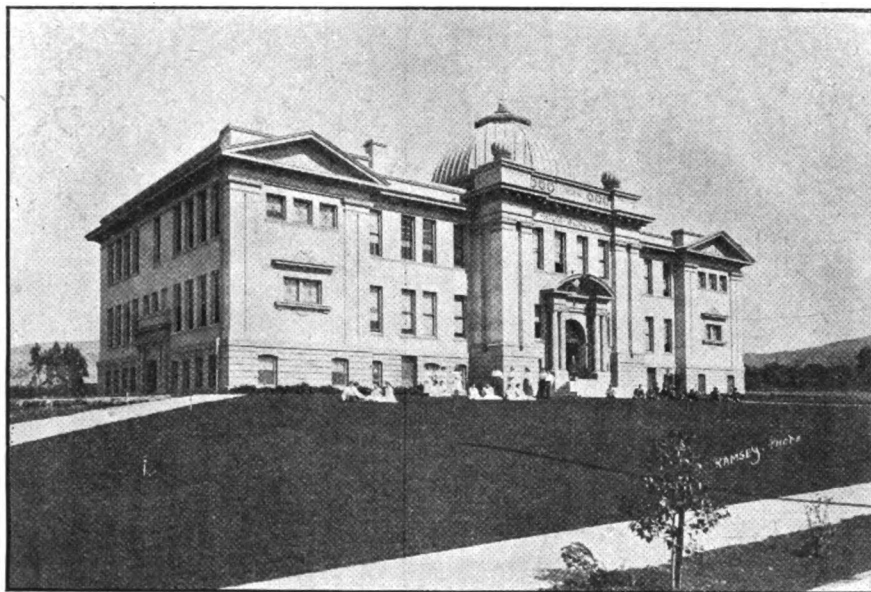
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

The Largest Realty Organization in the State

WHITTIER

CALIFORNIA

(The Hillside City)



WHITTIER'S NEW HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING

"For utility," says an educational journal, "the high school building at Whittier is, perhaps, the most effective of any in Southern California. This school is carrying on as complete courses as any in the state, including several unusual features. In fact, we know of no other public school which provides so much for its patrons."

The building with grounds and equipment cost \$75,000. There are thirteen teachers, and an enrollment of over two hundred students—an increase of nearly thirty-five per cent. over last year, the best record of any school in Los Angeles county.

The interest in the cause of education is only one of the many evidences that this is an enlightened, progressive community.

There are NO SALOONS in Whittier. It is a city of homes, churches and schools. The place is situated on a gentle slope of the Puente foothills, fourteen miles from Los Angeles. It is a modern suburban city of 4000 inhabitants, on the Pacific Electric line, having paved streets in the business portion; and provided with a public park, an improved water system, electric lights, gas, etc. The new hospital will open in a short time, and a Carnegie library is soon to be constructed.

The resources of this section are equal to those of any other place; and the location of the city affords a splendid view of the surrounding orange, lemon and walnut groves, while on the hills may be noticed the derricks of the various oil interests.

Whittier must be seen to be appreciated.

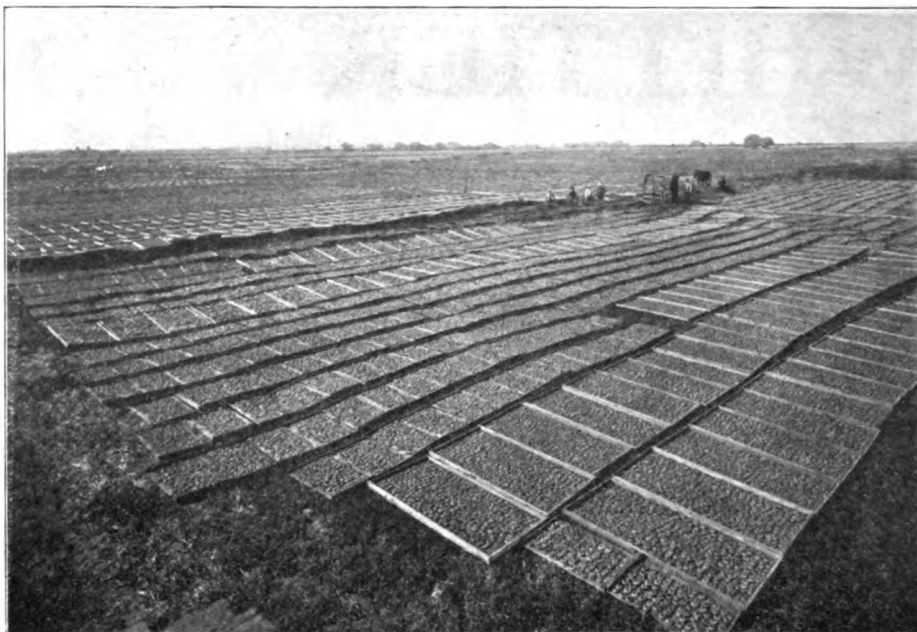
For further information, address the Secretary of the Board of Trade, or any of the following:

LOCKE & RENDLEMAN, Real Estate. WHITTIER NATIONAL BANK. M. HORTON, Pioneer Stables
 FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF WHITTIER. WHITTIER HOME TELEPHONE CO. H. E. HUMPHREY, Hardware.
 S. W. BARTON & Co., Real Estate. THE EDISON ELECTRIC CO. F. K. WEEKS, Grocer.
 GREENLEAF HOTEL. WHITTIER HARDWARE CO. FRED L. BALDWIN, Pacific Cafe.
 C. W. CLAYTON, Real Estate & Insurance. THE WHITTIER MILLING CO. E. J. VESTAL, Grocer.
 WHITTIER COLLEGE. LANDRUM SMITH, Druggist. GEO. L. HAZZARD, Insurance.
 A. H. DUNLAP. LEVI D. JOHNSON, M. D. C. G. WARNER. L. A. BRYAN, Furniture & Pictures.
 A. JACOBS & Co., Groceries. E. H. WHITE, Furniture and Undertaking. TRUMAN BERRY, Rancher.
 METROPOLITAN MUSIC CO., S. A. BROWN, Prest. F. A. JACKSON, City Market. ALVA STARBUCK.

TAKE PACIFIC ELECTRIC CARS FROM 6TH AND MAIN STREETS, LOS ANGELES

M
A
D
E
R
A

C
O
U
N
T
Y



A SCENE SHOWING ONE OF OUR INDUSTRIES.

For further particulars, write to Board of Trade, Madera, California.

IMPERIAL San Diego County California

THE METROPOLIS OF THE IMPERIAL VALLEY



WEST SIDE OF IMPERIAL AVENUE, IMPERIAL. IMPERIAL HOTEL IN FOREGROUND

Imperial is the center of the largest body of irrigated land under one system in the United States, and Hon. Frank W. Mondell of Wyoming, chairman of the Irrigation Committee of the House of Representatives, said after a recent visit: "I consider the owners of land in the Imperial Valley among the luckiest farmers in the United States. They are singularly blessed by nature and by man. They have everything that they could ask to make themselves well to do. They have the soil, the climate, the WATER, and the location, with railroad facilities for marketing their crops, and good and constant markets for their products close at hand." For further information address any of the following:

H. N. Dyke, Secretary Chamber of Commerce
Imperial Land Co.
Varney Brothers Co., General Merchandise
Edgar Brothers, Implements

A. L. Hill, Hardware
Sallisbury Realty Co., Real Estate
F. N. Chaplin & Son, Real Estate
Imperial Valley Abstract, Title & Trust Co.
I. L. Wilson, Real Estate.

Ask for LA PALOMA TOILET SOAP. At all Drug Stores

Ocean Park, Cal.

The Ideal Beach Resort

of the

PACIFIC COAST

either in

Winter and Summer

Unexcelled for climate and location, easily reached, first-class hotel accommodations. Best boating, bathing, fishing and all the finest up-to-date amusement features are found here.

The Los Angeles Pacific Electric cars leave station at 316 West Fourth Street, Los Angeles, for Ocean Park, every 15 minutes.

OCEAN PARK BANK

Established 1902

Cor. Pier Avenue and Trolleyway

T. H. Dudley, President Carl F. Schader, Vice. Pres.
P. J. Dudley, Cashier

Directors: Wm. Mead, Carl F. Schader, W. A. Penny.

OCEAN PARK, CALIFORNIA

Sunset 2641

Home 4020

HOTEL DECATUR

T. O. EVANS, Proprietor

On the Beach, Ocean Park, California
Overlooking the Old Pacific

RATES: European, \$1 day and up.
American, \$2.50 and up

We find the Bargains Southern California Realty Co.

Incorporated under the Laws of California

Capital Stock \$75,000.00

Branch . . . Hollister Ave. and Ocean Front
Venice Office . . . No. 10 Windward Ave
Playa Del Rey Office . . . Opposite Depot
138 Pier Ave., Ocean Park, Cal

If you are looking for a first-class investment. See us and buy NOW, before prices advance, ask us about Walgrove and Silver Strand. Cottages For Rent—furnished or unfurnished.

Guaranty Realty Co.

Mrs. GEO. SIBLEY, Pres.

Guaranty Realty Building Venice, California

A Visit to the

Ocean Park Bath House

will convince you that it is

THE LARGEST, FINEST AND BEST EQUIPPED

on the Pacific Coast. Elegant Tub Baths with salt and fresh hot or cold water, an immense salt plunge or swimming tank with water heated to a temperature of 82° and changed daily.

Dressing Rooms and Corridors Steam
Heated During the Winter Months

SANITARY IN EVERY PARTICULAR
Ocean Park, Cal.

CHRISTMAS HOLLY

Box containing twenty branches ranging from 6 to 20 inches in length, beautiful red-berried Holly, fresh from the woods of North Carolina, sent postpaid to any address in the U. S. for \$1.00. An appropriate Xmas Gift for your home or friends. Will mail direct to any address enclosing your card, if desired. A bunch of Mistletoe will be included in all orders mailed before December 1. Will mail any date in December.

P. C. SQUIRES, Elizabeth City, N. C.

GLENDALE, CALIFORNIA

CHARMING IN ITS INFINITE VARIETY

For the Home Builder, ideal location and environment. Fifteen minutes distant by electric road from the city limits of Los Angeles, City conveniences with country comfort.

Climate unsurpassed, free from extremes of heat and cold. Abundance of mountain water.

For fruit growing, flower culture and vegetable gardening soil unsurpassed and a market at the door.

Lots and acreage at reasonable figures; an investment—not a speculation.



For further information write any of the following:

Bank of Glendale, R. A. Blackburn, Real Estate; Holman & Campbell, Real Estate; Glendale Improvement Association, E. D. Goode, County Road Overseer; T. Gilman Taylor, Seedsman; J. H. Wells, Geo. U. Moyse, Wm. A. Anderson, Contractor and Builder; J. F. McIntyre, Lumber Yard; F. W. McIntyre, Real Estate; E. K. Grant, Contractor and Builder; Thos. O. Pierce, Livery; Kober & Tarr, General Merchandise; A. L. Bryant, M. D., Dr. R. E. Chase.

HIGHLAND



ORANGES FOR PROFIT

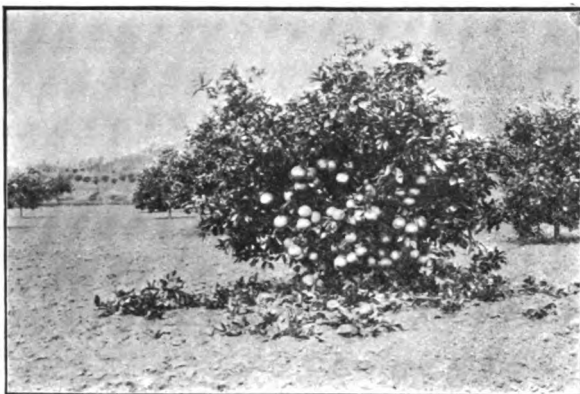
WE CLAIM MOST PERFECT CONDITIONS for the culture of this famous fruit. Most profitable orchards in the State. We can show you, come and see for yourselves. Progressiveness with substantiality our motto. Six miles from Redlands. Write

Secretary Chamber of Commerce, Highlands, California

Escondido

CALIFORNIA

**Offers great
inducements to the
CITRUS and
DECIDUOUS
Fruit Growers**



FOUR-YEAR-OLD CITRUS ORCHARD

It has the desired soil.

It has plenty of water—cheap.

It has an abundance of cheap land. It has foothill lands and valley lands.

It is in no danger of frosts.

The bearing citrus orchards this year netted their owners from \$500.00 to \$1000.00 per acre.

It is the natural home of the raisin grape.

Don't put your money in high priced lands, when you can buy better land here for a trifle—**INVESTIGATE.**

Address CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, Escondido, Cal.



A FULLERTON HOME

The City of Fullerton

**The Center of Trade for
the Richest Section of
Southern California. Sit-
uated 23 Miles S.E. of Los
Angeles on the Santa Fe
R. R.**

It has two banks, two newspapers, four churches, two schools (grammar and high schools), water works, electric lights, **NO SALOONS**, and all lines of merchandise represented in the several stores. **ITS CLIMATE IS UNEXCELLED.**

THE AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS of the surrounding country are as varied as can be found in any other country on the continent.

ITS PRINCIPAL EXPORTS are oranges, lemons, walnuts, hay, grain, cabbages, Irish and sweet potatoes, and many kinds of small fruits.

For further particulars address the Chamber of Commerce or any of the parties named below:

Benchley Fruit Co., Packers and Shippers.
Gardiner & For, Real Estate.
Fullerton Chamber of Commerce.
Stern & Goodman, General Merchants.
Wm. Freeman.
E. S. Richman, Orange County Nurseries.

Wickershelm & Oswald, Implements
J. Chilton, D. D. S.
Fullerton Hospital Association.
Wm. Starbuck & Co., Drugs and Stationery.
Thos. A. Challis, Butcher.
Chas. C. Chapman.



*Hotel
Oxnard
one
of
California's
popular
Hotels*

OXNARD THE BEAUTIFUL *The Home of the American Beet Sugar Company. (Founded in 1898)*

Has now 3000 population. Located in Ventura county, 66 miles from Los Angeles, in the best farming district in the state of California. Every business known to first class California towns is represented here. No property bought and sold for speculative purposes, and property is today worth par value. Water works, electric light, two telephone and telegraph companies, two banks, best of schools, good churches.

For further information address SECRETARY BOARD OF TRADE, or any of the following well known firms:

People's Lumber Co.

James F. Fulkerson.

Oxnard Hotel.

Myers & Coplanalp, Contractors and Builders.

Bank of Oxnard.

H. W. Whitman

Hobson Bros., Stock Dealers and Butchers.

American Beet Sugar Co.

Oxnard Light & Water Co.

Colonia Improvement Co.

Lehman & Waterman.

NAVAJO BLANKETS

AND INDIAN CURIOS *At Wholesale*

I have more than 250 weavers in my employ, including the most skilful now living, and have taken the greatest pains to preserve the old colors, patterns, and weaves. Every blanket sold by me carries my personal guarantee of its quality. In dealing with me, you will get the very finest blankets at wholesale prices.

I also handle the products of the Hopi (Moqui) Indians, buying them under contract with the trading posts at Keam's Canyon and Oraibi and selling them at wholesale.

I have constantly a very fine selection of Navajo silverware and jewelry, Navajo "rubies" cut and uncut, peridots and native turquois. Also the choicest modern Moqui pottery, and a rare collection of prehistoric pottery.

J. L. HUBBELL, Indian Trader

Write for my Catalogue
and Price List

Ganado, Apache Co., Arizona

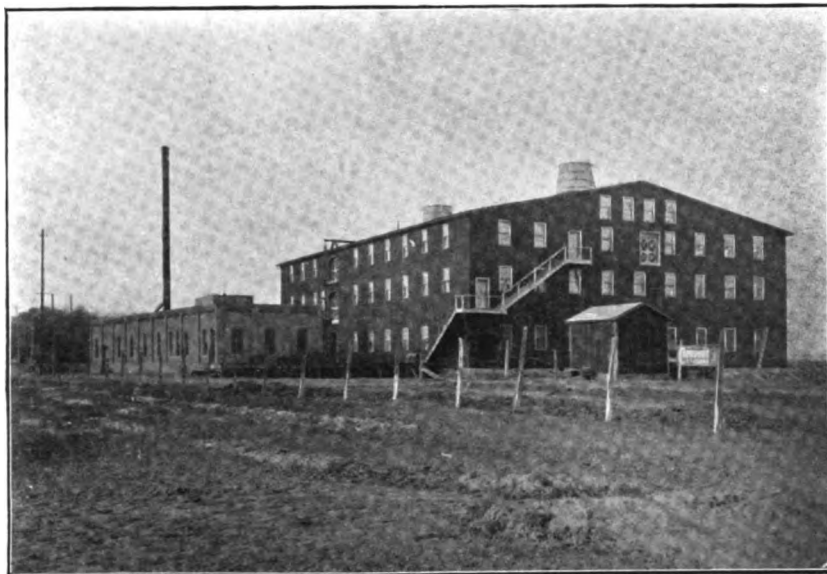
RAMONA TOILET SOAP

FOR SALE
EVERYWHERE

Albuquerque

NEW MEXICO

A City of Realities



RIO GRANDE WOOLEN MILLS (CO-OPERATIVE)

You who are looking for a new location in the Southwest give a few moments' time to the following facts and realities about NEW MEXICO'S greatest city:

A L B U Q U E R Q U E

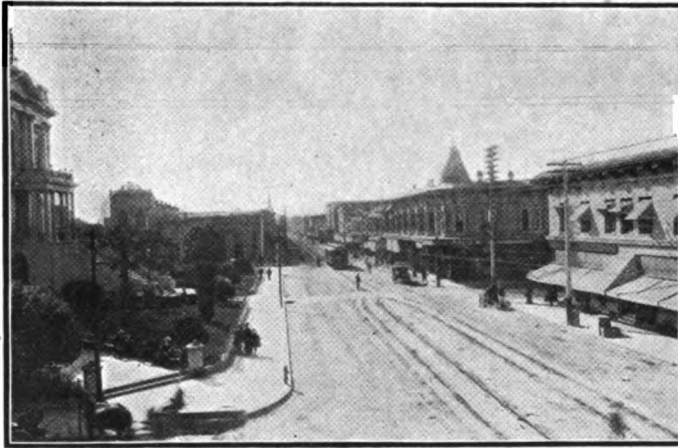
Largest and most progressive city in New Mexico and Arizona. Population estimated at 20,000. Best climate in the United States. Located on main line Santa Fe Pacific Ry. 525 miles south of Denver. 254 miles north of El Paso. 880 miles east of Los Angeles. County seat of Bernalillo County. Headquarters U. S. District Court. U. S. Marshal's office located here. Monthly payroll exceeds \$200,000. Payroll and revenues approximate \$2,500,000. Santa Fe Ry. has machine shops here. Albuquerque is an important distributing point. Agricultural possibilities of Bernalillo county are great. Alfalfa, hay, corn, wheat, oats, sugar beets, etc. The culture of tobacco is being demonstrated with satisfaction. Acreage in apples, peaches and other fruits is being extended each year. Wholesale trade covers a territory of 150 miles or more in all directions. Many elegant homes with attractive environments. Territorial fair held here for the past twenty-four years, at an annual expense of \$15,000. Wool Scouring Mills, handling over 4,500,000 pounds annually. Rio Grande Woolen Mills Co., manufacturers, annual output \$180,000. Albuquerque Foundry and Machine Works, largest in the Southwest. Southwestern Brewery and Ice Co., annual capacity 30,000 barrels. The Crystal Ice Co., ice plant capacity 30 tons daily. The American Lumber Co.'s new saw mill and box factory. 5 public schools and High school, University of New Mexico, the Hadley Climatological Laboratory, St. Vincent Academy for girls, Immaculate Conception School for boys, United States Indian school, Presbyterian Mission school, city park, 12 churches, 6 newspapers (2 dailies), 3 National banks (\$4,000,000 deposits); Montezuma Trust Co., capital and surplus \$100,000; 32 secret and fraternal organizations, Commercial Club with 200 members; the Alvarado Hotel, the pride of the city, cost more than \$200,000; water works, 2 telephone systems, electric and gas plants, 3 miles electric street car line, 3 planing mills; opera house recently built by the Elks' lodge at a cost of \$75,000; sanitarium, run by Sisters of Charity; hospital; 2 building and loan associations; public library and free reading room, costing \$20,000; flour mill, 3 lumber yards, 4 cigar factories. Further information of great value to those seeking homes in the Southwest furnished free on application by addressing

Commercial Club, Albuquerque, New Mexico

First National Bank
Bank of Commerce
State National Bank
Montezuma Trust Co.
Morning Journal
Rio Grande Woolen Mills (Co-operative)
Albuquerque Wool Scouring Mills
J. Korber & Co., Carriages and Harness
Metcalf & Strauss, Real Estate
Whitney Co., Wholesale and Retail Hardware
Wootton & Myer, Real Estate
Albert Faber, Furniture

J. C. Baldrige, Lumber and Paints
Albuquerque Gas, Electric Light & Power Co.
American Lumber Co.
Albuquerque Foundry & Machine Works
Albuquerque Traction Co.
G. L. Brooks
Ernest Meyers & Co., Wholesale Liquors
University Heights Improvement Co.
O. W. Strong's Sons, Furniture and Undertaking
Crystal Ice Co.
John S. Beaven, Coal and Wood
A. E. Walker, Real Estate

Santa Rosa, California



The
County
Seat
of
Sonoma
County



STREET SCENE IN SANTA ROSA

Santa Rosa has

5 Banks	2 Excellent Hotels	1 Flour Mill	1 Brewery
4 Fruit Canneries	1 Woolen Mill	Fruit Drying Factories	
2 Tanneries	2 Lumber Yards	Street Cars	

Municipal water works, with free water, free rural delivery and is situated in the heart of **Stock Growing, Grain Farming, Hop Raising, Fruit Growing, of Sonoma County**

Excellent Public and Private Schools, Churches and Lodges. Excellent climate year round. Population 10,000. 52 miles from San Francisco; 5 trains daily to and from city. Gas and electric light. Telephones. Plenty of good land for sale cheap. For further information address any of the following:

The Sonoma County Abstract Bureau.
Santa Rosa Bank.
Occidental Hotel Co.
Santa Rosa National Bank.
J. P. Fitts Lumber Co.

Houts, Jewell & Peterson, Real Estate
Eardley & Barnett, Real Estate.
W. D. Reynolds, Real Estate.
F. Berka, Lumber.
Lee Bros. & Co., Draymen.

COME TO COLUSA AND FIND



Some of California's real wealth, rich soil.

Easy and cheap irrigation. Price from \$35 to \$75 an acre.

Citrus and deciduous fruits on same acre.

A climate of Italian softness. Railroad and river transportation.

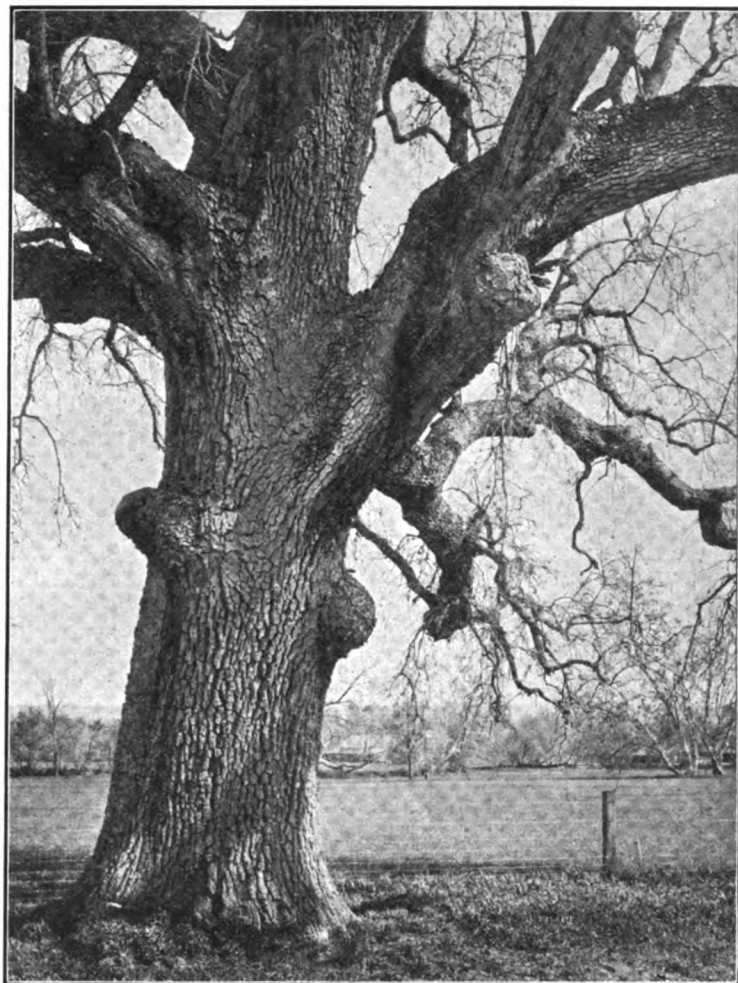
A great Ranch newly subdivided. Easy access to the markets. Fine schools. Good churches.

A healthful home. Beautiful surroundings.

For further information address any of the following well known firms:

J. B. DeJarnatt & Son, Real Estate.
John C. Mogk, Real Estate.
Colusa Milling Co.
Farmers & Merchants Bank.
Colusa & Lake R. R. Co.

Geo. G. Brooks, Stationery.
Colusa County Bank.
Grenfell Lumber Co.
G. W. Allgaier, Groceries and Provisions.



Do You See That Tree?

It takes soil, water and sunshine to make a tree like that. This grizzley giant stands near Chico, in the great Sacramento Valley of California. The soil that grew that tree will raise five crops of alfalfa in one season, without irrigation.

CHICO, BUTTE COUNTY, CALIFORNIA

Write to the Chico Board of Trade, or
the following firms

B. Cussick.
Sears & Farnham.
Home Real Estate Co.
C. C. Royce.
Bank of Butte County.

J. A. E. Shuster.
Brown & Williams.
Diamond Match Co.
W. J. Costar.
Taber & Hamilton.

Baker, Jones & Smith.
Warren & Vadney.
James H. Jones & Co.



Fishing on the Pier.

Comfort and Pleasure the
Year Round at

Oceanside

SAN DIEGO
COUNTY

CALIFORNIA

Speaking of climate, did you know that you could be comfortable every month of the year at Oceanside? It is the **IDEAL HOME SITE**, with no extremes of heat or cold—a climate unsurpassed. Oceanside is growing now and prospects for the future are excellent. The largest reservoirs on the Pacific Coast are now being built on the headwaters of the San Luis Rey in the mountains 30 miles from the coast. The water will first be used to generate electric power and will then do duty in irrigating the fertile lands in Oceanside and vicinity. Come and see what we have, or

Write Oceanside Board of Trade, or the following:

P. J. Brannen, Hardware.
J. Chauncey Hayes, Real Estate.
E. D. McGraw, Real Estate.
Thos. C. Exton, Druggist.
Goetz Bros. & Co., General Merchandise.
Frank Freeman, Dairyman.
Irwin & Co., Implements and Hardware.

Bank of Oceanside.
O. S. Hecox & Co., Real Estate.
Geo. P. McKay, Stationery.
Martin Bros., Butchers.
Oceanside Lumber Co.
J. D. Morrow, Jeweler.

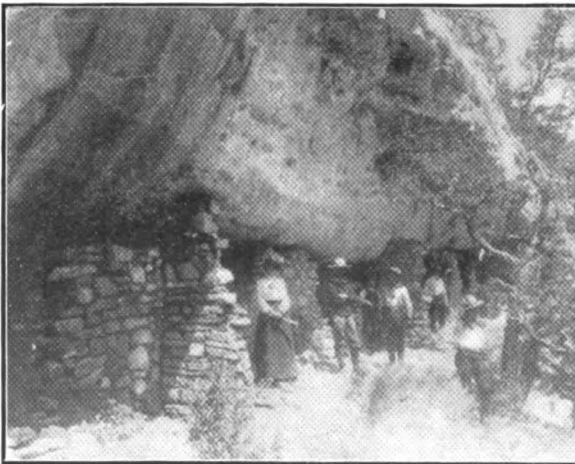
FLAGSTAFF, ARIZONA

"The SKYLIGHT CITY"

Sunshine

Pure Air

Altitude 7,000 Feet
Mountain Spring Water



WELL' NG, WALNUT CANYON, NEAR FLAGSTAFF, ARIZ.

Unrivalled as a resort for Health, Scenic Beauty and Sport. Gateway of the Grand Canyon and Navajo and Hopi Indian Reservations. Other points of interest within easy distance are: Prehistoric Cliff Dwellings and Caves; Bottomless Pits; Sunset Mountain; Extinct Craters and Lava Beds; the Painted Desert; Natural Bridge; Montezuma's Castle and Well; Natural Ice Caves; Meteoric Deposits; Petrified Forests; Trout Fishing and Deer Hunting in Season.

Excellent Hotel Accommodations. Perfect Livery Service. Competent Guides.

Outfitting Point for overland trips in and around the Grand Canyon.

More detailed information cheerfully furnished. Address the following:

Babbitt Bros., leading Merchants
The Citizens Bank

Arizona Lumber and Timber Co.
Commercial Hotel
Hotel Weatherford

Now Is The Time

40,000 Acres of a Fine Old Spanish Land Grant, now being subdivided and offered for sale to those who wish a home amid the most attractive surroundings.



SCENE ON THE MOLINOS RIVER

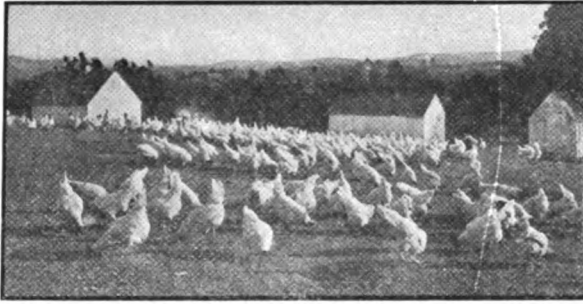
If you are tired of a cold climate, if waving palms, golden oranges and green grass look better to you than ice and snow, if you want a climate where you can work every day in the year, you had better take advantage of the subdivision of this great Spanish Grant that is for the first time being offered for sale. Fertility of soil, river and rail transportation, electric car line under construction, telephone, electric lights, and abundance of water for irrigation, are some of the advantages of this great Estate. As a productive investment or for speculation this tract of land is unequaled, its rapid advance in value being absolutely certain.

People buying from us in the early subdivision of this vast Estate will probably never have another opportunity so advantageous.

This is the time. Come now or write immediately for booklet and full information.

SMITH CROWDER

Manager Los Molinos Land Co., Los Molinos, Tehama County, California



Petaluma

SONOMA
COUNTY

CALIFORNIA

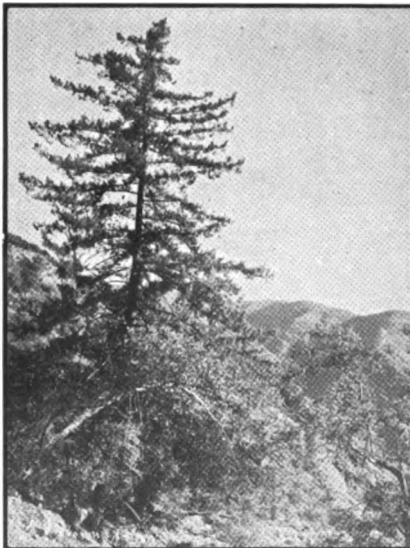
A Typical Chicken Ranch at Petaluma

GREATEST POULTRY SECTION ON PACIFIC COAST

Best facilities for diversity of agricultural pursuits, stock-raising, dairying, together with finest climate to be had in the State. Sonoma County ranks third in the State from an agricultural standpoint.

PETALUMA HAS good banks, excellent schools, churches, daily newspapers, planing mills, lumber yards, iron foundry, steam and electrical railway and river transportation, good stores, etc. **ONE HOUR'S RIDE FROM SAN FRANCISCO.** Excellent Climate, Moderate Rainfall. Healthful! If you are looking for a home on a small investment, come to Petaluma. Write **SECRETARY CHAMBER OF COMMERCE** or any of the following well known firms:

J. W. Horn Co., Real Estate; Geo. P. McNear, Grain and Feed; D. W. Ravenscroft, "The Courier"; Bank of Sonoma County; The Petaluma National Bank; M. Zartman & Co., Wagon Mfrs.; Cavanagh & Whitney, Lumber and Planing Mill; Camm & Hedges Co., Lumber, Millwork and Tanks; Schluckebier Hardware Co.



"The City by the Mountains"

Monrovia

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

Located at the base of the Sierra Madre Range, under the protection of "the everlasting hills."

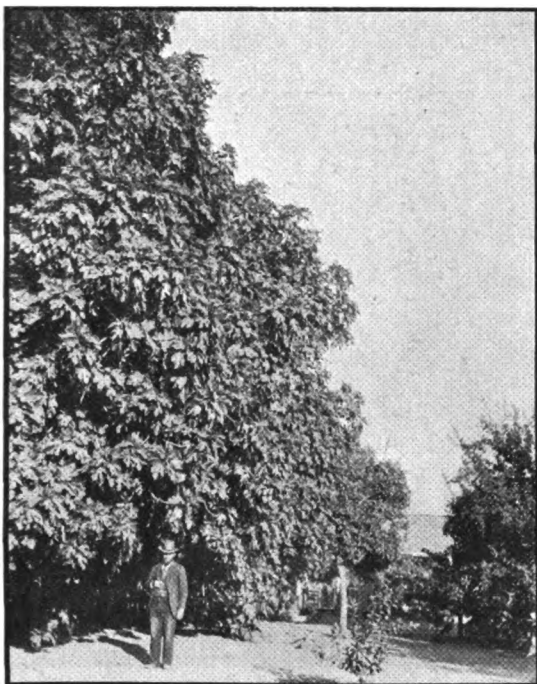
This charming city of 3,000 people is reached by a double-track electric line from Los Angeles. It is the dwelling place of the contented. The people have learned to almost worship the mountains, and all praise the curative properties of the air and water. Those who love beauty in nature and would combine city and suburban life will find

An Ideal Spot here

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION ADDRESS

Frank J. Cornes, Groceries, Crockery, Etc.
Board of Trade
First National Bank of Monrovia.
The American National Bank
C. E. Slosson, Real Estate and Insurance.
Edison Electric Co.
Farman & Rives, Real Estate and Insurance
Monrovia Telephone Co.
Monrovia Realty Co.

W. H. Evans, Real Estate and Notary.
The L. W. Blinn Lumber Co.
The Boyd Lumber Co.
C. F. Moore, Real Estate and Building
Loans
J. A. Baxter, Livery and Feed.
Monrovia Steam Laundry Co.
Allen H. Nye, Hardware and Plumbing.
J. H. McClymonds, Jr., Civil Engineer.



A Tulare (California) Fig Tree

Tulare

CALIFORNIA

**Heart
of the**

San Joaquín Valley



THE CITY OF TULARE is the business center of a large and prosperous farming territory of surpassing fertility. It has a population of 3,000, and is a thriving, progressive community. Its social life is of such a character as to make of it a very desirable home town. It has first class schools, churches, and a free public library.

An Irrigation System Covering 40,000 Acres

and having 300 miles of canals and distributing ditches, surrounds the city, and belongs to the land free from all indebtedness.

Good Alfalfa Land, \$30 to \$50 per Acre, Plenty of Water

Two small creameries ship two tons of butter daily to Los Angeles. The new sugar beet factory pays \$4.50 per ton for beets, and fifteen tons and upwards can be easily raised to the acre.

If interested send for our free illustrated booklet.

M. C. ZUMWALT, Secretary Board of Trade
TULARE CITY, CALIFORNIA

Does It Make Any Difference To You

Whether you get your oranges off in November and December as they do at Porterville and get the top price, or wait as they do elsewhere until the market is glutted and prices low?

Does It Make Any Difference To You

Whether you pay \$40.00 to \$60.00 per acre for as good alfalfa land as ever lay out of doors, with water, such as you can get at Porterville or twice that for no better land elsewhere?

Does It Make Any Difference To You

Whether you raise stock in a country that is ideal for stock and poultry such as you find at Porterville, free from the many pests and annoyances, or try an up-hill pull at the business elsewhere?

DOES IT MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE TO YOU—

But hold on stranger, just write to any of the firms below who will send you a copy of **PRACTICAL RESULTS** that **TELLS THINGS TRUTHFULLY** and tells you what you want to know.

If you have never heard—Porterville is in Eastern Tulare County and has made greater progress in the last three years than any locality in the state.

Pioneer Land Co., Real Estate.

W. E. Premo, Real Estate.

Porterville Lumber Co. First National Bank.

A. J. DeLaney Co., Hardware, etc.

Wilko Mentz, General Merchandise.

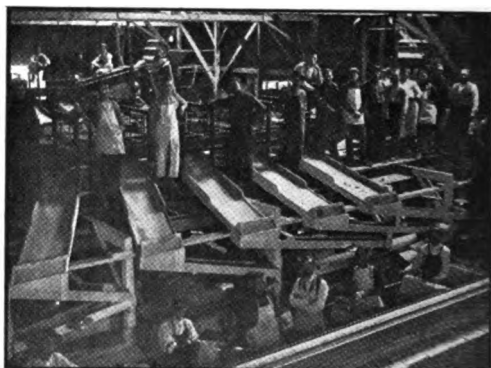
Pioneer Banking Co. H. E. Ford, Real Estate.

W. A. Sears, Real Estate.

Geo. D. Avery, Real Estate.

Hall & Boller, Real Estate.

Williams & Young Co., Cattle and Dairying.



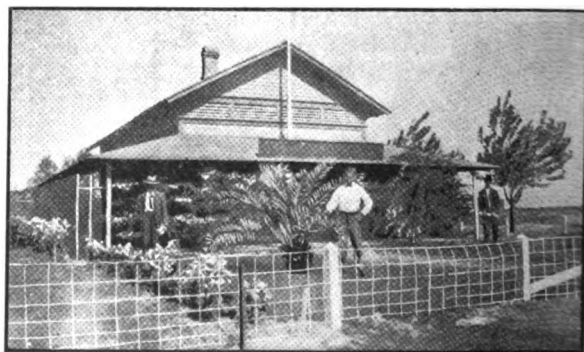
Brawley

the

Garden City

of the Great

Imperial Valley



OFFICE BRAWLEY IMPROVEMENT COMPANY

Brawley is noted for its early cantaloupes, early grapes and all kinds of early vegetables. The returns from these crops have exceeded \$100 per acre. In addition to this intense farming Brawley is the center of, and has tributary to it over 100,000 acres of the finest agricultural land in the valley, where hogs, dairying, sheep and general farming has proven very profitable. These lands are all irrigated with an unlimited supply of water taken from the Colorado River. For full information about town and acreage property, address any of the following:

Imperial Investment Co.

Houley & Cady, Real Estate

Stanley & Kellogg, Real Estate

C. M. L. & C. Co., Store

Edith Mendor, Post Office and Store

C. Darnell, Merchant

Nellie Pellet, Merchant

T. D. McKechnan, Merchant

Imperial Valley Bank

Hutchings & Co., Hardware

Varney Brothers Co., General Merchandise

Edgar Brothers, Implements

Municipal
Bath House,
being erected
at a cost of \$25,000
by the city of
Paso Robles
to popularize
the famous
mineral waters
of that place.
The only one
of its kind in the
United States.



Paso Robles

Famous
Notable

for its mineral waters and their miraculous cures.

for its genial climate, rivaling any place in the world.

Remarkable for its cheap lands and its productive power

Destined to be the most important trade center between San Francisco and Los Angeles. Paso Robles is the trade center of the northern end of San Luis Obispo County, and is backed up by a most prosperous and healthy farming community. The town site is acknowledged to be the most beautiful of any place on the Pacific Coast. To settlers and to residents it offers the best there is to be had in California. For further particulars address

SECRETARY BOARD OF TRADE

or any of the following reliable firms:

M. R. Van Wormer, Real Estate.
Paso Robles Bath House Co.
Geo. F. Bell, General Merchandise
Sperry Flour Co.
Bank of Paso Robles.

Paso Robles Light & Water Co.
A. Pfister, Banker.
R. C. Heaton, Furniture.
W. C. Bennett, Druggist.
Lundbeck & Hanson, Blacksmith.

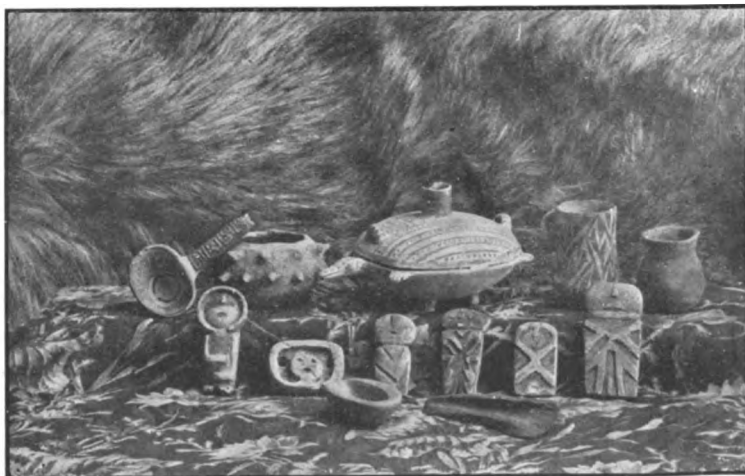
Pre-Columbian Relics

Genuine Prehistoric Pottery, Ornaments and Implements. DIRECT FROM THE RUINS in Arizona and New Mexico. Collectors supplied. Select what you wish from my collection, examination by photograph or as desired. Prices reasonable.

Write for descriptions of specimens found in explorations of the ruins; personally conducted excavations. Address

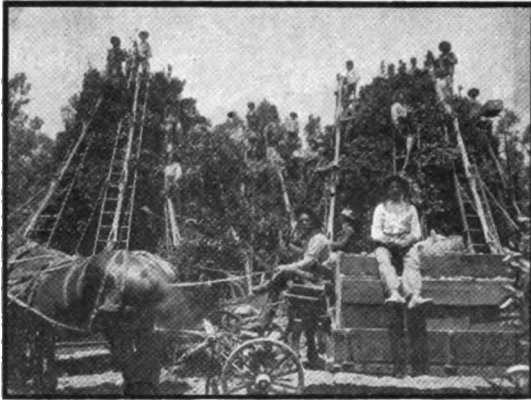
Reamer Ling
St. Johns, Arizona

Member Southwest Society, Archaeological Institute of America, etc.



ANYVO THEATRICAL COLD CREAM

prevents early wrinkles. It is not a freckle coating; it removes them. ANYVO CO., 427 North Main St., Los Angeles



SANTA PAULA

IN SANTA CLARA
VALLEY OF THE
SOUTH

AN ORANGE GROVE IN JANUARY

We Raise Everything For proof we invite you to come and see for yourself. Large and small ranches for sale. Good vacant lots, residence and business property for sale. A good opening for several lines of business. We are growing. You are invited to come and grow with us. For information write any of the following well-known firms.

C. H. McKevett, Banker.
J. B. Titus, Insurance.
C. E. King, Furniture.
Santa Paula Water Co.
People's Lumber Co.

I. P. Browne, Grocer.
L. W. Corbett, Furniture.
The Cash Dry Goods Co., Clothing, Shoes.
J. R. Caugh, Drugs and Stationery.
Santa Paula Co-operative Association.

A U B U R N

CAPITAL OF PLACER COUNTY
CALIFORNIA

A beautiful, healthful city, located in the mountains, where the climate is unexcelled, and where you can grow peaches, pears, plums, oranges and olives. Dairying, stock raising and creameries.



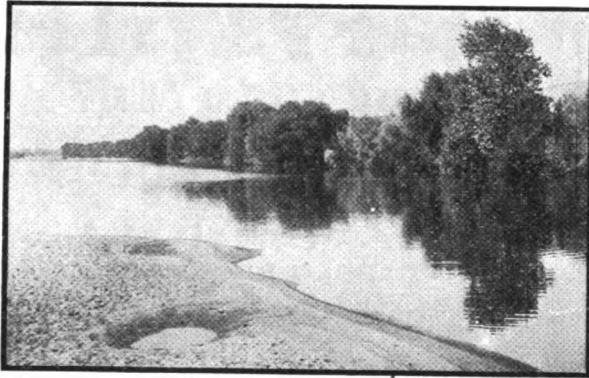
COURT HOUSE AUBURN

Special Inducements for

Tourist Winter or Summer Hotel

J. H. Wills, Real Estate.
Auburn Lumber Co.
W. W. Rodehaver, Real Estate
William G. Lee Co.

Freeman & Walsh
J. W. Morgan, Dry Goods.
E. S. Birdsall, Olive Oil.



View of San Joaquín River

The Fresno Irrigated
Farms extend eight
miles along the
river at this
point

The Fresno Irrigated Farms Co.

CLIMATE

Mild winters, Warm dry
summers, Cool nights.

SOIL

A Rich sandy loam that
grows anything.

PRODUCTS

Greatest variety of crops
known in any country of
the world.

IRRIGATION SYSTEM

Finest irrigation system in
California—low rate of 62½
cents per acre, per year—
80 miles of ditches now on
tract.

**26,000
ACRES
of Land**

\$35 per Acre and Upwards

**NEW TOWN of
Kerman
JUST STARTED**

ALFALFA RANCHES

Dairy herds on credit—ask
us about them.

RAISIN LANDS

Suitable land for raisin
culture in the only raisin
section in the U. S.

VINEYARDS

Table grape or wine grape
lands.

MODERN

CONVENIENCES

Rural free delivery—Tele-
phones, Electric power,
Lights, etc.

ORCHARDS

All fruits known to Cali-
fornia grow here.

Fresno Irrigated Farms Company, Inc.

Main Office, 405-408 Kohl Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

Los Angeles Office, 125 Pacific Electric Bldg.

Fresno Office, 2154 I St.



The Flaming Tokay Grape

The most productive
grape raised in
California





Marysville

CAPITAL OF YUBA COUNTY

CALIFORNIA

THE GARDEN SPOT AND CITY
OF THE SACRAMENTO VALLEY

Orange, Lemon, Lime, Olive, Peach, Apricot, Pear, Berry and Alfalfa
Lands in tracts to suit. Abundance of water for irrigation where needed.

FINE CLIMATE

Prices \$25 to \$100 per Acre.

For particulars write MARYSVILLE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, or any of the
following well known firms:

Marysville Woolen Mill.
J. R. Garrett Co., Wholesale Grocers.
Yuba Consolidated Gold Fields, Dredging.
Valley Meat Co.
Decker, Jewett & Co., Bank
Hampton Hardware Co.

Sperry Flour Co.
C. T. Aaron, Real Estate.
E. A. Forbes, Attorney.
The Rideout Bank.
M. J. Newkom, Real Estate.



DO YOU

Want a home
in a land of

Sunshine
Fruit
Grain?

I have land in both
Yuba and Sutter Counties

Oranges, Lemons, Limes, Peaches,
Apricots, Pears, Berries—all grow here.
Alfalfa grows many crops each year.
Land in tracts to suit from

\$25 TO \$100 PER ACRE

Write me at once, stating what you want. I will take great interest in finding property to suit you.
Descriptive matter free. Address

M. J. NEWKOM, MARYSVILLE, CALIFORNIA

ANYVO THEATRICAL COLD CREAM

prevents early wrinkles. It is not a freckle coating; it removes them. ANYVO CO., 427 North Main St., Los Angeles

Ask for La Paloma TOILET SOAP AT ALL DRUG STORES

Help—All kinds. See Hummel Bros. & Co., 116-118 E. Second St. Tel. Main 509.

OROVILLE

CALIFORNIA

The Queen City of Butte County



FRUIT SCENE NEAR OROVILLE, CALIFORNIA

Oroville is the county seat of Butte County, California. It is at the end of S. P. from Marysville. on direct line of the Western Pacific. Is the terminus of the northern electrical line from Chico.

More than \$7,000 in gold is taken daily from the soil by dredging in the Oroville vicinity—over 35 dredgers in operation.

A moderate and even climate.

Oranges, olives, lemons and other fruit grows in abundance here.

Land can be had from \$15.00 to \$100.00 per acre.

The home of the Ehmann Olive Oil.

Has two excellent banks.

The Union Hotel, one of the best hotels in Northern California.

Water and light in abundance, and hay, grain and live stock are staple products.

Further information can be had by addressing Secretary Chamber of Commerce, or any of the following well known firms:

L. H. Alexander, Merchant.
Ehmann Olive Co.
Union Hotel and Annex.
R. S. Kitrick, Lumber.
Oroville Light & Power Co.
Ophir Hardware Co.
John C. Gray, Fruit Grower.
Bank of Rideout, Smith & Co.

E. C. Tucker & Son, Real Estate.
First National Bank.
T. W. Green & Co., Real Estate.
Z. D. Brown, Real Estate.
W. P. Hammon, Dredoe Mining.
Perkins & Wile Co., Merchants.
E. Meyer & Co., Merchants.
Lausen & Fetherston, Searchers of Records.



SCENE OF BEAN FIELD NEAR GRIDLEY

FOR DIVERSIFIED FARMING

Come to

GRIDLEY

California's Greatest Garden

Gridley, Butte County, California, is one of California's best towns of 2000 population. Has excellent stores, bank, newspaper, cannery, packing house, machine shops, grain warehouse, best of public schools, churches. On main line of the S. P. Railroad, 160 miles from San Francisco.

CROP FAILURES ARE NEVER KNOWN.

Fine irrigation system has just been completed. Resources and opportunities are abundant. Good land can be had reasonable. Several farms have recently been subdivided and can be had in whatever acreage wanted, at reasonable terms. If you are coming to California, write for booklet of Gridley, Butte County, California.

Address Secretary Chamber of Commerce, or any of the well known firms:

J. H. Jones, Real Estate.
W. H. Gilstrap, Real Estate.
Wm. Brown & Co., Stock Dealers.
The Rideout Bank.

W. H. Hall, General Merchandise.
D. J. Parker, General Merchandise.
Miller Bros., Retail and Wholesale Liquors.
J. C. Adams, Retail Liquors.



ORANGE

GEOGRAPHICAL CENTER OF ORANGE COUNTY, CAL.

Is the business center and shipping point for about thirty square miles of highly productive and densely populated territory. The surplus products sent out from this point last year were: 718 cars of oranges, 68 cars of lemons, 13 cars of dried apricots, 5 cars of English walnuts and nearly 2,000,000 pounds of unclassified products in less than carload lots, without including shipments by express. The orchards and packing houses furnish employment for many people.

The CITY OF ORANGE covers about three square miles and has a population of at least 2000. It is headquarters for the Santa Ana Valley Irrigation Company and contains the fine building of the Orange Union High School District. Over 100 buildings were erected in the city last year, one firm furnishing lumber for 75 houses; and the growth continues, \$17,350 worth of building permits being issued in the month of May. Located 14 miles from the coast at an elevation of about 200 feet above sea level, Orange escapes the chilling fogs of the lowlands and the extremes of heat and cold of the interior valleys. With its natural advantages of abundant water, fertile soil and an equable climate, together with its educational, religious and social advantages, this city is certainly an ideal place for a home.

Come and see for yourself or write any of the following for further information:

Wm. H. Burnham, The Bank of Orange.
Hallman & Field, General Merchandise.
S. M. Craddock, Real Estate.
Edwards & Meehan, Butchers.
Ainsworth Lumber Co.
Ehlsen & Grote, General Merchandise.
D. C. Pixley, Hardware.

K. E. Watson, Druggist.
Ira Chandler, Furniture.
Adolph Dittmer, Druggist.
Thompson Nurseries.
J. A. Huhn Co., Real Estate.
W. B. Park, Shoe Store.
C. B. Bradshaw, Architect.

On the Way to California

The time is ever so short,
delightful and interesting
en route to California over
the Rock Island's Southern
Route on the superb new

Golden State Limited

This peer of Limiteds is in daily
service from Chicago, St. Louis and
Kansas City to Los Angeles, Santa
Barbara and San Francisco.

Entirely new equipment this season,
consisting of Drawing-Room and
Compartment Pullmans, Buffet-
Library-Observation car and
new Mission Style Diner.

Send name and address for two
beautifully illustrated booklets in colors —
one describing the train and route, the other telling
all about California and what to see there.

Address

JOHN SEBASTIAN, Pass. Traffic Mgr.

ROCK ISLAND LINES

La Salle Street Station, Chicago.



Seen
from the Train

**Rock
Island**



At
Juarez
Across
from
El Paso

Station
Grounds at
Yuma, Ariz.



Santa Barbara Beach.



Among the
Oranges

A READY MARKET

Is The Farmer's Desire

SUNNYVALE

ON THE main line of the S. P. R. R. forty miles from San Francisco, fills this position. Amidst the richest soil in California, it is the land of orchards, poultry, berries, vegetables and alfalfa. At an elevation of 93 ft. it is free of frost, fog and poor drainage. Five and ten acre tracts in flowing well belt \$125 to \$200 per acre. Home of the Jubilee Incubator Co., Madison & Bonner Fruit Packing Co., Joshua Hendy Iron Works, Century Roofing and Paint Co., Goldy Machine Co., and the Black Cat Press.

Sunnyvale with its wonderfully strategic position has grown beyond bounds and so will continue to grow. Write for maps and catalog.

Sunnyvale Land Company
Sunnyvale, Santa Clara County - - California



HOTEL COLONIA, BIGGS

BIGGS

BUTTE COUNTY
CALIFORNIA

The home of the orange, the peach, the pear and the nuts. Butte county oranges are marketed in the East six weeks

before the Southern California oranges. Here are located the celebrated Rio Bonito orchards.

Five crops of alfalfa are grown on the river bottoms each year without irrigation and there are 15,000 acres of upland now under irrigation by the Butte County Canal. The new Northern California Electric Railway, with 24 miles now completed, is purchasing rights of way east of Biggs, and will run through this section.

The school facilities are the best, and the hotel accommodations are unsurpassed in the State.

Land can be purchased for from \$45 to \$125 per acre.

For further particulars address

Board of Trade, Biggs, California, or

C. N. Brown, Ruggles & Harper, G. K. Smith, Sacramento Valley Bank, E. Steadman, J. M. Hastings & Co., Chatfield & Smith, T. H. Fitch, W. A. Walker.

Help—All kinds. See Hummel Bros. & Co., 116-118 E. Second St. Tel. Main 509.

"The 20th Century Limited"

**Fastest Long Distance Train in the
World, 960 Miles in 18 Hours,
Via the**



"America's Greatest Railroad"

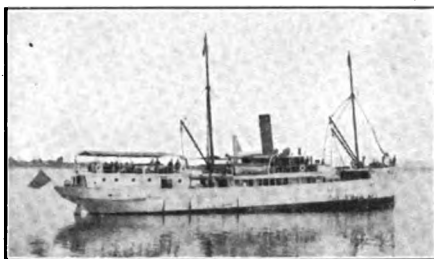
This magnificent train is equipped with Pullman cars of the very latest design and has all the special features so deservedly popular. Barber, Fresh and Salt Water Baths, Valet, Ladies Maid, Manicure, Stock and Market Reports, Telephone, Stenographer, etc.

A dozen other fast trains between

**NEW YORK, BOSTON,
AND
BUFFALO, DETROIT, CLEVELAND,
COLUMBUS, CINCINNATI, INDIAN-
APOLIS, CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS,
THE WEST AND SOUTHWEST.**

**C. F. DALY, Passenger Traffic Manager,
New York.**

SIGHTSEERS, LOOK!



You haven't seen the beauties of the Pacific Coast until you visit

ENSENADA (Lower Cal.) MEXICO

Take the beautiful Steamer St. DENIS from San Diego and you'll be well repaid

Time Card of Steamer St. Denis

LEAVE SAN DIEGO	LEAVE ENSENADA
2, 5, 8, 14, 18, 24 and 27th of each month. at 9 p. m., arriving next morning at En- senada	3, 6, 12, 15, 22, 25 and 28th of each month at 8 p. m. arriving next morning at San Diego

UNDOUBTEDLY THEY ARE THE BEST

From Chicago, St. Louis or Cincinnati to New York or Boston, the service offered by the New York Central lines is certainly the best obtainable.

Frequent trains with the finest Pullman equipment, dining cars, observation cars, and every modern luxury, distinguish this system of lines.

See **F. M. Byron**

Southern California Passenger Agent
216 West 4th Street
Los Angeles, California

Irrigated Farms

**OF FIVE ACRES
AND UPWARDS**

in the Counties of

Fresno and Merced California

MILLER AND LUX

Los Banos, Merced County
California



A Wonderful Mountain Trip

The ascent of Mount Lowe by trolley affords the visitor to Los Angeles one of the most marvelous and beautiful mountain railway journeys in the world. And it is only one of the features of a railway system covering 400 miles and reaching all the points of interest in the garden spot of America.

The Pacific Electric Railway

Depot at Corner of 6th and Main

Los Angeles

California

The Scenic Line of the World

THE DENVER AND RIO GRANDE R. R.

Travel in comfort, at same time witness **Grandest Scenery in the World**. Open observation cars (seats free) giving an unobstructed view of the Royal Gorge and other scenic attractions. Through Standard and Tourist Sleeping Cars.

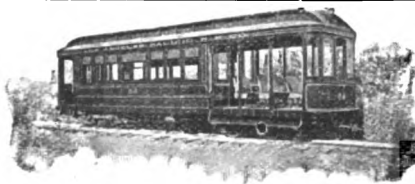
For information address

T. D. Connelly, General Agent

T. F. Fitzgerald, Dist. Pass. Agent

230 South Spring St., Los Angeles.

The Los
Angeles-
Pacific
Railroad



The Delightful Scenic Route to
SANTA MONICA
and Hollywood

Fine, Comfortable Observation Cars—
Free from Smoke

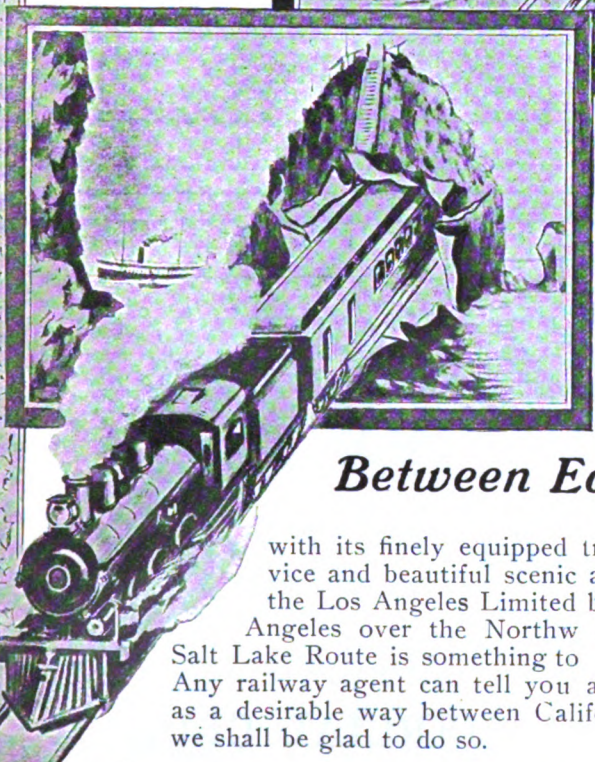
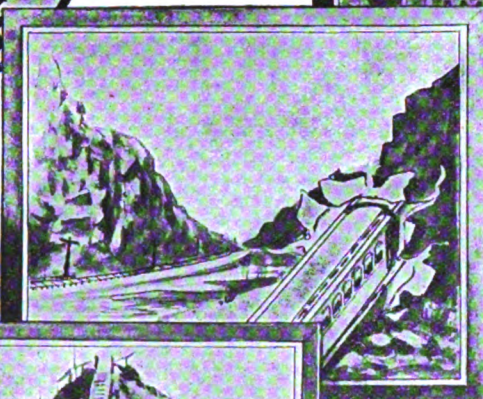
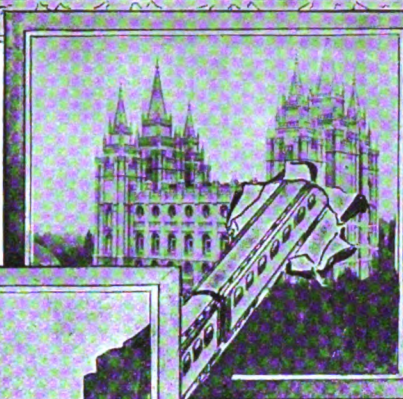
Cars leave Fourth street and Broadway, Los Angeles, for Santa Monica via Sixteenth street, every 15 minutes from 6.35 a.m. to 9.35 p. m., then each hour till 11.35; or via Bellevue Ave., for Colegrove and Sherman, every hour from 6.15 a.m. to 11.15 p.m. Cars leave Ocean Park, Santa Monica, for Los Angeles, at 5.45, 6.10, and 6.35 a.m. and every half hour from 6.55 a.m. till 8.25 p.m., and at 9.25, 10.25, and 11.05 p.m.

Cars leave Los Angeles for Santa Monica via Hollywood and Sherman via Bellevue Ave., every hour from 6.45 a.m. to 6.45 p.m., and to Hollywood and Sherman only every hour thereafter to 11.45 p.m.

For complete time-table and particulars call at office of company.
Single Round Trip, 50c. 10-Trip Tickets, \$2.00.

316-322 West Fourth Street, Los Angeles

Trolley Parties by Day or Night a Specialty



From Salt Lake City to the Pacific Ocean through the Canyons of Nevada run trains of the Salt Lake Route.

*'Tis An
Excellent
Way*

Between East and West

with its finely equipped trains, perfect dining car service and beautiful scenic attractions. A journey on the Los Angeles Limited between Chicago and Los Angeles over the Northwestern Union Pacific & Salt Lake Route is something to remember with pleasure. Any railway agent can tell you about the Salt Lake Route as a desirable way between California and the East. If not we shall be glad to do so.

GEO M. SARGENT
Gen'l Agent
202 Clark St., Chicago

A. WALDBAUER
Com'l. Agent
311 Bessemer Bldg., Pittsburg, Pa.

M. de BRABANT
Gen'l Agent
290 Broadway, New York

T. C. PECK, Asst Gen'l Passenger Agent, Los Angeles, Cal.

GOULD SYSTEM

THE DENVER AND RIO GRANDE RAILROAD

The Scenic Line of the World

THE TEXAS AND PACIFIC RAILWAY

THE MISSOURI PACIFIC RAILWAY

THE IRON MOUNTAIN ROUTE

INTERNATIONAL AND GREAT NORTHERN R. R.

The Most Interesting

Routes East

Grandest Scenery in the World.

Through Daily Standard and Tourist Sleeping Cars.

Courteous Attention. Excellent Dining Car Service

T. D. CONNELLY, General Agent,
230 S. Spring St., Los Angeles

T. F. FITZGERALD
Dist. Passenger Agent

For Years ARIZONA

Has produced more mineral per capita than any other section of the United States.

Yavapai County

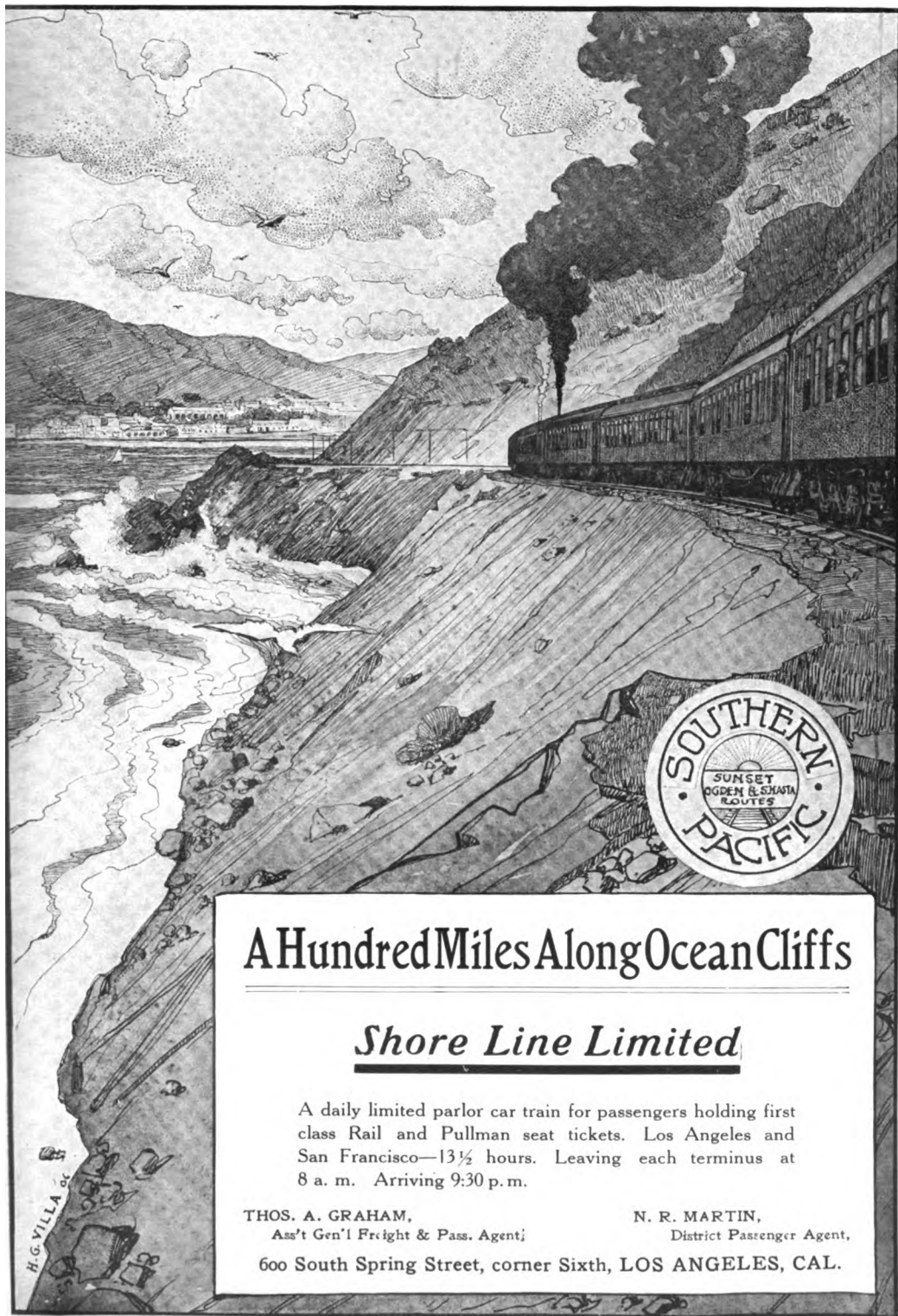
Is the central district. No other place offers better inducements to the Capitalist or Prospector. INVESTIGATE NOW. Address

YAVAPAI COMMERCIAL CLUB

Prescott, Arizona

or F. A. Jones, G. P. A.

SANTA FE ROUTE



A Hundred Miles Along Ocean Cliffs

Shore Line Limited

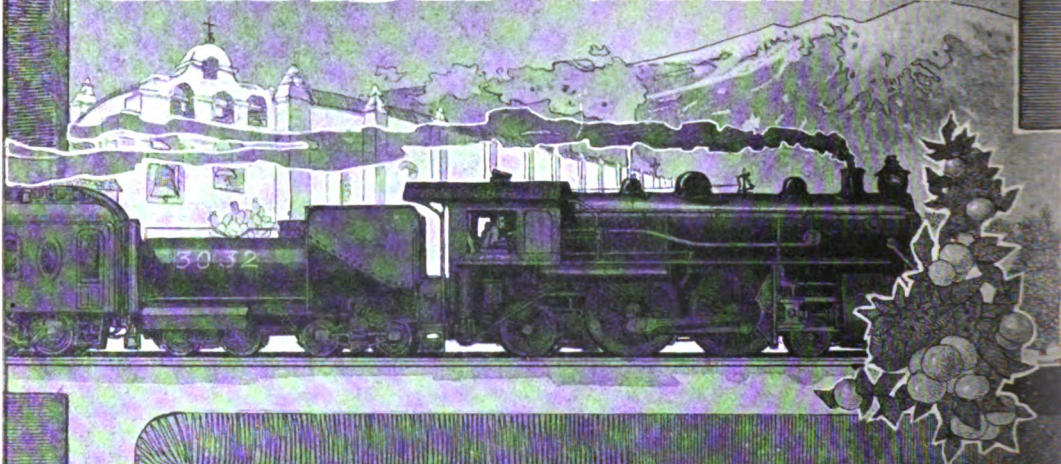
A daily limited parlor car train for passengers holding first class Rail and Pullman seat tickets. Los Angeles and San Francisco—13½ hours. Leaving each terminus at 8 a. m. Arriving 9:30 p. m.

THOS. A. GRAHAM,
Ass't Gen'l Freight & Pass. Agent

N. R. MARTIN,
District Passenger Agent,

600 South Spring Street, corner Sixth, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

THE ONLY WAY TO SEE SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA IS VIA THE INSIDE TRACK



Two hours and fifteen minutes at Riverside for drives on far-famed Victoria and Magnolia Avenues. Two hours and twenty minutes at Redlands for drives to Smiley Heights and over the McKinley Drive, where a view of the surrounding country is had not excelled in Southern California.

Returning via Covina reaches Los Angeles early in the evening.

Do not fail to take this the most beautiful trip in Southern California. Full information with Illustrated Booklet at 600 S. Spring St., Los Angeles.

THOS. A. GRAHAM, Asst. Gen. Fr't. & Pass. Agt.
N. R. Martin, Dist. Pass. Agt.

SPECIAL TRAIN EVERY MORNING FROM LOS ANGELES
[CONNECTING FROM PASADENA] FOR
RIVERSIDE & REDLANDS



H. G. VILLA

California Limited

The California Limited *is an all-the-year-'round*
DAILY TRAIN

Running Between California and Chicago

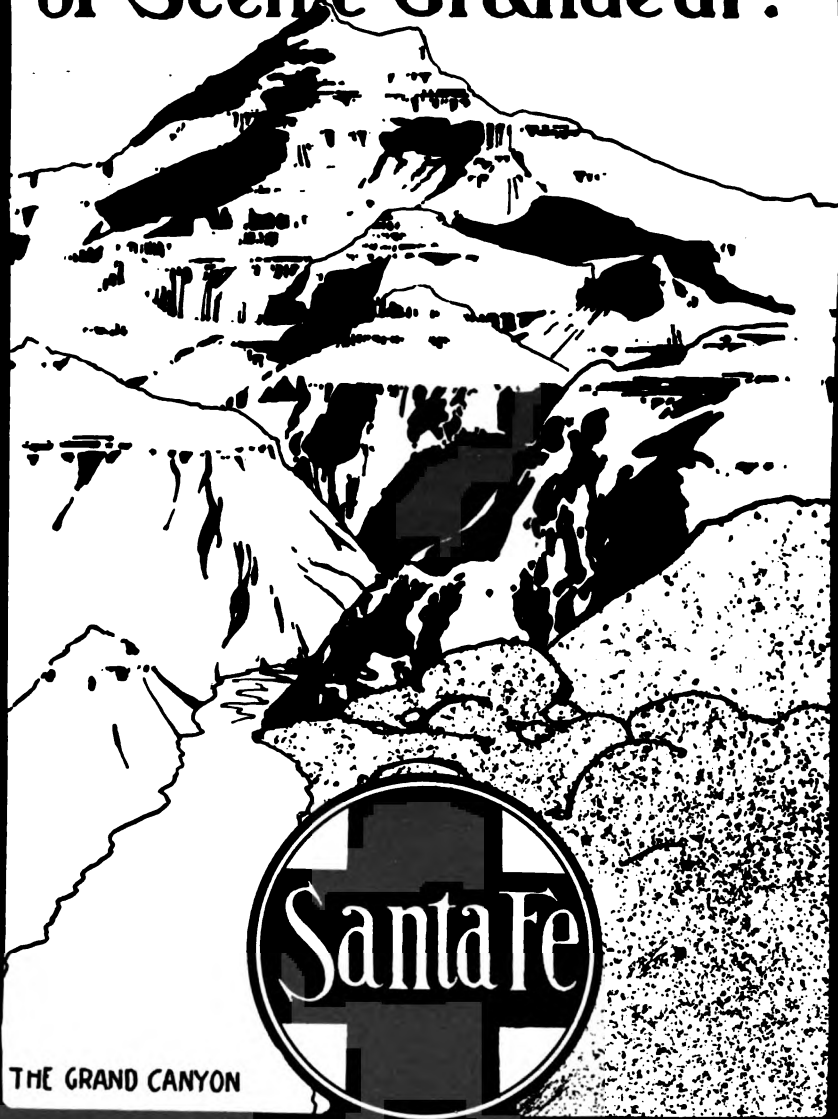
Newest Pullman equipment, consisting of observation, drawing-room and compartment sleepers, buffet-smoking car and dining car. "Santa Fe All the Way." Safeguarded by block signals. Harvey meals. The only train between California and Chicago, via any line, **exclusively for first-class travel.**

En route visit **Grand Canyon of Arizona** and stop at El Tovar, the new \$250,000 hotel, under Harvey management. Pullman service to and from **Grand Canyon.**



Santa Fe

Nature's Masterpiece of Scenic Grandeur.



BY FAST LINE

For San Francisco and Santa Barbara

**EXPRESS
SERVICE
LOW RATES.**



**INCLUDING
BERTH
AND
MEALS.**

LEAVE REDONDO

Santa RosaWednesdays, 7 a. m.
State of California.....Sundays, 7 a. m.

LEAVE PORT LOS ANGELES

Santa RosaWednesdays, 11 a. m.
State of California.....Sundays, 11 a. m.
Due at San Francisco.....1 p. m. following day.
Connecting at San Francisco with Company's Steamers for Eureka (Humboldt Bay), Seattle, Tacoma, Victoria, Vancouver and Ports in Alaska and Mexico.

Right Reserved to Change Schedule

Alaska Excursions

"Totem Pole Route"
Season 1907

**The Palatial Alaska Excursion
STEAMSHIP SPOKANE**

Will leave Seattle and Victoria June 14, 28, July 12, 26, August 9.

LOS ANGELES TICKET OFFICE

328 South Spring Street

H. B. BRITTAN.....City Passenger and Ticket Agent
G. W. ANDREWS.....Trav. Pass. and Freight Agent
H. BRANDT.....District Passenger Agent
C. D. DUNANN.....Gen. Pass. Agt., San Francisco

Why Syrup of Figs is the best family laxative

It is pure.

It is gentle.

It is pleasant.

It is efficacious.

It is not expensive.

It is good for children.

It is excellent for ladies.

It is convenient for business men.

It is perfectly safe under all circumstances.

It is used by millions of families the world over.

It stands highest, as a laxative, with physicians.

If you use it you have the best laxative the world produces.

Because

Its component parts are all wholesome.
It acts gently without unpleasant after-effects.
It is wholly free from objectionable substances.

It contains the laxative principles of plants.
It contains the carminative principles of plants.
It contains wholesome aromatic liquids which are agreeable and refreshing to the taste.

All are pure.

All are delicately blended.

All are skillfully and scientifically compounded.

Its value is due to our method of manufacture
and to the originality and simplicity of the
combination.

To get its beneficial effects—buy the genuine.

Manufactured by

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

San Francisco, Cal.

Louisville, Ky.

New York, N. Y.

FOR SALE BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS.

For good shooting and quick handling qualities, perfect proportion, correct alignment and balance and the ability to stand up under hard shooting for years without working loose, the

Hopkins & Allen

DOUBLE BARRELED SHOT-GUNS ARE UNEQUALLED



HOPKINS & ALLEN
Hammer Double Gun

**IMPORTED
DAMASCUS
BARRELS**

12 or 16 Gauge
28 or 30 in.
Barrels

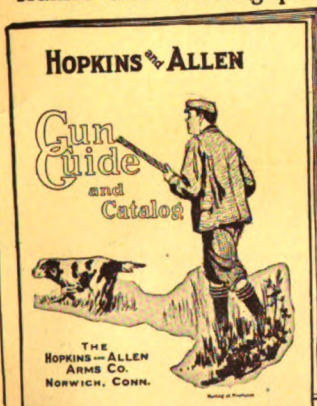
\$20⁰⁰

At All Stores
or
Shipped
Direct

The Twist and Damascus Barrels are imported goods of the highest quality. The plain steel barrels are decarbonized American steel of selected manufacture. Stocks and fore-ends are of best select walnut, and the frames and working parts of these double guns are made of the finest quality steel and are better than any guns made at anywhere near their price.

The joint is a doll's head extension dressed to a wedge and circle shape with cell in frame to correspond and a bevel-wedge locking joint, adjusted to take up any wear that occurs. *This joint will positively not shoot loose.* Years of hard use will find it as tight as on the day it was first purchased.

These guns are regularly in stock in the stores of all representative dealers; but will be gladly shipped direct in cases where a dealer is inaccessible. Each gun is guaranteed safe with all factory-loaded nitro-shells.



The Hopkins & Allen Gun Guide and Catalogue is the most complete Book on Guns ever issued. It tells you all about rifles, shot-guns and revolvers—the sort to own and how to care for them. Every man interested in Firearms should have one.

Sent Free on Request.

THE HOPKINS & ALLEN ARMS CO., 70 Chestnut St., Norwich, Conn.
Largest Manufacturers High Grade Popular Priced Firearms in the World

ROYAL



BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure

A Cream of Tartar Powder
free from alum or phos-
phatic acid

MAKES HOME BAKING EASY

BAKER'S COCOA



Registered,
U. S. Pat. Off.

First in Years!

First in Honors!

First on the
Breakfast Tables
of the World!

48 HIGHEST AWARDS IN
EUROPE AND AMERICA

WALTER BAKER & Co., Ltd.

[Established 1780]

DORCHESTER, MASS.

BISHOPS CALIFORNIA ORANGE MARMALADE

A dainty appetizer
for Breakfast. Most
delightful for a Lun-
cheon Dish. Made
from the peel of the
orange, shredded; has
a fascinating flavor.
Sold at Grocers.

BISHOP & COMPANY

LOS ANGELES

23 Gold Medals and
Highest Awards on
Bishop Products

CALIFORNIA

WINE S

OF UNQUESTIONED AGE
AND PURITY

Grapes raised in our vine-
yards, pressed in our winery
and aged by time in our wine
cellars.

**DELIVERED FREE OF FREIGHT
TO ALL EASTERN POINTS**

Two cases of Old Peerless XX
wines — assorted, with one
bottle California Brandy

For \$11.00

Two cases of XXX oldest
vintages — assorted, two
bottles California Brandy
and one bottle California
Champagne

For \$15.00

MAIL ORDERS FILLED PROMPTLY

Southern California Wine Co.
Los Angeles, Cal.

VOSE PIANOS

home free of expense. Write for Catalogue D and explanations.
VOSE & SONS PIANO CO..

have been established over 55 years. By our system
of payment every family in moderate circumstances
can own a VOSE piano. We take old instruments
in exchange and deliver the new piano in your
home.

Boston, Mass.

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



3 9015 07023 6578

